

No Existing Ames High Spirit Vol. 9 No. 1-3

THE SPIRIT



FOOT BALL ISSUE

NOVEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED NINETEEN

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AMES NEWS STAND

PIGSKIN REVIEW

A TEAM TO BE PROUD OF

Ames has, this year, one of the greatest football teams that she has ever put on the gridiron. The team has not been scored upon and up to this time she has won all but one game. That one game at Cedar Rapids was a nothing to nothing tie. All of the men have been eligible for all of the games so far, so that the team has not been bothered by any inconveniences from this quarter.

The game that has always been considered hardest in the football season each year in this school has been the game with one of the Des Moines' High Schools. West High is the opponent this year. Because Ames is a smaller school and from West High's ability to fight, although they are out of the race for the State title, they are given the advantage over our team. Nevertheless the proof of the pudding is in the tasting and only when the game is over can anyone be sure of the result. Ames may not have the advantage in newspaper talk but we know our team can and will fight. It will be a hard game, but in the end, Ames will win.

AMES HIGH AND CEDAR RAPIDS MIX

Ames High and Cedar Rapids both remain in the run for the state championship title as the result of a scoreless tie. The Ames bunch invaded the larger city and completely upset the dope by holding the score the way they did. According to people who saw the game, Ames is given a shade over Cedar Rapids in the class of playing, although that advantage did not result in a score. Ames would have scored once but the opponents held for downs, but however the team is satisfied with their record so far.

The line up of both teams are as follows:

Ames		Cedar Rapids
Bennett	L. E.	Jensen
Carey	L. T.	Zobel
Posegate	L. G.	Alexander
Thornburg	C.	Hines
Scovel	R. G.	Norris
Jackson	R. T.	Peterson
Corneliusen	R. E.	Wernimont
Anderson	Q.	Brown
R. Hoon	L. H.	Lammers
Elliott	F. B.	Brewer
L. Hoon	R. H.	Frank

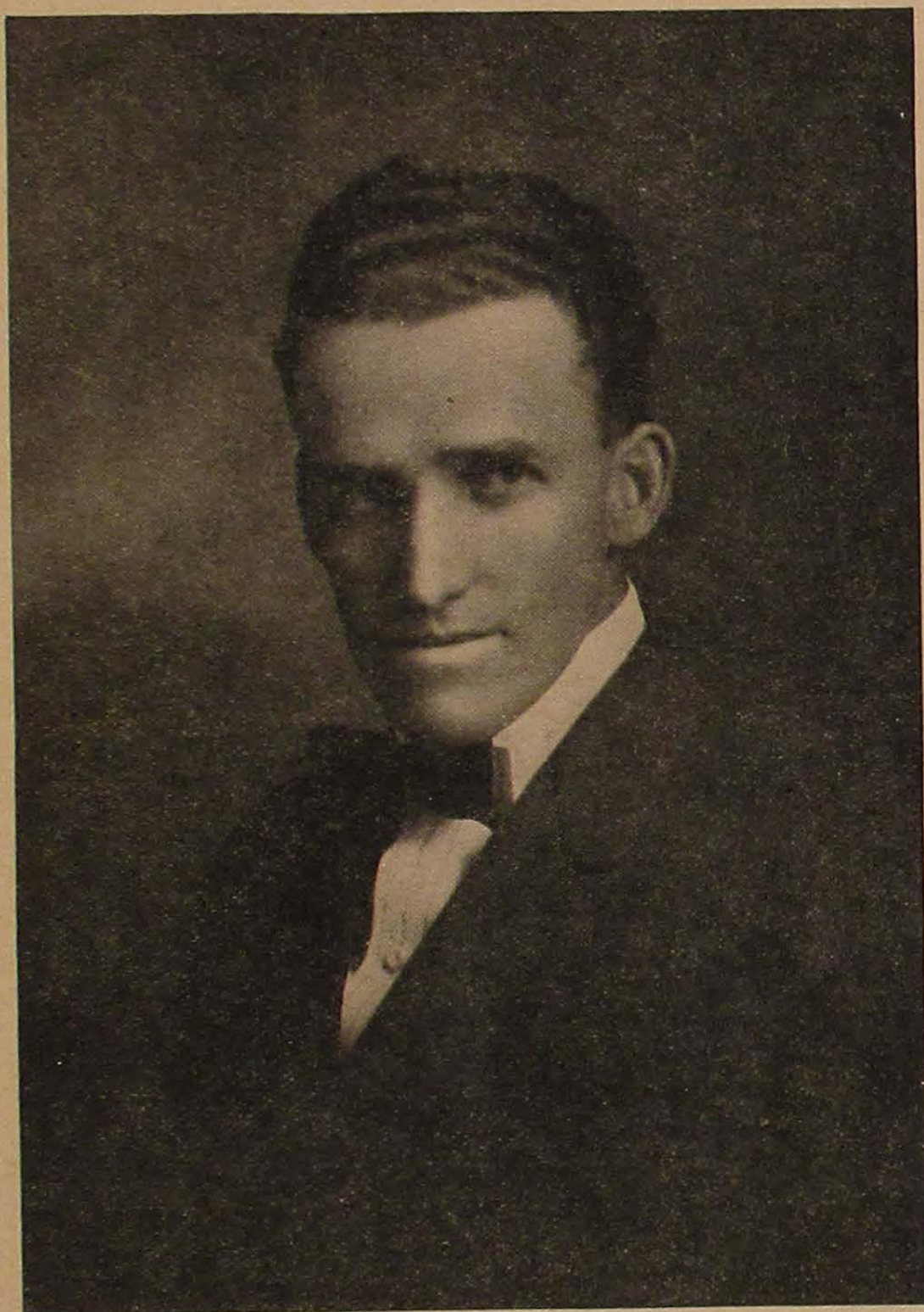
Substitutions: Yoder for Lammers, Dunlap for Carey, Griffith for Carey.

AMES RUNS AWAY WITH IOWA FALLS

Ames added another link to her chain of victories when she walked away with the score from Iowa Falls 34 to 0. The victory was as easy as taking candy from a baby. The Ames team was much heavier than the visitors, whose team averaged around one hundred thirty pounds. Iowa Falls was more successful in their passes, for Ames received only one of the throws while Iowa Falls did get a larger part of theirs. Ames was not held for downs while the visitors made their yards only once or twice and those by passes.

In the first quarter, Iowa Falls kicked off from the north goal. Elliott received. It took longer to make the first score than it did any other in the game but the back field, by means of smashing and end runs, carried the ball over. Les Hoon failed to kick goal. Ames then kicked off to the visitors who, on failing to make their yards, punted. Ellis received and carried the ball for about twenty yards. The Hoon brothers then carried the ball until the end of the quarter. Iowa Falls was penalized for being off side near the close of the play.

Second quarter: The ball was changed to the other end of the field and the game



OUR COACH

To Robert Thompson, we owe our thanks that the football team has been so successful. He has coached the team in such a manner that they are able to play the game and play it right. He has always stood for clean playing and for this reason we may

thank him for the clean, live, sportsman-like playing of this years' team. "Bob", as he is familiarly called, always enters into his coaching with his whole spirit and this is reflected in the playing of the teams, whether football, basketball or track.

resumed. Before the quarter was barely started, the ball was over the line again. Les Hoon kicked goal. Jackson was taken out, Carter put in, Dunlap out, and Griffith in. Ames kicked to Iowa Falls again. They made about four yards, then attempted a forward pass but it did not carry thru. They passed and made about twelve yards. They made their yards on the next down but on a forward pass, Les Hoon intercepted, and it became Ames ball. Ames was penalized five yards. Capt. Anderson took the ball on an end run down the field for about seventy or eighty yards to the goal. Hoon kicked goal bringing the score up to an even twenty. Posegate and R. Hoon went out and Gore and Fitch went in. Ames kicked off but the visitors failed to make their yards by downs and had to punt. We again took the ball. Les Hoon made about five yards on an end run and then the ball went over. The place kick was good. Score, twenty-seven. Ames kicked off, and on their first down, Iowa Falls made an incomplete pass and then another one but L. Hoon intercepted their next attempt and carried it over the line. He failed to kick the goal. Ames kicked again to Iowa Falls. They failed to make any gain on the first down. Carey was taken out and Myers put in. They made a long pass to their man but he did not get it. Les Hoon fell on a fumbled punt. Half over, score, thirty-four to nothing, of course.

All the men went back again in their places, refreshed after the rest. Ames kicked off and the visitors failed to make their yards. Bennett got the punt but made no yards. Elliott took the ball then went for a few yards on an end run. Ames was penalized ten yards. Ames seemed to be about as weak at this point as at any in the game or maybe the Iowa Falls men tried to hold them and showed their fight. At least Ames by shorter gains than before wended their way down the field and dropped a field goal. Ames, of course, kicked off again, and the visitors because of a fumble and only slight gains on downs were forced to punt. Elliott received and made about a twenty yard run. Iowa Falls was penalized five yards for off side. Les Hoon made about a twenty yard run. Iowa Falls took the ball.

Last quarter: Substitutes were sent in

for a good share of the Ames men as it was useless to play the best men against the lighter team. Iowa Falls did not make their yards and punted. Griffith received the ball but did not make any gain. By a series of short smashes, the ball was put over again and Hoon kicked goal. Three more first string men were taken out and others put in. Griffith kicked off to Iowa Falls who followed up by making about a twenty yard run. The game went rather slow from then until the end, the Ames team for the only time did not make their yards and Iowa Falls got the ball, but couldn't do much with it when they had it. An Iowa Falls punt which lit outside, ended the runaway.

Ames		Iowa Falls
Bennett	L. E.	Cottrell
Dunlap	L. T.	Siellaff
Posegate	L. G.	G. Gardner
Thornburg	C.	Wood
Scovel	R. G.	C. Collier
Jackson	R. T.	H. Collier
Corneliussen	R. E.	Hicrodt
Anderson (Capt.)	Q.	Reed (Capt.)
R. Hoon	L. H.	Wolf
Elliott	F. B.	Cole
L. Hoon	R. H.	D. Klemme

Ames substituted Griffith, Myers, Gore, Carberry, Carter, Stewart and one of two more men for the regular team.

Iowa Falls substituted R. Klemme for Gardner and J. Gardner for D. Klemme.

AMES OUTPLAYS THE INDIANS

The heaviest line in the state, so they say, did not seemingly get Indianola anywhere in the game last Saturday when Ames walked away with a twenty-eight to nothing score. Indianola as "Bob" said, might be big below the eyes but heavy weight stuff above the eyes is what counts.

All of the Ames men were in their best form. Anderson, Elliott and "Les" Hoon were the stars of the game. Elliott especially gained recognition for his so-called "hurdling". "Peck" Posegate was the hero of the bleachers for he played against the visitors heaviest man. It remained for "Peck" to show them how "regular fellers" play the game.

Summary by quarters:

First quarter. The visitors kicked off to Ames from the north goal. "Ruf" Hoon

made a grab at the ball but fumbled. Elliott picked it up and Ames made yards in the four downs. Again Ames made their yards and Elliott, in a smash carried the ball for twenty yards. The ball was up quite close to the Indian's goal so Joe with Thornburg to make the hole, carried the ball over. L. Hoon place-kicked goal.

Ames kicked back to Indianola but they failed to push the ball over the ten yards in downs. Ames was given the ball and Les Hoon showed the visitors how to make the yards by going over the top for ten. Captain Joe Anderson then went through the line for ten yards and after that two more on an end run. Indianola punted right off the reel, and Elliott received. Ames made an incomplete pass but L. Hoon went around the end for about forty yards to goal. The place-kick was good.

Ames kicked to Indianola but they did not make their yards before the quarter was over. Score 14-0.

Second quarter: The Indians punted and Ames made their first downs but failed the next time. Ames punted and Indianola saw, after two downs, that there was no chances of making their yards so they punted. Elliott stopped the ball and carried it for fifteen yards in three downs but failed next time. The visitors and locals played around holding each other quite well, until the end of the quarter for no score was made. Indianola was at its best in this quarter but at that she didn't get down in dangerous territory.

Third quarter: Ames again kicked to Indianola from north to south. The visitors made ten yards on first down and after only slight gain in next two downs passed. But L. Hoon intercepted and Ames came into possession of the ball, but failed to make yards so that Indianola got the ball on a punt. They didn't see how it would do them any good so they punted back after a couple of downs. Elliott got the ball and ran about twenty yards through the whole gang without much interference. Ames was penalized fifteen yards then for playing rough but after working around awhile they made up by sending Elliott around the end for a seventy yard run to goal. The ball was at center of the field, but, as they were playing on the west side and Earl ran

clear over to the east and back to the center to get through it was an easy seventy yard run. L. Hoon kicked goal.

Indianola, after the kick off again failed to make yards. Ames got the ball, but almost lost it on a double fumble. Indianola intercepted an Ames pass.

Fourth quarter: Indianola, after almost making their yards fumbled and Ames recovered. Ames then dazed the Indians by a few "hurdles", end runs and smashes and then finally put the ball over the goal. Place-kick was good.

Ames kicked to Indianola and after failing in downs, they kicked. Ames had the ball and making little pop smashes and short runs, kept it until the end of the game although they failed to score any more.

Ames 28		Indianola 0
Bennett	L. E.	Cipherd
Scovel	L. T.	McIntere
Posegate	L. G.	Capt. Meek
Thornburg	C.	Rierce
Jackson	R. G.	Bromhall
Dunlap	R. T.	Baldwin
Corneliussen	R. E.	Burns
Anderson (Capt.)	Q.	Groves
L. Hoon	L. H.	Nichols
Elliott	F. B.	Hunnicut
R. Hoon	R. H.	Willis

Substitutions:

Indianola: Louch for Hunnicut. Hunnicut for Louch. Louch for Meek. Scroggs for Hunnicutt.

Ames: Carey for Dunlap. Dunlap for Carey. Griffith for R. Hoon.

PERSONNEL OF THE TEAM

Bennet (L. E.)

Roy Bennett played in one game last year and played a good game. This year he has changed his position from quarter-back to end, but he plays a good game at either position.

Carey (L. T.)

Percy Carey is a new man this year but he has learned a lot of football in a short time. He is where he should be at the right time and makes a good heavy tackle.

Posegate (L. G.)

"Pecky" Posegate may be short but that doesn't apply to his football ability. "Peck" is one of the men who have returned to school from the service and is helping to

put the team over for the state championship.

Thornburg (C.)

"Fat" played in both games last year and filled his position ably. He has played good football this year, in fact we could hardly get along without him when he was out with a torn ligament in his arm.

Scovel (R. G.)

Ellis has demonstrated that he can play as good guard in football as he can in basketball. He played fullback last year, but plays a still better guard this year.

Jackson (R. T.)

Allan is new to the football fans in Ames this year, but he has played ball before, in the service and other places. He is a very able man at guard.

Corneliussen (R. E.)

"Scoop" played left end for most of the season last year, but he was capable at end half or quarter. He is playing a great game this year.

Capt. Anderson (Q.)

Joe has played football for Ames in years gone by and is back this year with his old time "pep." The football boys recognized Joe's ability when they elected him Captain.

L. Hoon (L. H.)

"Les" Hoon won his "A" when he was a prep in school, then was out last year in the service. We couldn't get along without "Les" at half left. He does most of our kicking and he does it well.

Elliott (F. B.)

Earl played for the old A. H. S. last year and was one of the star men. This year he is playing as good a game as before, and in company with the class of players on the team, they make up "some" team.

R. Hoon (R. H.)

Rufus is another man who has been in the service but is back to put Ames over, as far as football goes.

Dunlap (L. E. or L. T.)

Dunlap is a player who has fought for Ames High for all that he has got in him. In every game that the team has played, his everlasting scrappiness has been a great factor in being victorious.

Myers (C.)

John was an able substitute for Thornburg when "Fat" was out of the game.

Gore (E. and Q.)

Gore is a good utility man that is used when ever one of the regular men are out. He makes a good man at either position. He won an "A" last year.

What Would Happen

If Arnold and Teddy were separated for a day?

If the college car would really reach the college after 11:15 and not have motor trouble and compel "Bob" and G. H. to walk from Russel Avenue to I. S. C.

If the girls couldn't dance at noon?

If "Pokey" Raynes could get a girl?

If Emily would "vamp" Mr. Jackson?

If Miss Rayburn couldn't find anybody to call down?

If some of the boys in Ames wore clean collars?

If the seats in the Study Hall were upholstered?

If everybody swallowed gum like Ethyle Dawson does?

If you didn't have a "Spirit"?

If there was frosted glass in the windows of the Study Hall so we couldn't watch Central School ground?

If you study oft on Sunday
You will have no harps and wings
And you'll never go to heaven
Where they have the dandy things
But you'll go to balmy regions
On the cinder path below
And there you'll pleasure take, in
greeting
All the teachers you used to know.

Miss Kelley: "What's the greatest date in History?"

Edward R.: "Mark Antony's date with Cleopatra."

Thelma H.: "I think Mr. Stoddard is just swell, don't you?"

Hazel Mc: "I think he's good for a married man."

Miss Hiller: "Clarence, you must think and think hard."

Clarence G: "That's impossible."

LITERARY

"WHICH MAN?"

Serial

Chapter I.

By Ada Robinson

A great many years ago, there stood on the outskirts of the town of Lexington, Mississippi, a great old-fashioned house with green shutters and English ivy creeping up the sides and also up the columns of the big veranda.

Around the ample lawn and garden, there was an old stone wall, some ten feet high. This alone, was enough to give one a sense of protection, but as if by way of making one feel more secure, the big, carved iron gate, at the entrance to the drive, was closed, heavily chained, and padlocked. Ivy also covered the wall, and gate.

Around the big old house and lawn, stood Magnolia trees, covered with blossoms which filled the air with fragrance, and made one almost want to drink their sweet perfume, and if possible—live forever,—for the time was the spring when everyone is in love with the world.

Around the house and sleepy little village, it looked as though the rest of the world had forgotten that such a town as "Lexington" even existed, for the only sign of life, except the distant singing of darkies, at work—was the man in the garden. He was busily spading, and occasionally stopped to lean on his spade and rest. He was rather fine-looking young man, perhaps twenty-eight years of age, and a very pronounced brunette. He was about five feet and eleven inches tall, and might have had a very impressive air, had he not been so glum and restless.

Presently the massive door of the house opened, and a girl came bounding down the steps, and over toward the gardener. Her long curls which hung to her waist were blown about and tossed by the wind.

As she came nearer, she looked about nineteen years of age, although at first she looked to be, perhaps seventeen, for she was not exceedingly tall, perhaps not more than five feet. One who had not noticed her particularly would have said that her hair was red,—but those who knew her better had decided long ago that it was auburn, with a glint of gold. Her eyes were undeniably gray.

Just now they looked blue and questioning, as she looked to the man, for he had not heard her approach. She stood behind him, with a mischievous look on her face, and finally said,

"May I dig in your garden too?"

Mr. Haveridge started and whirled around, only to see his young mistress, whereupon he smiled and said,

"Good morning, Miss Cecelia, you may dig if you wish."

It was Cecelia O'Toole who spoke. Cecelia lived here with her little mother, in the house which had belonged to her grandfather, but which now belonged to her mother, her father having died, when she was quite small, leaving her and her big brother,—who was now a Senior in College, to care for her mother.

Cecelia was just the least bit disappointed, when Mr. Haveridge did not speak more cordially. It was true he did not know her very well, as he had not become acquainted with her, until about a month before.

Cecelia remembered well the day he had come trudging up the road with a good-looking valise, and asked for work—and as finally given a position as gardener. And the day when she was watching Mammy Chloe clean his room over the garage, she noticed a diamond stud and a dance program on the dresser.

As she was turning these things over in

her mind, she noticed he was watching her, from the corner of his eye.

"What could the man be thinking?" Of course she did not know whether he was trying to learn something, or whether he noticed how quickly her eyes had turned blue when she was thinking or,—why and she let her hair hang in curls rather than do it up.

Soon Cecelia forgot her anxiety and a most adorable smile curved her lips and she began to hum a tune. All the while, Mr. Haveridge was spading up the cool, brown earth, that lay at their feet, and occasionally glanced at her from under his heavy black lashes.

Just then the village stage came rattling up the hill, and stopped in front. A young man got out, and made his way to the gate.

(To be continued)

POETRY CONTEST

First Prize

SPRING

In Spring I wander forth
To hold with Nature sweet communion.
And as I walk on every hand
She shows to me her beauties.
Hidden to all who do not love her,
The tender leaflet, bursting out,
Drops its coat of somber brown.
The dancing brooklet smiles and laughs,
And tinkles its sweet music
With merry glee.
And as I wander on,
The lark, winging the blue deep,
Pours forth its blithesome melody.
And still I wander on, and ever on
Thru dim and silent corridors of trees,
With golden sunlight stealing thru
The leafy emerald thatch.
On every side, new joys
Unfold themselves to me.

—Robert Murray. '21.

Second Prize

"DANDELIONS"

There is a bank I love to watch
A bank of green and gold,
For o'er a carpet velvet green
Are flowers that fairies mold.

Such gold there never shone before
As when these flowers open wide,
And there among the petals fine
The sun beams try to hide.

The lulling drone of busy bees,
Who buzzing cheerfully at their work
Do bathe their bodies in the gold,
Is heard from where the flowers lurk.

But as the days of sunshine pass
The gold is folded in its sheath,
And fringes green now hide the gold
And for a little ragged wreath.

But when the fringes open again
A thing of beauty there is found,
For gold has changed to milky balls
Of silver threads, spun soft and round.

The wind comes whispering o'er the bank
And softly breathes on fairy balls,
That sail away in their embrace,
To drift to earth in grassy halls.

And so the gold is planted there
By tiny seeds, all soft and light,
To make another golden bank,
To form another new delight.

Yet men despise this fairy gold,
Because 'tis sent from Nature's store
In liberal lots of magic charm,
Which though despised, grows all the more.

If diamonds paved the sandy shores,
And platinum was piled until it rots,
Why, man would scrape it in his cart
And dump it to grade the vacant lots!

Lowell Houser '21.

(Written last spring).

Honorable Mention

DREAMING

The dreamy time of year, has come
The sky all seems so gray,
The sun has even ceased to shine
And life's not quite so gay.

The crows go "cawing" through the sky
And ducks and geese are seen.
They are going to the South-land
Where the grass is always green.

The leaves float down Clark Avenue
And o'er the Central grounds.
(We see them from the study hall
When we've been looking 'round.)

And so we go on thinking
Of Thanksgiving drawing near
The pumpkin pie, and good things
Which come, this time of year.

And then we think of sleigh-rides
And skating parties, too
Of moonlight walks, and straw-rides,
With our own—Betty Lou.

When suddenly a gentle hand
Is rested on my shoulder
A teacher's voice says, loud and grand
"The period's nearly over."

—Ada Robinson '21.

Honorable Mention

A WINTER'S CREED

Winter's a test of us people on earth
To measure the length, and the depth and
girth
Of our tempers, when the big world is so
cold and bleak,
And the chill winds howl, and whistle,
and shriek,
And we pray for the sun on our frost-bitten
cheek
Instead of the stinging ice-crystals of
sleet.
How about it, old man, are your spirits so
weak
That they cannot hold up 'gainst the rain
and the sleet?

Breathe in a deep breath of the good winter
air,
Look around at the weather and say, "I
don't care,
The elements won't see me fall into their
snare
Of grouches and shivers and sneezes, so
there!"
Smile at the people you meet on the street;
Just think! summer's coming, and no
more cold feet!

—Marjorie Beam '21.

Why does Pearl Nunamaker always
punch R. M. in algebra class?

SHORT STORIES

First Choice

A GIRL'S TRIALS

It was a day in the rich bloom of autumn, just when the fruit of the labored year is most perfect, when nature seems to have an occasional day of pause, and seeming to debate whether it were worth while to go through the old story of winter, spring and summer again. It was a day of great excitement to Elinor for wasn't her mother coming home to her again? The thought of the past lonesome weeks vanished as she tidied the humble cottage which was "home" to her. Tomorrow she would go and find work, for Elinor was determined that now she would earn the money, for mother must not work after her long siege of illness. A knock at the door interrupted her meditations. She eagerly opened the yellow envelope which the messenger handed her. But no sooner had she glanced at the contents when all the color dropped from her face, leaving it like marble. She stayed in her place and brushed her hand across her eyes, the telegram dropped unregarded.

"It isn't true," she repeated dully, "I don't believe it. It can't be true. It can't. It can't. I tell you I don't believe it. Mistakes are always being made."

But it was true. Her mother had died.

Elinor gazed unwinkingly at the quiet face on the pillow.

"She's dead—mother is—dead. Mother's dead!" She uttered the words in a dull monotone. "Oh!" she moaned, both hands clenched tightly at her sides, "oh, oh, oh!"

Then followed twilight days for Elinor. Days when her few friends—a very few—seemed like vague forms gliding by at a mistily, indifferent distance. Many "tomorrows" came and went but none brought a ray of happiness or sunshine to the girl's broken heart. Yes, she would now earn the money but why couldn't her mother be there to share it with her.

There were hollows under her cheek bones and her once merry black eyes carried years of sadness and grief in them, when she started out to try for a position. But it seemed there were girls needed no

where so Elinor finally made her way to the sewing factory at the edge of the city.

"Yes! I can use you. Take that machine and be d— quick about it too." This was the manager's verdict after giving Elinor the "onceover."

She took her place at the end of a long line of machines. Toward the close of the weary day's work she knew she could no longer stand the foul air, the metallic, shrill squeaking of the machines, and the foreman's fierce temper and continual swearing. But the foreman also saw that this delicate girl did not "fit in" with the rest of the hardened employees—so he discharged her.

Elinor turned lagging steps toward her rooming-house where she now had one small room, and contented herself with some dried cheese and bread. Did no one in the large city want to employ a girl? It seemed not, for Elinor vainly tried again and again for work.

"Oh God! take me now," she cried in despair as she flung herself across a chair. Were her trials to never cease? It looked doubtful, for now the landlady came bustling in.

"Say girl! I want that rent that you've been owing me for the last three weeks."

"Oh please, I shall pay as soon as I can get the money. I am without a position now—there is help needed no where. But I will try again tomorrow."

"Huh! that's an old story. I've heard it afore. I——"

"Just give me one more chance. I'll surely find work tomorrow," Elinor pleaded.

The woman shuffled out of the room, after a flow of angry words.

Again the long, white shafts of pink and white splendor streamed across the sky, transfiguring the city with the celestial tints of morning as another day dawned. Today, thousands were to be overwhelmed with joy and gladness; but another thousand was to be stricken with grief and sadness.

To Elinor's dismay she awoke with burning face and hands. Again, she was confined to her bed with illness. All the while she prayed that she might die or be given strength enough to continue her patient search for work.

Once more the landlady stamped into the little room. But this time she was not to be put off. Sick or well Elinor must go. The girl, on her knees, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, pleaded that she might remain just one more day. Was this woman inhuman? Was her heart made of stone? Yes, she was cruel.

"I'll be good enough to accommodate you with thirty minutes to get out," was her answer to the girl's entreaties.

Elinor took her few possessions and tied a heavy veil over her sad, thin face. Then, with slow weakening steps she made her way out into the street to again face the serious problems of this large world.

The sun's level rays again slipped behind the clouds. Another day had passed, another day in which so many joys and sorrows had been mingled. Another day, like the great number that had passed and like the multitude that were to follow, was gone—never to return.

—Mildred K. Gernes '22.

Second Choice

BACKBONE

"Oh, isn't he the sweetest"

"Those darling dimples"

"Such expressive eyes"

"Look at him blush"

"O, he's looking at me now. Act as if you didn't see him."

"Mary thinks she's smashed him."

The pitied object of these and many hundred similar remarks made in the girls' end of the corridor, leaned against the wall and sighed in a bored manner. What could those silly girls see in life to giggle about. Personally, he was homesick for his jolly comrades in the old Bairsburg High. These Elsworth fellows weren't very friendly. He gazed around in disgust and strolled languidly up to his assembly room on the second floor.

"Big sissy" sneered one of the jealous fellows who had been jilted that morning by a girl who was trying to win Ned Burton's best regard.

"Too good-looking to suit me", remarked another.

"Looks don't count. He hasn't any grit or backbone," said the burly, angular, red-headed football captain.

It was plainly shown in the attitude of the

Elsworth High boys toward the new comer that they were jealous.

Coach Grey also noticed Ned as he passed through the halls. He was not attracted by the flashing black eyes, the unruly black curls or any of the other features that smote every girl's heart. Neither was he jealous. As he watched the boy he noted at a glance the manly, erect carriage, the strong athletic build, the well developed muscles, the firm jaw and resolute mouth.

"Say Burton," he said as Ned passed him, "Better come out for football tonight. Will you?"

"Guess so. I've played a little."

The scornful glances and sneering remarks that followed this brief exchange of words showed plainly the caliber of the Elsworth High boys.

"Why, he can't play football," exploded Red, the captain. "I tell you he hasn't any backbone. He might get his little hands dirty. Look at me. I'm not afraid of anyone. I take all kinds of bumps and knocks. Gee whiz! I got my knee knocked out of joint last year and was laid up for two weeks and you don't hear me complainin' once. Bet he's afraid to play ball with a kitten."

"He plays the piano nicely", said one of Red's cronies.

Nevertheless Ned Burton went to football practice and when the day came for the big game he was put on the team as right end, much to the chagrin of the captain. He was eyed with distrust by every boy and gazed at with adoration by every girl. Never before had there been so many girls in the bleachers as on the day when Ned Burton made his debut.

The opposing team was strong and clever. It took all of Elsworth's strength and wits to keep them from walking away with the game. At the end of the third quarter the score was 13 to 7 in favor of the opposing team.

While they were resting Coach Grey came out on the field to give them a few final directions and encouraging words.

"We'll have to use forward pass formations" he said cheerfully. "Pass the ball to Burton. I think he can run to the goal with it. We have got to get this game or our

hopes for state championship will be blasted."

"I tell you that Burton hasn't any backbone," grumbled the Captain under his breath. He was beginning to doubt his own words, and did not care to grumble aloud for the missing vertebra might come to light.

In the first attempt to dash for goal, Burton was thrown, receiving a deep gash on his head. But he held the ball. At the second attempt he gained several yards but was downed. He still held the ball. When he felt the ball in his hands the third time, he held it tightly under his left arm, gave a running jump and went clear over the guards who were waiting to grasp his feet. He ran swiftly through the opposing ranks while his comrades were keeping them occupied. The field was clear. In a few minutes he would be at the goal. Oh! would he ever get there. The warm blood was trickling over his face, from the cut on his head and blinding him. His knees were getting shaky. His breath came in gasps. D—— there was that fielder to be reckoned with. He circled to go around him, but the little pest was in his way, grabbing at his legs. With a savage kick, Ned landed the fielder windless on the ground and stumbled on to the goal. He fell exhausted but the ball was safely over the mark.

The time was nearly up. Yes, he'd have to do it. This couldn't be a tie game. He staggered out on the field and a moment later he had kicked the ball over the goal, then he fell in an unconscious heap and was borne tenderly off the field.

Time has up—Score 14 to 13 in favor of Elsworth!

The girls wept real tears. Coach Grey's voice was husky with joy.

"Why that fellow's got backbone," said the captain. "I told you he could play football."

—Neva Gilbert '21.

(Literary continued on page twenty-five)

Florence Grove (pronouncing, spelling and giving the accent of words.)

"G-r-o-a-n."

"Where is the accent?" asked Miss Curtis.

"It's all gone."

STUDENT OPINION

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 Assistant Editor....Robert Murray '21
 Business Manager....Ralph Mayo '20
 Asst. Bus. Mgr.....Thomas Clark '21

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 ExchangeCarvel Caine '20
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Barbara Wentch '20, Dorothy Miller '20

THE DANCING QUESTION

Please don't misunderstand the title of this composition. The question doesn't dance but it is because young people like to dance so well that the question arises. Dancing is as natural for young folks as singing is for birds. It is just simply movement and motion expressing youthful exuberance and joy of living.

Isn't the youth or maiden who doesn't like the dance handled as a stick, a study hard, or old "fogy?" Of course they are. The swing of a good waltz just catches us irresistibly and makes us whirl away into space.

There is really beauty in the old fashioned dances, the waltz, the one step and two step. Father and mother still enjoy stepping it off together; at least until Father Time summons them back to earth with a few rheumatic twinges of pain.

When a group of young people meet

where music is available, the first suggestion is "Oh, let's dance!" And why not? It's a healthful recreation. It cultivates harmony and grace of movement. There is no harm in dancing unless brought in by corrupt ideas from the supposed "display of art."

Just as anything else, when restricted in one place, it will crop out in others. "Forbidden fruits are always the sweetest" and the fact that some dance without the knowledge and sanction of their parents makes it harmful.

Another contaminating influence is the popular "Jazz" music. While entirely permissible in itself, it has suggested new and "unbeautiful" movements and gestures in dancing which are positively disgusting. Nobody who loves to dance for the sake of obtaining a wholesome enjoyment enjoys seeing or dancing the "Shimmies," a direct outcome of the "jazzy" music.

This dance, a direct outcome of the "jazzy" music, while popular once, has been very highly condemned. In order to keep time to the music, the dance gave a succession of "jerks" and called it dancing. To one who cannot appreciate its artistic beauty, it appears to be merely a cross between the Hula Hula dance from Hawaii, and St. Vitus' dance. It is entirely restricted or entirely unrestricted which has brought on this corruption.

It is much easier for a community to close their eyes and forbid dancing to young people, while young people dance in secret or are driven to attend public dances, than it is to provide a place for dancing and suitable chaperones.

Dancing on public floors with and among all kinds of people is not conducive to very high and pure morals for young high school students. All this orry about sons and daughters being led astray would be elimin-

ated if the unwholesome atmosphere was removed. "Come on and dance!" the young folks cry and—Let them dance! A few good waltzes and a one step will use up a lot of that stored up energy. Oversee them, old folks, don't preach at 'em, but be interested and the students will go fifty-fifty.

STUDENT OPINION

SUBSCRIBE TO THE SPIRIT!!

This has ever been the appeal when an effort is made to secure financial aid for our school paper. This matter of subscribing to the Spirit is of vital importance. It concerns the life of the paper! whether it shall exist or cease to exist. The size of the subscription list determines whether the students wish to have a school paper or not. Many people have the erroneous idea that the Spirit is controlled by a few. Nothing is further from the truth. The Spirit is the work, the possession, the instrument of the whole school. It reflects the sentiments, the desires, the ideals, the life of the student body.

Th business of obtaining subscriptions for the Spirit is not a money-making proposition. As has been said before, it concerns the life of the paper. With only three-eighths of the scholars from a school of four hundred, subscribing the paper cannot be a success. In order to make definite, concrete plans for the whole year, financial backing must be secured. The idea of the Spirit being a money-making proposition is absurd. With an incubus of debt amounting to about two hundred dollars on our shoulders, it will require much forethought in order to pull through.

It is extremely probable that the number of students in the school who are unable to subscribe to the Spirit is very small. The money thoughtlessly expended by each one of us in a short time is sufficient to pay for a yearly subscription to the Spirit. The actual price of the paper should not count and the desire of the student body should be to support their paper. Every fellow, every girl, subscribe; give us your backing, intellectual and financial, and our paper will be a howling success!

Everybody boost, make it 100 per cent!

Show your spirit, and subscribe to the "Spirit!"

BOLSHEVISM

We all have heard something about Bolshevism in Russia and Germany but we never even thought of such conditions existing in our good old U. S. A. Well, they exist, and in our town, indeed within the doors of our own High School. It's been kept awfully quiet, of course, for the "Reds" have been fearing a "mob riot."

And you ask who is the cause of this uproar? Haven't you heard of Friday night, October 24? Maybe some of you remember that it was the night that the Civics classes met at the High School to practice their stunt for Assembly.

Say! A strike is peaceful beside that meeting! It would have taken a regiment of "M. P.'s" to bring that bunch to order. Paper-wads, shot and canon-balls flew thick and fast. Altogether, their behavior was certainly not as we should expect from any group of students in Ames High School.

Honorable Mention

GOD'S GIFTS

Whence come the lovely bluebells

And the buttercups filled with dew—
Symbols of love and freedom?

They are all from God to you.

Whence comes the cheery robin,

And the bird of heaven's blue—
Singing from morn 'til twilight?

They are all from God to you.

Whence comes the beautiful morning,

Radiant with the sun's rosy hue—
Ah, whence comes all sweet nature?

It is all from God to you.

Send out thy beams, no matter how small,

Send them out both far and near—
'Tis the tiny things make the great ones,
As the days make up the year.

—MMG.

In Senior class meeting some of the girls were discussing whether they should get rings for their ring finger or for the little finger.

The decision had just about been made in favor of the ring finger when Myrna Gray spoke up,

"But what will you do with it when you get your wedding and engagement rings?"

NORTH, EAST, WEST, SOUTH

!GOSSIP!

Miss Jones' mother has arrived in Ames from Vinton, Iowa, and will make this her home.

Ruth Miller returned to school Monday, November 3, after being out three weeks on account of illness.

Earl Downey was recently assigned to a permanent front seat by Miss Prentice during an algebra III class.

Miss Jussen, the new supervisor of Art of Ames Public Schools, has arrived from Ripon, Wisconsin.

Teachers were advised not long ago to see that the windows were kept closed for a week in order to test the ventilating system. This proved a difficult task for the teachers and it was certainly annoying to the people who love to open windows when a car is going by as they have nothing else to do.

Anna Cameron of Ida Grove spent a few days a week ago with Gwen Edwards, and also visited High School.

Ames High School is more fortunate than some at the present time. Many schools have been forced to close because of the coal situation, but it is said that Ames High has a large enough supply to last several weeks.

The Ttatapochan Campfire met Saturday at the home of Doris Prall.

A little excitement was caused Wednesday noon, November 5, in the Auditorium when Greta Hamner and Kathryn Smutz became so charmed by the music played by Viola Rahe, that they danced completely off the platform and landed with a thud, on the floor below.

At the teachers convention in Des Moines Friday, November 7, some of the Ames High teachers appeared on the program. Miss Boyd is president of the Commercial Round Table for the state and Miss Carter read a

paper on "Bookkeeping Considered as Accounting."

The biology classes have about fifty small fish which were brought to school Monday, November 3. They had been stranded after the overflowing of the creek.

Miss Curtiss and Miss Carter were so anxious to get to the Teachers' Convention that they left Thursday evening.

Don't anyone miss the last football game of the season!

The Seniors have ordered their class rings and pins and expect to be wearing them in the near future.

Mrs. Zenor, formerly Miss Thornburg, was at the Iowa Falls game November 1, and from the way she was yelling and people were shaking hands with her, she hasn't forgotten A. H. S. nor has A. H. S. forgotten her.

A Junior class meeting was held Thursday, Oct. 30. Plans were made for a hard time party on the evening of Nov. 14. However the Juniors have postponed their party for a week, that the Seniors may have a masquerade the 14th.

The Neachee Campfire held an interesting meeting Nov. 2.

Marjorie MacDonald came home from a visit in Ohio on Wednesday, October 28. She said, she had the best time anyone could have. She will only be with us a short time, though, then she will leave for her new home in Texas.

Zelma Holmes left two weeks ago for her new home in Texas. Word has been received that she had a fine trip, and that she is living in town instead of in the country, as she expected to.

Eva Hoffman went to Slater Saturday afternoon after the Iowa Falls game and remained until Sunday evening at the home of her friend Barbara Reack.

This is Fat! That's Fat! There's Fat!

Fat and Sid appeared twice in the picture taken of A. H. S. November 5. They stood at the west end and while the picture was being taken they got behind the crowd and went to the east where they were again taken. If we all could have done that there surely would have been some size to our school.

The new saying, "I'll see you at the library tonight."

Margaret Adams spent the week end November 7 in Des Moines.

Max Beman has been ill with tonsillitis and expects, as soon as he is better, to go to Des Moines to have his tonsils removed.

The meeting of the High School Parent-Teachers' Association which was to have been held Thursday evening, November 6 will not be held until the first Thursday in December. A good program had been arranged for the meeting but the teachers were unable to be present on account of the State Teachers' meeting in Des Moines. There will be a meeting called to elect delegates to the State Parent-Teachers' Convention in Ames next week.

Paul Downey returned to school Nov. 3 after being confined to his home several weeks on account of scarlet fever.

Gilbert Cropps, a freshman, is leaving soon for his new home at Dubuque, Iowa.

The Y. W. C. A. cabinet and advisors, Miss Miller and Miss Rayburn, had an interesting meeting Wednesday evening, Nov. 3 in Miss Miller's room. After the meeting a social hour was enjoyed, apples were then served and the meeting was adjourned.

Lorena Cure spent Sunday in Maxwell. We notice she brought back a cold with her.

A Freshman class meeting was held in the Study hall, Thursday October 23. Miss Britton, the class monitor read the votes, acted as chairman, and conducted the election. The following officers were elected: president, Eben Howell; vice-president, Mary Cure; and secretary, Dorothy Bullock. The treasurer and bookkeeper, Herbert Paulson was appointed by the Commercial Department.

The Sophomore class held a Hallowe'en party Saturday evening Nov. 1. Various games were played and some humorous

stunts and a brief program were given. After a fine time they went to the gym where they all enjoyed sweet cider, doughnuts and apples.

Superintendent Bodwell and Principal Steffey attended the State Teachers' meeting Thursday, Nov. 6 in Des Moines.

Miss Rayburn spent the week end at her home in Grinnell.

Ethel Armstrong, who has been absent from school the last week or so on account of illness, is steadily improving.

SOCIETY NEWS

Gwen Edwards entertained three couples at her home Friday evening, October 31.

Earl Elliott, Margaret Ringheim, Dan McCarthy, Clarice Ambrose, Bern Hubbard, and Helen Welty spent a very pleasant evening at Clarice's home in Nevada October 26.

Neva Spence entertained six couples at a Hallowe'en party Thursday evening, October 30. Jack o'lanterns were hung about the house and it certainly presented a Hallowe'en atmosphere. Fortunes were told and many games were played. Everyone had a wonderful time.

The Serago Campfire girls were entertained by Marjorie Garretson Friday evening. Half of the girls were dressed as boys and half as girls. We hear that some of the girls made very good boys.

Grace Harris entertained a number of her friends at her home the other night. At the close of a very pleasant evening refreshments were served.

Melvina Allen entertained the Unaliyi Campfire girls at her home Monday evening, Oct. 27. Each girl invited a friend. After a very enjoyable evening Mrs. Allen served some of her gingerbread and sandwiches which are famous with the campfire girls.

Mildred Gernes decided she'd have a little party Saturday night so "Red" Smith, Marian Smith and "Hap" McCarty came up. Marian and "Hap" decided they wanted to go to a show so all of a sudden Marian remembered she had some letters to mail. They went out and got into the Ford and went to Nevada and saw a good show. What Mildred and "Red" said when they got back we'll leave for you to guess.

The Neachee Campfire girls spent Tuesday evening, Nov. 4 in the country at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Zenor. They all enjoyed themselves immensely and at the close of the evening popcorn was served.

Mae Adamson and Edith Speers entertained about twenty girls at a masquerade party at the Speers' home Friday evening. Everyone had a fine time.

Catherine Smutz entertained five couples at her home the other evening. From all reports everyone spent a very pleasant evening.

Geneva Erickson entertained the Manasquan Campfire girls at a masquerade party Friday evening, October 31.

The teachers of Central school entertained the teachers of the other schools at a Hallowe'en party, Friday evening. Upon their arrival the guests were met at the door by ghosts who conducted them thru the basement to the different rooms which had been decorated for the occasion. The evening was spent in Hallowe'en stunts, telling stories, and other amusements. At the close delicious refreshments were served.

ALUMNI

Since it will be of probable interest to the students of A. H. S. and others to know where our alumni are and what they are doing we have secured as much information as possible from a few of the graduates since the year 1916.

We surely will be interested to hear from any of our alumni or to receive any information concerning them.

1919

Iowa State College: Margaret Sloss, Gordon Pohlman, Verna Clark, Eleanor Murray, Lawrence Holsinger, Ruth Prall, Priscilla Dodds, Chevalier Adams, Harry Williams, Dorothy Gruwell, Waldo McDowell, Grace Pohlman, Elizabeth Gleason, Raymond Byrnes, Ava Kulow, Neva Snook, "Ted" Jones, Dan McCarthy, Jeanette Beyer, Olive Husted, Edith Sunderlin, and minnie Lindauer.

Grinnell: Marie Morteson, Russell Barker, Harriet Tilden, Robert Potter, Gertrude Reis.

Monticello Boarding School: Lydia Tilden.

Mt. St. Joseph College, Dubuque: Veronica Morrissey.

Ward—Belmont, Nashville, Tenn.: Harriet Schleiter.

Others working in offices and various places are: Carolyn Crosby, Florence Snook, Lucille Nickels, Edna Dressler and Estella Sill.

1918

Iowa State College: Edith Wallis, Barclay Noble, Gilberta Luke, Mary Battell, "Tubby" Kooser, Edgar Jacobson.

1917

Iowa State College: Dorothy Proctor, Charles Richter, Leroy Apland and Edward Judge.

Northwestern: Douglas Waitley, Claud Scarborough.

Jay Elliott is working for Proctor and Ferguson Auto Co.

1916

Still College, Des Moines: Elden Cox.

Leland Stanford, California: David Ghrist.

Iowa State College: Glenn McCannon, Harold Pammell, Harold Nowlin, Lester Swearington, Dorothy Bowdish, Pearl Apland, and Hazel Kintzley.

NOTICE: JUNIORS!!!

Attention! Now dear Juniors,

You will no wiser be

If you do not learn to compromise

As you will clearly see.

We Seniors that we'd be real sports

And show you one good time

But you, poor Juniors, lost your nerve

And so you did decline.

Now we know we're dignified

But when we do take pity

And vote for a party in the Gym,

All of you remain sitting.

Oh, is it that you're bashful

Or don't know how to act?

Just get a book on etiquette

And master all the facts.

By—GR & ML

Instead of having a "take-off" on the Gym teacher there should be a "put on."—A Prep.

EXCHANGES

Ames High School, thru the Spirit is carrying on a fine system of exchanges this year. High School and College papers are being exchanged with the Spirit, much to the advantage of our school.

The custom of exchanging papers between the various schools is growing all the time. It benefits all concerned, especially those editing the paper, and the various literary issues and "news" paper are very interesting for all to read. Exchanges are placed in the school library, and can be read there.

We have quite a few exchanges on our list this year. More schools are starting School Journals, and almost all of the papers exchanged in former years are continuing publication of their respective dailies, weeklies, monthlies, etc.

The list of exchanges, with a few comments, follow:

1. The "Bayonet"—Plattsmouth, Nebr.
2. The "Pebbles"—Marshalltown
3. The Bumble B.—Boone
4. Ah La Ha Sa—Albert Lea, Minn.
5. Old Gold And Blue—Ida Grove
6. Philo Phonograph—Sac City
7. Spectator—Waterloo
8. Comment—Keokuk
9. Elgin Mirror—Elgin, Ill.
10. Pulse—Cedar Rapids
11. Railsplitter—Lincoln, Nebr.
12. Tatler—Colo
14. Little Dodger—Fort Dodge
15. Simpsonian—Indianola
16. Coe College Cosmos—Cedar Rapids
17. Penn Chronicle—Oskaloosa
18. Otaknam—Mankato, Minn.
19. F. H. S. Vacuum—Fairfield, Iowa
20. Clintonian—Newton
22. The "O"—Oskaloosa

Other towns to be invited to exchange are Grinnell, Sioux City, Council Bluffs, Ottumwa, Vermillion.

The "Pebbles", Marshalltown, is a fine cheerful paper. Their first literary issue received was very good.

The "Bumble B.", Boone, is a classy, real breezy publication.

The "Ah, La Ha Sa", Albert Lea, Minn., is a very interesting, live paper. We are glad to have it on our list.

The "Railsplitter", Lincoln, Ill., shows real merit as well as interesting, snappy news and jokes.

The "Tattler", is an artistic and excellent publication. It is a finished product all through.

The "Little Dodger" of Fort Dodge, promises to be a very good member of our exchange list.

The "Simpsonian", Indianola, one of our College papers, is very good.

The "F. H. S. Vacuum", Fairfield, is a steady customer to our exchange. It is a fine, compact, newsy paper. A good example to follow.

The "Newtonia", Newton, is a paper much to be admired. It is very complete and shows good organization and backing.

The "Pulse", Cedar Rapids, lives up to its name in full. It shows fine leadership and good backing together with power.

He Left Her

Miss Fortyodd awoke in the middle of the night to find a burglar ransacking her effects. Miss Fortyodd did not scream for she prided herself, among other things, upon her courage. Pointing to the door with a dramatic gesture, she exclaimed, "Leave me at once!"

The burglar politely retreated a step and said, "I had no intention of taking you."

Emily has bewitched four of our Ames High boys and we are waiting in great suspense to see who the fifth one will be.

ACTIVITIES

OUR ASSEMBLIES

On October 29, the girls' Physical Training classes gave us a very enjoyable entertainment under the direction of Miss Foskette. They gave the folk-dances of Russia, France, America, and several other countries. We can all agree in saying that everyone enjoyed it because from the smiles and winks on the stage the girls had as good a time as those of us who looked on.

On November 5, we also had an interesting program. The first number was several selections by the orchestra. Then it was turned over to the public speaking classes. Readings were given by Neva Spence, Agnes Noble, Mary Reed, and Marjorie French. I am sure that we will take Mary's advice and not let the goblins get us. A pantomime was given which was called "The First Flash." Mildred Parsons gave a piano solo, but that wasn't enough, we had to have another. Next thing on our program was a fire-drill followed by having our pictures taken. We all just about froze, but we were glad to have a whole school picture taken.

SENIOR DOINGS

The Senior class has been having several meetings lately. But you know they are a busy class.

At the second meeting of the year they picked out the design for their rings and pins. But all of us who wanted rings had to have our fingers measured, of course, so we had another meeting and a representative of the Tilden Manufacturing Company came up and did the work.

As Ralph Mayo, Business Manager of the "Spirit" has resigned, we talked over the matter of selecting a new one. Three names were suggested and we decided that

we would leave the question to our "Spirit" advisors, Mr. Steffey and Miss Tenney.

"Y"OU "W"ILL "C"OME "A"GAIN IF YOU DO ONCE

Say Girls! let me tell you a secret,
We're a grand Y. W. C. A.

You sure ought to be at our meetings,
Come on! Be a sport, and please stay!

—M. G.

Yes Girls! that's just what we are. And we have had some of the most interesting meetings and we are going to have some more of the same kind. Good and spicy and lots of pep.

The Y. W. in our H. S. has been organized about two years and in these short two years we've done lots of things and now we are just finding out how many more things we can do.

Sixty girls joined the organization this fall. Think how many new people that means. Of course we are minus our Senior girls of last year but many of them have gone into college, ready to take up "Y" work there. Altho we miss them Ames High will not suffer for the loss with sixty new girls, bringing the total membership up to one hundred and sixty. A majority of these girls are Freshmen with a pep and enthusiasm that is possessed only by Freshmen.

These girls were recognized as members at the Recognition Service Oct. 8. It was a beautiful service. Each member held a small candle lit from the flame of a larger candle representing the Ames High Branch. And this candle had been lighted from a yet larger one meaning the National Y. W. C. A. Passages from the Bible were read by the Cabinet members, that were particularly adapted to the service.

The Y. W. C. A. is an organization that every girl should and can belong to. It

makes no difference what her creed is, her social standing, her talents or her beliefs. It is one place where we all meet on a common ground and all are welcome. A place that we can discuss together the problems that confront us. We can help other girls and they will help us. Isn't it wonderful girls how much we can have in common?

And then there are the good times. The Kid Party we had in September was so interesting. And the Hallowe'en party two weeks ago. You girls enjoyed yourselves at the party and now sample the meeting and see if you don't have a good time there too.

Last spring we elected our officers. Pres., Lorena Cure. Vice-Pres., Marjorie Beam. Secretary, Lyla French. Treas., Ethelyn Colburn (who has moved away) Treas., elected to fill vacancy, Joan Parsons. Social Service Committee: Edna Armstrong. Social Committee; Neva Gilbert. Program Committee: Hazel McKibben.

They're a dandy bunch and are doing their best to make the Young Women's Christian Association live up to it's name. Let's help ourselves girls, by helping them make the work a success.

DEBATING

Ames High students aren't as interested in debate as they should be but those who have the fever have it bad. The State Debating Question, Resolved: "That Congress should enact legislation providing for a system of Compulsory Military Training for all able bodied men before they reach the age of 21 years," should be of interest to the girls as well as the boys. The following are working hard on the question and are getting some valuable training.

Earl Rayness
Ralph Dove
Alford Carleton
Lyla French
Maurice Smith
Carvel Caine
Egbredt Stone
Lee Stevens
Helene Dean
Anson Marston

Did you know that A. H. S. is going to

have a Dramatic Club soon! Watch for further notice.

"HI-Y"

At the meeting held October 30, a good bunch heard two fine talks. One by Rev. Edwards, which was very interesting. He told how the Bible has been preserved since it was written, and explained how it is known that it has not been changed since that time.

The other talk was by the new Bible Study leader, Mr. Howard Porter, a post-graduate student at the College. Work under him is certainly going to be worth coming out to get. Boys! let's all get out and show him that we have interest to match his enthusiasm.

OUR COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

There are very few in the Ames High School now that remember back in 1913 when the Commercial Department first started. When the High School moved into the new building, there was one class each of bookkeeping, shorthand, and typewriting, and Miss Boyd taught all of these. Since that time there have been several changes. Now we have more classes, more teachers, and more room.

This year saw the beginning of a one year course in bookkeeping for students who do not expect to go into business but who need it to help with their own accounts. Miss Carter has this class. Previous to this year, Miss Curtiss taught all the bookkeeping, but now she has only the advanced class while Miss Carter teaches the beginning. Besides the bookkeeping, Miss Carter has classes in commercial geography, business english and arithmetic. In all these subjects, the practical side is studied. This prepares students to go out into the business world. All these classes are crowded and are growing every year.

In addition to her class in advanced bookkeeping, Miss Curtiss teaches penmanship, spelling and typewriting. Just now the spelling class is studying misspelled words, something that wouldn't do any harm to any of us. Another subject which everybody should take is penmanship. Even if a person is a good writer, he is not so good

that there is no room for improvement. This year the Palmer Company has offered a business certificate in penmanship to students in schools and business colleges. Several years ago, penmanship in all the schools as well as in the High School was taught by one teacher, Mr. Gill. He also had charge of the arithmetic and book-keeping in the High School. That would be impossible now for the classes have made such a rapid growth that we have one extra teacher this year and still there is plenty of work for another.

Then, down to the north end of the hall, behind another room is Miss Boyd's room. This was previously used by the manual training boys but the classes grew so fast that they had to move out to make room for the large typewriting classes. At first, in Room 5, there were only eleven typewriters and one class in typewriting. Now there are thirty typewriters and three classes. Miss Boyd estimates that there are over 160 in her classes, and as many who take typewriting, take shorthand, too, it makes very near 100 who are taking advantage of this opportunity.

There were five in the first class that completed the course in shorthand and typewriting, while last year there were twenty-three. None of these graduates had any trouble in finding permanent positions with good salaries. Miss Boyd could have placed twice that many in permanent positions if there had been more who had taken the course. The business men have awakened to the fact that they can get competent stenographers right here at home and all that is left for us to do is to realize what a splendid chance we have here and then make use of it. This is not just for the girls, certainly not; boys make just as good stenographers and sometimes better.

We have every reason to be proud of our Commercial Department for it is one of the best of its kind in the world, so let's boost with all our might and make it THE BEST. We can if we will.

Y. W. PARTY

The Y. W. C. A. had a Hallowe'en party in the gym. Oct. 30. I said we had a party but we had a good time, our fortunes were told, apples n'everything.

The Gym. is a nice place to have parties for we can play so many games. And that's just what we did that night. The volley ball got all kinds of exercise and so did we. And we played some games to see how hard we could laugh and how quick we could stop. Then we asked some questions and made others answer them right away. Last Couple Out and Royal Lady and several others kept us thinking and moving quickly.

Marjorie Beam and Agnes Noble told some of the girl's fortunes. Isn't it surprising what some of us are going to do and be.

Last but by no means least we had those apples I told you about. Um! Um! they were good.

FORENSIC CLUB

When the Forensic Club started out this year it seemed that most of its old members had graduated, were too busy this year or something. The Forensic Club is a good thing for Ames and the few that were left realized this. They knew what it had meant to them and what it would mean to others if they only once got into it. They also knew that these "others" were in our school. So what did they do but appoint themselves individually a committee of one to scout around and find some of these people. It really surprised them to know how many there were. And of course several have been missed. If you're one of those don't feel hurt but just come on down. There are a few seats left that need filling up. And perhaps you didn't know we had some of those new seats down there. You'll like them lots better than the one you usually have.

We're having parliamentary drill part of the period. And when you get into Congress (and girls they're going to have woman suffrage pretty soon too), you'll need the very drill the Forensic members are getting.

Remember! Third period, Friday's. Better think it over and drop in.

Now Eugene Nelson was there, of course,

And with his usual wit—

"The best thing you could do, dear friend

Would be to bury it."

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

There is being considerably more emphasis placed upon girls' athletics this year than previously. The girls were waiting, anxious to respond to a call for good hard work along athletic lines. Our new Physical Training teacher, Miss Foskette, came to us determined to put girls' athletics "on the map" if the girls would do their part.

We began practising about seven weeks ago and have been at it steadily ever since. Each class has a line up of two or three teams except the Seniors. Only about seven or eight Senior girls are taking Physical Training work and only five of those came out for basket ball. It makes it rather hard but they have been faithful in practices and are planning on putting their team ahead.

This year, the same morning the boys receive their "A's" the six girl stars of the four classes will receive "B's". Besides this the school is presenting the girls with a blanket four feet by two and one half, on which a shield is to be placed and the class number of the winning team will be pinned—at that time. This blanket will then be hung in the building and the classes of the years to come will have the privilege of fighting to get their number on it.

The games this year will be held at 4:00 p. m. open to everyone and with no admission fee. That doesn't mean that they aren't going to be good games. The girls have worked hard and we have four real basket ball teams. Miss Foskette says, "Everything looks mighty promising, the girls have been faithful and there is no reason why we shouldn't have a series of fine games."

The schedule is as follows:

Nov. 13—Wednesday.....Senior-Junior
Nov. 15—Friday.....Sophomore-Freshman
Nov. 20—Wednesday.....Senior-Sophomore
Nov. 22—Friday.....Junior-Freshman
Nov. 25—Monday.....Senior-Freshman
Nov. 27—Wednesday.....Sophomore-Junior
Dec. 4—Wednesday.....Champions

Miss Foskette and four teachers, chosen by the different classes, will pick the six all stars. Those chosen are Seniors—Mr. Kenny, Juniors—Miss Britton, and Sophomores—Miss Jones.

—Joan Parsons '20

Ten Commandments for Freshmen

- I. Thou shalt not curl thy hair for it doth not become thy green appearance.
- II. Thou shalt not fuss nor swear or indulge in slang lest it provoke infant damnation.
- III. Thou shalt not stay up late lest thy weak eyes grow weaker.
- IV. Thou shalt not bear fake witness against thy classmates.
- V. Thou shalt not become engaged.
- VI. Thou shalt not mingle with thy upper-classmen lest thou impose upon them.
- VII. Thou shalt not covet the upper-classmen nor their dresses nor their superiority.
- VIII. Thou shalt not use either powder or paint lest it affect thy vanity.
- IX. Thou shalt not kill either cat or dog or any living critter which belongeth to the sacred circle of upper-classmates.
- X. Thou shalt not steal the upper-classmates' beaus nor turn eyes upon them with inexperienced smiles, for thou are youthful.

—Ex.

Precious Mule

A little girl came running in from the back yard and said:

"Mamma, I think that man who hauls ashes is the best man I ever knew."

"Why?" asked her mother.

"Well, you know that old gray mule he drives."

"Yes."

"The man came up to the back gate and rolled the can out into the alley and he picked it up on his knee and was just boosting it up in his cart when the old gray mule jumped and the can of ashes came right down on his foot. And do you know, mamma, that man just sat right down and commenced rubbing his foot and talking to God about his mule."

—Dairy Farm News.

Miss Harper: "Every one knows we should not eat cold food and immediately follow with hot."

Russel A.: "Yes, I should think it would form steam in the stomach."

A. H. S. TUNES

OPERA COMING!!!

Off and on in chorus Mr. Stodard has been testing our voices and we have been wondering why. He said the other day that he was trying to find out who had the best voices for he is going to put on several musical affairs.

The biggest thing which is to be given is an Opera in the spring. Concerning this Mr. Stoddard said, "I only wish there was some large Opera house in which to give it. The only place is the High School Auditorium, and the stage is only half big enough, and as for the sitting room, the Auditorium is so small I think we will have to give it two nights." He also said that no money or trouble would be spared in making this a great success. So watch out for the plans of the Opera.

Meanwhile, the school will not be without music. A school concert is to be given before the new year. All the grades and the chorus will take part in this.

A cantata is also anticipated for early in the spring. This is to be given by the chorus.

Special music for the chorus with parts of the orchestra accompanying will be given in assembly at different times. Also, trios and quartettes will be picked from the chorus to give us special music, and if they prove as good as the samples we've had we will enjoy them.

We appreciate Mr. Stoddard's work and looking forward with great anticipation to the coming musical events.

ORCHESTRA

Ames High ought to be proud of her orchestra. Never before in the history of the school have we been able to boast of so large a musical organization. The orchestra consists of thirty-two members, but there are still a few students who are too

bashful to make known their genius in this line. We hope that within a short time we will be able to gather them in. Even though Lloyd's bow slips once in a while, and Steve's register key won't work we do get along pretty well. On Tuesdays, the third period, we gather to make this apple of discord, well known throughout the school.

Mr. Stoddard whispers of trips to Des Moines and elsewhere if we do well enough. Come on, you wayward few, who haven't as yet joined our trusty band. They say there's no time like the present.

MUSICAL CREDIT GIVEN IN HIGH SCHOOL

There are several girls this year studying piano for credit. Last year there were more and Mr. Stoddard expects more. Those now taking are:

Gwen Edwards from Mrs. Plagge.
Faye Caul from Miss Post.
Laura Elliott, Mrs. Plagge.
Myrl Garretson from Miss Post.
Florence Barr from Mrs. Dox.
Mildred Barr from Mrs. Dox.
Gladys Knight from Mrs. Dox.

OUR BAND

What do you think of the band now? Didn't we get busy and learn more than two pieces? I guess some of those who made such bright remarks about us had better "pull in their necks."

Since the urgent call for a band we have practiced after school some evenings as well as the regular band practice on Fridays. We really practice too, not just fool around. Mr. Stoddard makes us get down and dig things out—that's the reason we have improved so much you see.

Why does a dog wag its tail?
Because the tail can't wag the dog.

(Continued from page thirteen)

Third Choice

IN THE PATH OF THIEVES

The Campfire girls at "The Ledges" hurried down to the road to the beach where our Grand Council Fire was to be held. As we passed along we noticed that some tramps, who had been camping there for some time had departed.

"Yes, they're gone, but there's a worse bunch north of camp," remarked Hammy, a Boy Scout life-saver to "Summy" another life-saver. "We'll have to go back to guard the tents. Too bad Mr. Nelson, our only man—except Chef Ford, had to leave this noon."

Before the boys left they noticed a queer light up the river.

"We'll investigate," they told Mrs. Nelson, our head guardian and we saw no more of them for some time.

After our Council Fire, we walked back to camp, discussing the new band of tramps, but not really feeling afraid. As we reached camp, a peculiar sight greeted our eyes, for our bathing suits were strung on the flag rope of the flag pole.

"Those boys! Aren't they the limit? There's mine way at the top!" Such were some of the remarks as we gathered at the pole, trying to locate our own suits.

"I can't find the bugler anywhere," Mrs. Nelson finally said, "but it's time for quarters. Everybody to quarters."

As her word was law, we left the abused flag pole and hurried to our tents.

"I wonder where those boys are," Esther said, as we sat waiting for "tatoo". "Believe me I'll make them get my suit for me. Why it's way up there—"

"Bng! Bang! Bang!!" someone yelled. More shouts! More shots! More screams! We rushed out to the parade ground. Several men ran thru the camp, firing as they went. Other shots came from the surrounding bushes. Mrs. Nelson was rushing frantically around.

"Come out here. Bring some lanterns. Don't stand there like 'yummies'. Hurry. Hurry."

Girls from all over the camp were yelling and screaming. Everyone's face was a big question mark. Oh! What was happening?

Near the mess hall we noticed several girls.

"Oh, Summey, Summey!" wailed one of them.

"Cold water. Bring some cold water!" The demand was instantly supplied.

"More cold water. Don't stand so close. Give him some air!"

It was Hammy's voice we heard, and finally we succeeded in discovering the reason. Summey lay on the ground—unconscious. Hammy was using first-aid to the extent of his knowledge.

"No, he's not shot," he replied to our anxious questions, "he's been hit with something—he ought to be taken to a tent. Where's Gail!" Just then Gail staggered toward us, holding his hand to his jaw.

"Hit," he explained. Gladys at once made use of some of her first aid knowledge.

"Here, Gail. Help me lift Summey. His skull is hurt, I think. Be careful. We'll take him to tent three."

After some effort they succeeded in getting him on one of the beds.

"Give him air. Bring more cold water. Hold up that lantern. Move back,—don't crowd in."

During the time we waited for his recovery, we found that the cash box had been stolen—our precious cash box that contained all the money we had brought to camp—a good start toward a small fortune. What would we do?

"But we don't care about the money", wailed one of the girls. "It's just Summey, Summey." And we all echoed her words.

Summey did not appear to be getting along very well. It had been some time since he had been hurt, and now his condition was getting worse instead of better. Gail and Ham, who were usually cheerful and happy, looked grave as they worked, trying to bring Summey back to consciousness.

During this time, we girls were not merely standing around, for we too, had to use our first aid training. Several girls had had cases of hysteria, and no wonder. The whole camp was nearly wild with anxiety, worse, the cash box gone and no help within a long distance, and with the possible danger of another attack at any moment.

The whole plot was very clear to us. The raiders knew that Mr. Nelson had left that noon. It was their light we had seen up the river. It was they who had strung our bathing suits to the flagpole to hold our attention from the rest of the camp while they stole our money, injured Gail, and perhaps killed Summey! Chef Ford had gone after them, someone said, and maybe he too, was now lying unconscious in the path of the thieves! All that remained to do was to await the outcome—the hardest thing possible for us to do, as we ran here and there in the crowd of hysterical girls, practically helpless in the hands of our enemies.

Suddenly, someone calling above the cries and screams of the girls, told us to hurry to the crafts tent, so that we would not be the target for anyone's gun. We had almost reached this tent when a new series of yells came to our ears.

"Catch him. Stop him. He's out of his head. Catch him. Don't let him fall." And there, staggering toward us, was Summey. He was muttering to himself and acted as if he were trying to fight off an enemy—probably what he had been doing when he was struck. As one of the bravest girls reached out to catch him, he stumbled on a tent-rope and fell, face downward.

The Scouts, who had been running after him, picked him up—jerked him up in fact, and then, of all things that were entirely out of place, they laughed. Yes, laughed! And Summy, strong and hardy as ever, laughed with them. The camp, which a minute before had been screaming and crying, was now ringing with laughter of those who had been in the secret.

We girls looked on and wondered. Then, finally, as the joke that had been played on us penetrated our bewildered brains, we too, laughed.

So when taps blew, the camp, still shaking from fright—but also from merriment—went to sleep to re-act the whole performance in "Dreamland."

—June Bishop '22.

IN FLANDER'S FIELD

In Flander's fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky

The larks still bravely singing fly,

Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago

We lived, felt dawn, saw sunsets glow,

Loved and were loved, and now we lie

In Flander's fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!

To you from failing hands we throw

The torch; be yours to hold it high.

If ye break faith with us who die

We shall not sleep, though poppies blow

In Flander's fields.

"In Flander's Fields" was written by Lieut. Col. John McCrae, a Canadian soldier, a short time before his death, which occurred while he was still in the service of his country.

Now that the war is over, many people wish to forget most of its troubles and cares; but the memory of those who did not come back will always be kept alive by such poems as "In Flander's Fields."

The poem is a challenge; a challenge for men to carry the war on to the very end. In the first stanza their great sacrifice is pointed out, and yet there is not a word of complaint or discontent.

In the second stanza "Take up our quarrel with the foe" we find the challenge; the living are urged to carry on the fight which had been so bravely begun.

It is significant to note that the poppy is referred to, often in this poem; the opium which is taken from the poppy produces sleep. It has been said, that over the graves of dead soldiers, as in Flander's fields, poppies are nearly always found growing.

Many answers have been written to this poem, but the one by C. B. Galbreath is perhaps more characteristic of the American attitude than any other. The last stanza especially, answers the challenge in "In Flander's Fields," and expresses the determination which was felt.

"Your flaming torch aloft we bear,
With burning heart an oath we swear

To keep the faith, to fight it through
To crush the foe, or sleep with you

In Flanders' fields."

—Lorena Cure '20.

Pearl N.: (in French) "Here is the window, she is near the door."

"THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE."

Vincente Blasco Ibanez

This novel is one of the three or four outstanding novels of the war. It is written by a Spaniard, has been translated into English, and has been received very enthusiastically.

The splendid spirit of France in the hour of trial is the dominant note in the story; but the wild life of the cattle herder, the careless existence of the Frenchmen of fashion, the egotistic career of the unsatisfied German, the prophetic utterances of the Russian, and a thread of romance are all woven into a very interesting story. It gives a new view point from which to see and feel the war. It is rich and varied in scene, human in its characterizations, interesting throughout and above all, straightforward and conclusive on the subject of the Germans and their warfare.

It shows how the Germans maintain the theory, "Might is superior to right! The weak should not exist. Be harsh in order to be great."

The title of the book is derived from a book of mystery, in which the seven seals of this book of mystery were broken by the lamb in the presence of the great throne, where was seated one who shone like jasper. The rainbow round about the throne was in sight like an emerald. Twenty-four thrones were in a semi-circle around the great throne, and upon them twenty-four elders with white robes and crowns of gold. Four enormous animals, covered with eyes and each having six wings, seemed to be guarding the throne. The sounding of trumpets greeted the breaking of the first seal.

The first horseman appeared on a white horse. In his hands he carried a bow, and a crown was given him. This horse was Conquest, according to some, the Plague to others.

The second animal from the broken seal rode a flame-colored steed. This rider carried an enormous sword. He was War. Peace fled from the world before his furious gallop.

And when the third seal was broken, another of the winged animals bellowed like a thunder clap. He was mounted on a

black horse. He mounted and held in his hands a scale to weigh the maintenance of mankind. This was Famine.

The fourth animal saluted the breaking of the fourth seal with a great roaring. And there appeared a pale-colored horse. His rider was called Death and power was given him to destroy with the sword and hunger and with death, and with the beasts of the earth.

The four horsemen are described as beginning their mad, desolating course over the heads of the terrified humanity, for Germany holds that "A nation can aspire to great destinies, only when it is fundamentally Teutonic. The less German it is the less its civilization amounts to. Germany represents the aristocracy of humanity, the 'salt of the earth'."

THE BLUEBIRD

Whither, oh whither, o'er flowery vale,
Sweet messenger of love?
Thou seemest a piece of the summer's sky,
Fluttering down from above.

Hearken to the music floating—
Floating through the midnight air,
To its sadness, and its gladness,
Oh so sweet, so free and fair.

Hearken to the music floating—
Floating o'er the silent trees,
Echoed by the evening's stillness
Wafted by the gentle breeze.

Hearken to the music floating—
Floating as on seraph's wings,
Oh, the untold peace and comfort
And the joy its echo brings.

—Myrna Gray, '20

Once a Freshie got wrecked on an African shore
Where a cannibal monarch held sway.
And they served up that Freshie on slices of toast
On the eve of that very same day,
But the vengeance of heaven came swift on them all,
And before the next morning was seen,
By cholera morbus the tribe was attacked
For that Freshie was terribly GREEN.

CHATTER BOX

"TAKE-OFFS BY WAY OF FREE VERSE"

If this escapes the furnace
 You'll probably all know
 That this fair High School
 Of a few very dignified flowers,
 Is blessed by the presence of
 Mr. Steffey, for instance,
 Who seems to have
 No more
 Than one introductory speech
 For presenting our speeches in assembly,
 Where the air is quite cool
 These November days
 Albert Tesdall
 Is stepping out with a few (?)
 Of
 The A. H. S. Girls
 Are, as you all know, spending
 Their spare time at noons
 In the healthful recreation of
 Dancing—but if such fatalities
 As falling down don't cease to be
 The Doctor may be required
 To heal Miss Jones' sad mistake
 Of letting a few cupsful of hot
 Water gently fall upon her feet
 Until she quite despaired
 Of whether or not it would
 Be possible for her to continue
 Her daily talks at school
 To Mr. Kenny our bright, young (?)
 Chemistry teacher we give the due
 Credit for making all girls from
 The ages of—up to—like him by his
 Personality
 Is a great thing, Miss Rayburn
 Says that we (ses eleves)
 Will be doing her a great favor
 By bringing our gray matter to class
 Is a hard task as is shown
 By "Pecky" Posegate
 Who whiles away the hours of
 Geometry class with "Z-ZZ-Z-Z"
 And wakes; as soon as he hears

Miss Rayburn calls out his
 Name, sharply
 Floyd Cearbrough knows that
 It has come his turn
 For a calling
 Down
 Stairs on the second floor
 Corridor and one is sure to get
 'Three years' in "Assembly" if
 Clinton Adams could change
 Seats with "Red" Smith in
 French class—why—
 Margaret wouldn't have to
 Turn around to
 See him,
 And now as this ends my prattle
 I want to say
 Let's all back the team
 And go and see the West High—
 Ames battle
 Even if Harold doesn't yell.—Deer Yram

SOME OF LIFE'S LITTLE JOKES

Johnny took a little drink,
 He lives to drink no more

Oral English, First Period

Miss Hiller: "Joe, what is needed to play football?"

Joe A.: "A football."

Ted Kooser was telling a fairy tale in Oral English, when he came to the word "supernatural."

Pearl N.: "What's 'supernatural'?"

Ted K.: "Oh, a person who is supernatural can do anything."

Pearl N.: "Are you supernatural?"

John Myers was telling a story about trout.

"What's 'trout'?" someone asked.

"Why it's—(long pause)—I—oh, it's a fish.

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During your school years it is very important that your feet be correctly fitted. You'll want something more than a stylish, long wearing shoe. You will want a correct fitting shoe. Our Expert Fitting Service assures comfort and a correct fit.

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So. Side Main Street

Ames, Iowa

Well, Well!!!

The teacher asked for the definition of a table. One of the "brilliants" of the class arose and offered this as a definition.

"A table has a flat top and legs."

No sooner had this been uttered than Alice Wilcox said,

"Well, I have a flat top and legs but I'm not a table."

True lovers should not parted be,
Yet in the college car

No seats together did they see
Just separate ones afar.

A kindly man hit on a plan,
Transferred across the aisle

And basked with modest pleasure
In the grateful maiden's smile.

Various Ways of Courting Death
Talking and laughing on second floor.
Whispering in Study Hall.
Talking in undertones in Assembly.
Failing to bring a satisfactory excuse for
your absence.
Going to Caesar without your lesson.

Private Tony Salvino stepped up to Sargeant Daly. "Please, meester sargeant, excuse please. No drill."

"What! Do you mean to say you can't drill?"

"Please, my uncle—he ees seek!"

"What has that to do with you drilling?"

"But my uncle ees seek. I cannot stand on him."

"Who in thunder wants you to stand on your uncle?"

"But, I turn him over. My uncle—see—he is beeg lika da baloon," and Tony displayed a sprained ankle.

Lost—An ebony walking stick by a gentleman with an ivory head.

Found—Six wads of gum under my assembly desk. Owner may have same by calling at office and paying for this ad.—Joe Anderson.

Russel Thompson: "Is this poem of mine blank verse?"

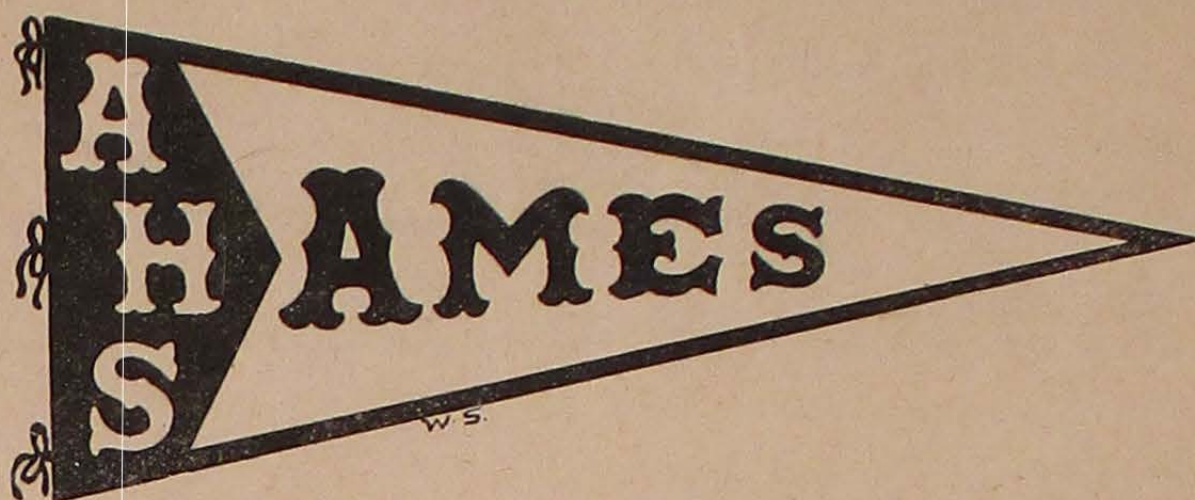
Miss Hiller: "I guess it is. Anyway, the mind of the person that wrote it was."

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AMES, IOWA

Deep, Dark Mystery

Gus Martin was seen to go into Bob Thompson's with Miss Foscette. Miss Foscette came out alone.

Mystery: Where's Gus?

Edna Armstrong (in rest room)

"Ida, please fix my hair. My John! g'r my hair is so hairy.

Love is said to be blind because it can never see its finish.

Have You Read the Ads?

FOR BETTER
SHOE REPAIRING

GO TO

Roup's Shoe Shop

Sad! Sad!

A woodpecker lit on a Freshman's head
And settled down to drill
He bored away for half a day
And then he broke his bill.

How Do You Play It?

Suggestions for games were being made
at a committee meeting of the Sophs.

"We'll play Winkem and Dutchman's
Breeches", said June B.

We wonder how to play it, June, it sounds
interesting.

TWIN STAR

BIG BILL RUSSELL in

"6 FEET 4"

From Jackson Gazoup's famous novel

JAZZ

PEP

COMEDY

THRILLS

SATURDAY FEATURE

Cyrl Barger, the graduate from Harvard, was sitting in the renowned Study Hall the other day when it was discovered he was writing letters to "Dear Louise."

Miss Harper in Biology: "Is there any possibility for microbes being in kisses?"

Charlotte J.: "Yes".

Miss Harper: "What do they cause?"

Charlotte: "Palpitation of the heart."

Your Problems of Christmas
Shopping are easily solved
at

GODARD'S GIFT SHOP

If you shop early

H. M. Duckworth

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Auto equipment including
Ambulance

Phone 79

One day in Biology class
This question was asked, too,
"If someone shot a feathered friend,
Pray tell us what to do."

Two freshmen of the I. S. C. were passing
Dad's popcorn wagon and one suddenly
stopped and said:

"Wait a minute till I get some peacorn
and popnuts."

Chris Sorenson

FRESH AND SALT MEATS, POULTRY

FISH AND OYSTERS IN SEASON

Phone 9

Delivery Service

Ames, Iowa

Joe A.: "I'm a second Abraham Lincoln."

Miss K.: "Why?"

Joe: "I walked up to Merrill Hunter's just to get an American History."

Arnold L. (to Miss Miller): "Oh! my mind leaves me when I look at you!"

Teddy K.: "Don't get excited, Miss Miller, he's said that lots of times."

"Naw, but it's about fifty-fifty. The teachers aren't satisfied either."

"Shrimp" Godard, our most beloved poet has offered this bit of verse,

"A little flirtation now and then
Is used to get the wisest men."

Mr. Steffey to Harold L.: "Harold are you satisfied with your school work?"

Miss Harper: "Now what did I tell you to be sure and bring to class tomorrow?"

Dale S.: "Bread crumbs."

Our Advertisers Support Us. Do we Support Them?

What is so rare as the blush of a girlie?
What is so rare as the shine of a boot?
What is so rare as an answer from Curly?
And what is so rare as the press in John's suit?

Mr. Steffey must be getting into the habit of watching for details for he didn't see the big bottle of milk in the I. O. O. F. parade but he did see all the little ones about the float.—"Prep."

Nothing Like It:

Miss Jones in Ancient History class made the statement:

"The mud walls were baked like the Egyptians."

We have heard of people being half-baked before but never fully roasted.

Miss Foskette: "Camilla, don't you know it's foul to put your arm around a person?"

Camilla: "Well, it's awful easy."

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A PLEASURE TO SHOW GOODS

PHONE

Ames, Iowa



Saturday's game with Indianola gave overcoats their first real chance of the season.

Whether or not you were at the game you felt the cold. It was just a warning of winter.

A dressy wool top coat or a heavy sheep lined coat will be the best of protection. Let us supply you while they last.

The Tilden Store

THE SPIRIT

WE THANK, HONOR AND PIAISE OUR SUCCESSFUL ELEVEN

VOL. IX

AMES HIGH SCHOOL, SEPTEMBER 26, 1919

NO. 5

GOBBLE! TIME TO CELEBRATE. GOBBLE!

AMES DECISIVELY DOWNS

WEST HIGH IN FINAL GAME

Thompson's Eleven Closes Season With Goal Uncrossed

The "Young Cyclones" of A. H. S. gave West High a trimming which will make Ft. Dodge forget that she even had a chance for the State Championship. The game ends the season with Ames High the only school in the race with their goal uncrossed and without being scored on. In spite of the size of the West High eleven, the Ames team outplayed them in every department of the battle, West High failing to make their downs once. The game was a series of touchdowns and ended with a final score of 72-0.

West High came up with lots of pep and faith in the team, saying that Ames hasn't won against West High for nine years, but when the whistle blew at the end of the game, they were all forced to admit that this made up for all the others and still have some left for next season.

Run Linesmen off Field

The work of our line was a feature of the game. Several times during the game the west linesmen were swept off their feet, making room for our backs to follow up for several large gains.

Ames makes her first touchdown during the first minute of the game, in four plays. Hoon kicks goal. West High kicks off to Ames. R. Hoon catches the ball and returns 10 yards. Anderson makes 10 yards around R. E. R. Hoon gains 3 yards. L. Hoon gains 18 yards. Elliot, carries the ball 15 yards around R. E. Anderson makes 10 yards, Elliot 3, and then L. Hoon gets the ball, makes the second touchdown and easily kicks goal, giving Ames 14-0.

West High again kicks to Ames. L. Hoon gains 18 yards. Elliot, Anderson and R. Hoon keep making steady gains until Elliot makes another touchdown, but "Les" fails to kick goal. 20-0.

Ames receives again but seems to be unable to make much headway, but finally they worked the ball on the West "Hy" 30-yard line where Les Hoon kicked a field goal. Score, 30-0.

West kicks to Ames again. Anderson returns 50 yards, "Les" gains 10. "Dutch" Griffith gains 20 yards in two plays, Elliot gains 2 yards, and kicks goal.

During the third quarter, West High held us to one touchdown but Ames made up for this in the last period when we made 5 touchdowns,

all of which were made by Elliot's, Joe's or L. Hoon's long end runs, but one, when L. Hoon caught one of West High's passes and carried the ball 30 yards for a touchdown.

The lineup of the team was:

AMES		WEST HIGH
Bennett	L. E.	McGregor
Dunlap	L. T.	Lawson
Posegate	L. G.	Leamer
Thornburg	C.	Ford
Jackson	R. T.	Vimont
Cornelussen	R. E.	Orebaugh
Anderson (C)	Q. B.	Brown
L. Hoon	L. H.	Lair (C)
Elliot	R. H.	Smith
R. Hoon	F. B.	Head

Score by Quarters:

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
Ames	14	30	37	72
West High	0	0	0	0

Substitutions:

Griffith for R. Hoon, R. Hoon for Griffith.

Morcous for Leamer, Lufert for Knots, Neal for Orebaugh, Darnier for Smith, Lutz for Brown.

Field Goals by L. Hoon: 1.

First down Ames 24, West High 0. Penalties, Ames 50 yards, West High 10.

Yards by passes, Ames 50, West High 0.

Official Referee, Pete Welsh.

Umpire, Jensen.

Head Linesman, Stahl.

PEP AT LAST!!

At the final game of the season, Ames High School began to show a little real "pep". We were actually excited and pulled off a few stunts.

Thursday noon we had a practice pep meeting where plans were made for the parade to be held Friday afternoon. Yells were practiced and we had a few short talks by the members of the team and Mr. Steffy. Everyone felt real "spirited" and there was difficulty in closing the pep meeting for the so-called more important things on the program. We wanted to yell!

Friday afternoon, at the end of the seventh period, we met in the Auditorium and made the plans more definite to every one. The band was all ready with colors, drum major "Jack." Everyone was rarin' to go.

We all jammed our way out doors to Clark Avenue where the band formed facing south. Our remarkable team, in fighting trim, walked directly behind. Behind them came

(Continued on page four)

"WHICH MAN?"—SERIAL CHAPTER II.

By Ida Thomas

The gate, as I have said before, was barred and heavily padlocked. The stranger tried it, and finding it did not open, peered in at the occupants of the garden. Cecelia, who had been engrossed in a study of the young man, came sauntering along the path and stopping at the gate smiled a welcome to him. The man on the outside put down his leather bag and removed his hat with a answering smile. His face was darkly handsome. His eyes were a steel color, and had a look in them which was not altogether pleasant. His chin was weak and his mouth a little too wide although it was not noticed because of his small brown mustache. His hair was dark and was arranged in a smooth precise pompadour, which just seemed to fit in with the rest of him. He was of normal height, about five feet eight inches.

As Cecelia was curiously making the above inspection, Henry Clemency was drinking in the girl's beauty. Then he smiled again.

"Won't you please let me in?" he said.

The girl had an overpowering desire to pull that quirky little mustache and she laughed. She couldn't help it.

"You see," he went on, "My name is Clemency. Your brother asked me down for the vacation this week!"

"O, yes," replied the girl more cordially, "I've been expecting you all day. You see, my brother was detained for a few hours in Chicago, but he will be here this evening."

As she was saying this she struggled with the heavy bars on the gate. Mr. Haveridge, who had overheard the conversation, without seeing the man, hastened to her assistance. As he came around the edge of the garden wall, he saw for the first time the stranger as he stood talking to the girl through the bars of the gate. The gardener gave a queer start and stopped.

"What in the world," he muttered, "I must not recognize him or I'll surely give myself away!"

So pulling his hat more over his troubled eyes, he walked on.

"Allow me, Miss O'Toole," he said, as he gently pushed her from the gate. "They fit a little tightly," he added after shoving and pushing. At last the huge gate swung on its hinges and Mr. Clemency entered with his bag and suitcase.

Cecelia was delighted. Here was some one to entertain and amuse her for some time! Life was so dull at

(Continued on page four)

YOUNG CYCLONES SWAMP BOONE

First Touchdown in Three Plays

Ames met Boone in the annual clash on Boone's field, defeating them 42 to 0.

Although the teams were pretty evenly matched as far as weight was of football on the part of the Ames concerned the superior knowledge players, gave them a great advantage. Line plunging along with Hoon's successful end runs brot the game was forced to punt only three times our way. All spectators acknowledge that the line worked with such mechanical ease and effectiveness on every play that Boone could not hope to stop our powerful backfield picking these holes. Boone was thrown off their feet at the start, braced up in the second quarter but failed completely on the offensive. Boone made their first downs but twice against our "Cyclones" while Ames was forced to punt only three times during the battle.

Ames sent a nice bunch of rooters to Boone, and also the band. There was much rivalry between the two bands and rooters, and it come to a nice little free for all fight between halves.

FIRST QUARTER

Boone starts the game by kicking off to Ames. Lester Hoon returns 32 yards and again going 3 yards around right end, Earl Elliot gains a yard around left end. Then L. Hoon could hold himself no longer so receives the ball and carries it 52 yards for a touchdown, and kicks goal. Ames made their first points during the first two minutes of the game, in three plays.

Even at this early time Boone seemed to see her doom, as the players began to lose all the pep that they originally had.

Boone again kicks off to Ames, R. Hoon returns 20 yards, Ames gains 5 yards, and then gains 1 yard, but seeing that they would be unable to make their yards, they punt. Elliot returns 15 yards, and again gains 5 yards. "Les" Hoon again gains 20 yards thru left tackle, then gains 3 more yards. Ball is on Boone's 30-yard line. "Les" Hoon makes the touchdown with a lightning run thru right tackle, then kicks goal.

Boone kicks off again. Joe Anderson returns 40 yards, "Les" Hoon gains 2 yards thru left guard. Ames takes time out, "Pecky" Posegate

(Continued on page three)

THE SPIRIT

BI-WEEKLY NEWS ISSUE

Published by the Students of Ames High School, Ames, Iowa

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STUDENT OPINION

Does the Second Floor Corridor Need Such Strict Supervision?
Do you think it necessary for Ames High to have a police force on second floor? If we are not old enough to obey the rules made out by our principal then we are not old enough to be in High School.

We know that second and third are the "quiet zones" in our school. Why, then, do we need guards to throw us downstairs and otherwise injure us when we come up from the "social floor" for business with Mr. Steffy, Mr. Bodwell, or some other official of this institution.

It is an impossibility to be absolutely quiet on second floor. With the auditorium, the rest room, the offices and the lockers, anyone with the "brains they were born with", could see that there would be some noise all the time. Isn't it so?

We have heard many times before that we could "not trespass" on second floor on any occasion whatever. Be it a mission of mercy or a summons to the bedside of some dying six-weeks grade. If this be the case, we had better move the second floor and all its police force out on the roof, where the gentle winds can whisper softly as they trip by. Even then we have no doubt but what there would be some complaint, for the winds could have gone around instead of passing over this forbidden territory.

ASSEMBLY

Assembly was held on Wednesday, third period, Nov. 12.

Mrs. Hyllis, Vice President of the P. T. A. gave us a fine talk which we all enjoyed.

The girls quartet sang two selections and Dale Stoddard and Thelma Houghan played a duet.

Assembly on November 19 was put on mainly by the Senior English Class. However, it was opened by a duet of the saxophone and cornet. The girls' sextette gave us two numbers and then Mr. Stoddard was

given permission to take the music stands out of the way, that the curtain might be rolled up.

The English class then put on the play "Every Man." It was certainly fine and I'm sure the Freshmen felt encouraged to think that once these dignified Seniors were once (in the dim past) Freshies.

STUDENT SENATE

Ames High School has a new organization, a Student Senate. The Senators are not elected by the faculty but each organization has selected its own representative. Thus it represents the whole student body. Homer Tostlebe was elected as President by the members of the Senate who are:

Social and Moral Board

Y. M. C. A.....Tom Clark
Y. W. C. A.Lorena Cure
Junior.....Neva Spence
Senior.....Hazel McKibben
Freshman.....Dorothy Bullock
Sophomore.....Faye Caul
Teacher.....Miss Miller

Music Board

BandHomer Tostlebe
Chorus.....Marie Raynes
OrchestraLura Woods
TeacherMr. Stoddard

Athletic Board

"A" Club.....Norman Corneliusen
FootballJoe Anderson
Basketball.....Ellis Scovel
TeacherMr. Thompson

Literary Board

SpiritHomer Tostlebe
ForensicRobert Murray
Senior Pres.....Carvel Caine
Junior Pres.....Fred Stoddard
Sophomore Pres.....June Bishop
Freshman Pres.....Eben Howell
TeacherMiss Tenny

The purpose of the Senate is to unite the interests of the Student Body and to bring about a co-operation in all Student Activities, to provide a way in which students and teachers can work together in making the activities a success and a benefit to all.

The Senate will meet on the first Monday of each month at 4:00 o'clock P. M. Matters of general interest are brought up and discussed. At the next meeting, they will take up plans for the Carnival which is to be sometime the latter part of December.

SENIOR CLASS PARTY

The Senior Class enjoyed a very pleasant evening at the Steffy home Monday, November 17.

The class planned a party in the gym but on account of the coal shortage we were all disappointed. However Mr. and Mrs. Steffy kindly invited us to have it at their home. And right here we want to thank them for it. It is the second time they have helped the class of '20 in this way.

We planned to have it on Friday evening but the football boys said they wanted us to have it some other night so they could come. Monday evening was finally decided on as suitable for them too. But evidently they don't approve of senior parties because of nearly forty present at the party, only two were football boys. If they lacked costumes, nothing would have disguised them

more completely than the football uniform!

Well, everybody there had a fine time. We played Going to Jerusalem, magic music, ring on the string, and Ladies Barber Shop. You might ask the boys how they liked the lady barber. Anyway, we found out how many of the boys blush.

The costumes were varied enough that the senior class could easily start a circus. Almost every nationality was represented and we found out that some of the "dignified seniors" are really younger than they appear in everyday life.

Lights were to go off at ten so we got our partners for supper, and devoured sandwiches and punch. Were they good? I'll say they were!!

We weren't anxious to go home but it was nearly ten, so we departed. 'Twas the end of a perfect evening.

TRIBUTE TO ROOSEVELT

This undying tribute, paid to one of the greatest Americans of all time, Theodore Roosevelt, who was born sixty-one years ago last October 27, was written for the Roosevelt Memorial Association by Herman Hagedorn, Jr.:

"He was found faithful over a few things and he was made ruler over many; he cut his own trail clean and straight and millions followed him toward the light. He was frail; he made himself a tower of strength. He was timid; he made himself a lion of courage. He was a dreamer; he became one of the doers of all time. Men put their trust in him; women found a champion in him; kings stood in awe of him, but children made him their playmate. He broke a nation's slumber with his cry, and it rose up. He touched the eyes of blind men with a flame that gave them vision. Souls became swords through him; swords became servants to God. He was loyal to his country and he exacted loyalty, he loved many lands, but he loved his own land best. He was terrible, but tender to the weak; joyous and tireless, being free from self-pity, clean with a cleanness that cleansed the air like a gale. His courtesy knew no wealth, no class; his friendship, no creed or color or race. His courage stood every onslaught of savage beast and ruthless man, of loneliness, of victory, of defeat. His mind was eager, his heart was true, his body and spirit, defiant of obstacles, ready to meet what might come. He fought injustice and tyranny; bore sorrow gallantly; loved all nature, bleak spaces and hardy companions of battle. Wherever he went he carried his own pack, and in the uttermost parts of the earth he kept his conscience for his guide."

—Merle Van Epps '21

Two Irishmen were out hunting one day. Pat saw a large flock of pigeons and fired at them. The result was that one came falling to earth.

"Oh Pat," said Mike, "what a fool you were to waste your ammunition when the mere fall would have killed the bird."

"A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR"

It was on Wednesday in the second year typewriting that the class had a visitor.

Why was it that the girls giggled when they came in? Why did Ida T. still giggle even tho Miss Boyd gave her one of her pleasant looks? Why did Joan hold her books so close to her and have such a worried expression on her face? Why that mysterious feeling?

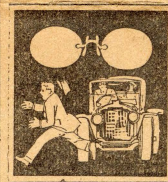
It was all revealed when suddenly a wee bit of black fur came slowly up the aisle. It looked this way and that, but finally he recognized the one who had brought it in but why was it that Joan gave it a slight push to go on? Why of course she didn't want to be caught, for she had a perfectly innocent looking face.

Then as Miss Boyd thot it looked very lonesome, she asked whose it was. Did not a single sole claim the poor little orphan? I'd say it was outrageous but Viola took pity on it and lifted it up to her arms. Miss Boyd thot it very strange that no one could claim it and yet there it was. So she asked Viola to take it to Mr. Fisher, and that is the last we saw of our little friendless friend.

—Lyla French.

Miss Kelley—"Missouri is the only state that could supply itself for any length of time without the help of the outside world."

Pupil—"I didn't know you were from Missouri."



SIGHT
Neglect
May Mean
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Suicide

Thousands of people suffering from eye strain, cheat their eyes by not wearing glasses. Nature naturally rebels and untold misery follows.

Are you neglectful?

If so, we can help you

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OPTOMETRIST

Photos
That
Satisfy

at the

**Hart
Studio**

**"YOUNG CYCLONES" SWAMP
BOONE**

(Continued from page one)

slightly injured, but remains in the game. Ames continues to make their downs with ease until Griffith pushes his way between the bars.

Boone again kicks off to Ames, Dunlap grabs the ball and returns 20 yards. Elliot fails to gain around left end on account of lack of interference. Elliot loses 2 yards again. "Les" makes 8 yards. Fourth down. L. Hoon kicks to Boone who is downed in tracks. Score 21-0.

SECOND QUARTER

Boone loses two yards and punts. Elliot catches ball and returns 23 yards. "Ruf" makes 7 yards and Joe makes the necessary yards for first down. Ames off side and is penalized 5 yards. A pass to Elliot nets 2 yards. Joe fails to gain around left end and Ames loses the ball on downs. Boone kicks and Elliot returns 25 yards with ball. Elliot and Griffith continue to gain 5 yards at a stretch for 6 downs when the half ends.

SECOND HALF

Ames kicks off to Boone who returns 25 yards and gains 4 yards around right end. Time out for Boone. Boone fails to make yards and is forced to punt to Ames. Les makes first down. First down again. Griffith makes 2 yards followed by a fast run by L. Hoon which nets first down. "Dutch" with a powerful plunge makes first down on two successive plays. Ames makes 25 yards in 4 plays. "Dutch" Griffith goes over for a touchdown. Joe kicks goal. Ames 28-Boone 0. Ames again kicks off to Boone. Boone returns 10 yards, loses 2 yards and punts to Elliot who returns 5 yards. "Les" makes a 35-yard gain around left end. Ames gains first down again. Elliot makes a touchdown. Joe kicks goal.

Boone kicks off to Ames. Joe returns 15 yards. Elliot loses 4 yards. Score 35-0.

FOURTH QUARTER

"Ruf" is put in again. Les goes out. "Ruf" takes Bennett's place, left end. Bennett takes Joe's place at quarter. Joe takes L. Hoon's place at left end. Joe makes 4 yards. Boone gains 5 yards, which they immediately lose on a penalty.

Bennett blocks Boone's pass. Boone punts. Joe receives but is downed in tracks. Ames makes first down in three plays, and Joe and "Dutch" push the ball ahead ten more yards.

"Dutch" makes 5 yards and Elliot makes first down. Ball on Boone's 15-yard line. Boone substitutes Green for Moran. Bennett makes ten yards and Earl three. Ball on Boone's 2-yard line.

Joe makes final touchdown. Dutch kicks off to Boone, who returns 10 yards. Boone gains 5 yards on pass, then punts. Ames returns 25 yards. Ball taken to center of field. Joe makes first down. Ames makes 5 yards. Game over.

Line-up and Summary

Ames 42	Boone 0
Bennett	L. E. Erickson

Carter	L. T.	Moore
Posegate	L. G.	Thompson
Thornburg	C.	Paxton
Jackson	R. T.	Lockard
Scovel	R. G.	Mungenson
Corneliusen	R. E.	Grant
Anderson	Q. B.	Patrick
L. Hoon	L. H.	Lamb
R. Hoon	R. H.	Holst
Elliot	F. B.	Moran

Substitutions: Boone—Cromlett for Grant, Osgood for Erickson; Crowe for Mungenson; Mungenson for Thompson; Green for Moran. Ames: Griffith for R. Hoon; R. Hoon for L. Hoon; R. Hoon for Bennett; Bennett for Joe Anderson and Joe Anderson for L. Hoon.

Time of periods twelve and one-half minutes each. Officials referee, Stahl of Drake University; Umpire, Crowe of Boone. Head lines man, Wheelen of Boone. Touchdowns: L. Hoon, 3; Griffith, 2; Elliot, 1.

LOCALS

The Tatapohon Campfire girls held a meeting at the home of Laura Elliott, Nov. 18.

The girls' Junior-Senior basketball game was played Friday Nov. 14. It was a good game and the Juniors won, the score being fourteen to nine.

Edna Coe spent the week end at Boone.

Miss Laura Niles writes that she is enjoying her post-graduate work at Leland Stanford. However, we know she hasn't forgotten A. H. S. because we find her name on the list of subscribers for the Spirit.

Dorothy Smith who entered High School this year has dropped her school work for a time because of ill health.

Catherine Morris is going to leave A. H. S. and go to Macon, Mississippi. She will be greatly missed especially by the Sneiors of which class she has been a member since her freshman year.

The girls' Sophomore-Senior basketball teams played last Wednesday evening. It was a close game and considerable "pep" was shown by the spectators. The score was twelve to eleven in favor of the Sophomores.

Marie Sherman was taken to Des Moines a week ago, where she underwent an operation for appendicitis. She is recovering nicely and will probably be in school again soon.

Miss Carter who taught in the commercial department has resigned her position because of ill health. It was with great regret that the pupils of A. H. S. heard of her sickness.

Mrs. Anderson is supplying in the place of Miss Carter in the commercial department.

Our "pep" meetings lately have certainly been full of real "pep".

The debaters are working faithfully and will probably have a try-out with Roland about the first of December. We are sure they will win.

Someone said we were going to have the A. H. S. Carnival just before Christmas. Everybody work and boost when the time comes to make it the biggest and best carnival ever held by Ames High.

The Serago Campfire met a week ago Monday with Dorothy McCauley.

The public speaking class is practicing plays, real plays where they talk! Someday they are going to surprise us with their talent. One of the actors said it was the lack of

talent that would surprise us; however, we are patiently waiting for the presentation of one of the plays.

The Sophomores held a class meeting last Thursday in the Study Hall. Theodore and Lloyd Blackstone expect to leave A. H. S. for the remainder of the year. They are going to San Antonio, Texas about Nov. 27, where they will meet their father, who is a doctor in the army at Camp Houston. They will go to school there and return to Ames next September.

Miss Coskery, a former English teacher of Ames High, spent last week end with Miss Miller and was also at the West High game.

At their first meeting of the year the Sophomores elected the following officers: President, June Bishop; Vice-President, Blanche Belnap; Secretary and Treasurer, Ralph Dove; Class advisors, Miss Jones and Mr. Kenney.

Esther Stenerson, who for the past three weeks has been confined at her home with scarlet fever, has returned to school.

Evidently the Sophomore boys are good-looking as a rule, for they seem to be seen quite frequently with certain Freshmen girls.

On Tuesday, the Sophomores had a class meeting to decide who was to pay for the "Bolshevik movement", which had been carried on by two of its members. Neither of the boys appeared at the meeting, so it is up to the class to furnish the necessary money.

For interesting details concerning the good-looking, best dancer in Boone, see Pauline Thompson.

SOCIAL EVENTS

Ida Harper entertained a number of her friends at a six-thirty dinner party Tuesday night, November 18.

Thursday evening, November 20, at the home of Miss Tenney, the high school teachers held a taffy pull that will long be remembered by them as one of the "really good times" of the year.

The Parent-Teachers Association held a conference in Ames from November 11 to 13. Wednesday afternoon they met in the high school auditorium. The afternoon session was followed by a tea which was enjoyed by everyone present.

THINGS TO MAKE YOU LAUGH

Marjorie French: "What is that tramp crying for?"

A friend: "The doctor said he has water on the brain and he's trying to drain it off."

Father: "See here, Dorothy! Why did it take you half an hour to say goodnight to young Coe?"

Dorothy: "I was bidding him godspeed, father."

Father: "Well, you exceeded the godspeed limit."

Ida's Sacrifice

Ida Thomas, after typeing vigorously for the Spirit: "Woofie!! there goes the other elbow out of my dress!"

Pauline is a Good Girl

Pauline Thompson was sent unwillingly to bed because she stayed up so late the night before. Then she said her prayers like this: "Now I lay me down to sleep; but I don't want to."

What is the reason Mr. Steffy didn't get any dinner at the convention.

Don't throw mud. It will be dust when it dries, and will blow back on you.

For Fresh Candies in Fancy

Boxes go to

**Godard's
Gift
Shop**

Xmas Goods coming and
going every day

FOR**FINE STATIONERY
SCHOOL SUPPLIES**

and

TOILET ARTICLES

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Judisch Bros.**Ames
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Only painstaking craftsmanship can account for that subtle difference in line and finish which places footwear of the "Ames Bootery" in a class by itself

PEP AT LAST

(Continued from page one)

the coffin with the "corpse" of West High, followed by old man and Mrs. West High in deep mourning. Then came West High's goat; followed theoretically, by the teachers. After them marched the girls P-T classes in order, and the parade ended with the rank and file of young ladies and gentlemen out of order. We marched up and down Main Street stopping to play and yell on the corners. The parade ended on Central Schoolgrounds where we yelled out a last few yells and where "H" made an appeal for a large turnout at the game.

Saturday a tremendous crowd turned out and we managed to give a few yells in pretty good shape. But the yelling was far from what it should have been in comparison to the antics of the team racing up and down the field.

In the evening came the climax. The end of a most successful football season must be celebrated. So quite a crowd formed with the band at the Sheldon-Munn corner, yelling up and down Main Street and singing, dancing and hollering all the time, finally ended with a whopping bonfire.

On the whole, the 21st and 22nd of November were about the liveliest days Ames High has had for a considerable extent of time.

Many a brilliant match has been extinguished by an old flame.

Get Your Equipment for the

Coming

Basket Ball Season

at

Gus Martin's

and be satisfied

"WHICH MAN"—SERIAL

(Continued from page one)

that huge mansion and she rarely saw anyone but the postman and the milkman.

The stranger, too, was pleased. A lovely girl like this was not to be found everywhere. He was glad now that he had accepted Robert O'Toole's urgent invitation to go home with him for a week of hunting and riding.

Mr. Haveridge, however, was far from pleased. He did not like the idea of Cecelia O'Toole being in such close company with such a man as Henry Clemency. Right here, he declared that he would keep a close watch on the man. The gardener stood leaning on his spade, gazing after the bright-haired girl and the slender young man as they walked up the path to the house.

Once inside the beautiful hall, the girl at once bade a servant see Mr. Clemency to his suite of rooms, and then went to announce his arrival to her mother. She burst into her mother's boudoir, where she sat fixing her hair and hugging her mother, she danced around and said, "Oh, mother, he has come, he has come!" Mrs. O'Toole, who was rather ample, patted down her be-rumpled hair, smoothed her collar and turned slowly to Cecelia.

"Now, my dear, What in the world ails you again? Who is here?"

"Why Bob's friend from college, Mother," she said breathlessly. "His name is Clemency, you know, and his eyes—oh mother and he is so good looking, and—"

"Cecelia O'Toole," said her mother reprovingly, "I would be ashamed.

"But mother," raved on the girl, "he has such a funny mustache!"

"Never mind his mustache," interrupted Mrs. O'Toole, with a good-natured smile, "but have you shown Mr. Clemency his room?"

"Yes, mamma, answered Cecelia. "Don't you think I make a good hostess?"

At this moment, a trim little maid made her appearance at the door and said that Mr. Clemency was in the drawing room. Mrs. O'Toole patted her hair and walked to the door. Cecelia scampered like a delighted child behind her.

The young man in the drawing room was pleasantly engaged in a close survey of the room in which he stood. It was a beautiful room and arranged in the best of taste. The Baby Grand piano, the big comfortable looking davenports and chairs were arranged around the room in a way to insure the most comfort. Meditating, he walked across the soft Persian carpet to the big stone fireplace and stood, his arm on the mantel looking down at the brightly burning log.

It was here that Mrs. O'Toole and Cecelia found him when they entered. It was but a short time until "Bob's friend" was feeling perfectly at home. By the time they went in to dinner, Robert O'Toole had arrived and the four spent a happy evening around the fireplace for nights are sometimes chilly in early spring.

In the loft above the garage Ralph

Haveridge sat in deep thought. His usually well-groomed hair was rumpled by his slowly twisting fingers. Lying flat on his back on the cot, his arms under his head, he was a picture of boyish handsomeness. His brows were creased in thought, and he mumbled unconsciously, "Who would ever have thought it, here he is right here before my eyes! Now if I can prove him guilty, I am alright. But there's the girl! She will win over anyone, and, oh darn, she must not learn to like him! Now let's see!"

In an hour more, the bright moon, white in its fullness, shone down up on a sleeping world. The little village was silent and the huge mansion and estate was quiet except for a little light over the garage where the supposed gardener sat smoking and seeing a bright laughing face in every wreath of smoke.

JAMES NORMAN HALL

You have all heard of James Norman Hall, writer and aviator. He wrote "Kitchener's Mob" and also started a serial in the Des Moines Daily Capital of his experiences as an aviator. He went to France to write, but joined the British army, instead. After being seriously wounded, he was discharged from service, and sent to his home at Colfax, Iowa. When he had regained his health he returned to the battle field as a newspaper reporter, but could not resist the call for help to stop the manslaughter of the Boches. So, breaking his promise to his mother, to not re-enlist, he joined the aerial service, and after good work, and brave fighting, was made a captain. Shortly after this he attacked enemy planes, single handed, and was shot down behind their lines. Nothing more was heard of him for several weeks, until we got word through Switzerland that he was alive and well, with the exception of a broken ankle he had received in the fall. After the Armistice was signed, he was released and returned to Colfax.

Upon reaching home, he wished to be alone with his parents, so he sent out word that he would see no one but his relatives that day. Then the people of Colfax planned a celebration in his honor, but he slipped away and spent a quiet day with friends in Des Moines. He is now in New York writing for some magazines.

—Lois Grimm.

MAUDE MILLER STUNG

Maude Miller on a summer's day, Watched the hired man rake the hay, She laughed and giggled in her glee When up his pants leg crawled a bee. Later the farm hand laughed, in turn, When a big grasshopper crawled up her'n.

The fourth period class in Biology was studying the breathing of a fish.

The fish was drawing water thru its mouth. Vina Carr exclaimed in a very surprised voice: "Why, Miss Harper, that fish is panting!"

Marion Smith still insists that the "rear" and the "front" are the same. Will someone tell her otherwise?

Well Champs



You've certainly
made a fine showing
for Ames High.

We are mighty
proud of you and will
be glad to serve you
in any way.

Just now we can
fit any man in High
School with an

Overcoat

that will give you all
the class a bunch of
victors should have.

The Tilden Store Co.

No Existing Ames High Spirit Vol. 9 No. 6-7

THE SPIRIT

CONGRATULATIONS TO OUR NEW "A" MEN AND "B. B." GIRLS

VOL. IX

AMES HIGH SCHOOL, JANUARY 21, 1920.

NUMBER 8

AMES HIGH'S VICTORY BELL RINGS TWICE

AMES QUINTET DOWNS OGDEN

SECOND TEAM EVEN SCORES AT WILL

In the first basketball game of the season, Ames walloped their opponents to the tune of 53-11. Although Ames had only about two weeks of practice, the whole team, or teams we should say, for our coach took out the first team after the first half and played the last half of the game with the second team, so that the Ogden team wouldn't have to go home with such an awful defeat as they were sure to have gotten had "Bob" left the first squad finish the game.

Elliott and Smart had exceptionally good luck in the caging of the baskets at which they tried, and Scovel played his guard as usual.

Ogden was handicapped by the lack of teamwork. They also threw away the ball several times by trying to shoot long distance shots. Corneliusson at center out-jumped his man in almost every instance, thus keeping the ball in the hands of the Ames team most of the time. The score at the end of the first half was 23-6 in favor of Ames.

Second half.

Although the regular squad held Ogden to 6 during the first half, the second team held them to 5. Les Hoon and Gore played their forwards very well and were very accurate in the caging of the baskets which they tried. Thornburg also out-jumped his man (at center) most of the time. The second team's chief handicap was the lack of experience with other teams. This victory of our team, in the first game of the season will give our quintet more courage and confidence for the next and harder games of the season.

Line-up and Summary

Ames		Ogden	
Elliott	RG	Johnson	
(C) Scovel	LG	(c) Dyer	
Corneliusson	C	Grelar	
Smart	RF	Stueson	
Bennett	LF	Peterson	

Substitutes, Ames, Les Hoon for Smart, Griffith for Bennett, Thornburg for Corneliusson, Dunlap for Scovel, Gore for Elliott, Kulow for Griffith, and Larson for Thornburg.

Filed goals, Ames, Bennett 2, Smart 5, Elliott 8, Corneliusson 2, L. Hoon 5, Thornburg 3; Ogden, Johnson 2, Grelar 1, Peterson 2.

Fouls, Ames, L. Hoon 3; Ogden, Grelar 1.

FIVE BATTLERS DEFEAT STORY

"CRACK" TEAMWORK AND BASKET CAGING MAKES THEM VIC- TORIOUS OVER VISITORS

Ames High won her second victory of the season, by defeating Story City on Wednesday, evening, January 14, on our home floor by a score of 33-9.

Ames by no means won the battle without fight for the Story City team had come down to Ames confident of victory and they weren't going to be disappointed if they could help it. But the superiority of our team work and the caging of field baskets won the game in the long run.

Elliott took advantage of the chance he had to get in shape for the high hurdles this spring by jumping almost the people who saw the game, and over one of the Story City men, and all think that if he does as good this spring at hurdles that he is sure to get honors. Les Hoon and Bennett did their share in the successful flipping of the baskets.

Although this is Les Hoon's first year of Basket Ball he is showing the same ability in B. B. which he exhibited on the gridiron this fall. Scovel also showed that he has the same old fighting spirit that he did last season when he won all-state guard.

Story City's basket was so closely guarded that to get half a chance of making the score, their men had to shoot when they got to the center of the floor or not at all. But the Story team were all good sports and they showed us that they were just as capable of taking defeat as they were of victory.

Line-up and Summary

Ames		Story City	
Elliott	RG	Larson	
(C) Scovel	LG	Stork	
Corneliusson	C	Moseland	
L. Hoon	LF	Henderson	
Bennett	RF	Houston	

Substitutes, Ames, Smart for Bennett, Gore for Scovel.

Field goals, Ames, Bennett 4, Hoon 4, Corneliusson 3, Elliott 5; Story City, Moseland, 4.

Fouls caged, Ames, Hoon 1; Story City, Larson 1

Referee, Harper of I. S. C.

Teddy: "Those dancing girls are at the Princess tonight."

Agnes, (thinking he was talking about the B. B. game): "Aw, it's tomorrow night. Alvin Thornburg said so, and he's on the second team."

"WHICH MAN"

Chapter IV.

When Haveridge awoke he found himself lying on a comfortable bed in a large room, finished in blue; the furniture was of a very costly period design; everything in the room expressed luxury. At the side of his bed was a small table upon which was neatly arrayed several medicinal necessities. But what impressed Haveridge most was a note lying on the table, the handwriting of which looked familiar even at a distance. He immediately reached for it to better see that familiar handwriting. The movement caused such an intense pain that he almost fainted, leaving him very weak. He soon managed, however, to reach out with his left hand and get the note. He read "When you awake, ring the bell—Cecilia." Another effort rewarded him with the desired electric button. As the door opened and a nurse entered the room, Haveridge was plainly disappointed. To make conditions more cheerful, the nurse imparted to him the following information, "Miss Cecelia said to tell you that she was sorry she could not be here, but that she couldn't break her promise with Clemency to go with him for a morning ride." Haveridge said nothing. The nurse volunteered, "If you would care to talk with Mr. O'Toole, I will call him."

"It would be rather interesting to know just how I got hurt," remarked Haveridge dryly.

"I thought you knew," responded the nurse, "you were shot" and then pausing—"but I'll let Mr. O'Toole tell you about that."

Presently Robert O'Toole entered the room. He seemed uneasy, undetermined, but finally said, "Mr. Haveridge, I am certainly sorry for what happened yesterday afternoon — of course I'll stand the expense of all this, as I understand what it would mean to a man of your means. Haveridge turned to the wall and suppressed a smile.

"Oh, that's all right, but what I want to know is who shot me—or rather tried to shoot me."

Why, I thought you knew. Well, it happened this way: After you left us, Clemency and I, at his request, decided to part, one of us taking the east end of the valley, and the other the west. I had walked about four miles down the valley with no luck, and so I started back, when suddenly I heard something that reminded me of "Roosevelt Field". I naturally looked skyward and sure enough—I

(Continued on page 3)

MONOGRAMS ARE AWARDED

FOOTBALL PLAYERS RECEIVE "A"s

"All Star" Basket Ball Girls Get "B. Bs"

Wednesday, January 14, our assembly was given over to the awarding of honors to the Football squad and the girls Basket Ball teams.

Miss Foskette presented each member of the All Star Girls Basket Ball team with an orange and black emblem. The members of the team are: Irene Dewey, Senior; Jeannette Kuehl, Freshman; Ruth Confare, Junior; Blanche Belknap, Sophomore; Kathryn Smutz, Junior; and Ruth Walker, Sophomore. We are all very proud of our team and are looking forward with expectation to see how badly they shall whip Nevada on the 23rd of January. After their honors were presented the girls sang a song in honor of our "Successful Eleven" football boys. The song was original and certainly did some of our boys justice.

Then the next part of the assembly was in charge of Coach Thompson. He called the football squad to talk the platform and, oh, how "dignified" those boys did look! ! Everyone even wanted to be the first one on the stage! Can you imagine it? ? However, once there, they certainly were a fine looking bunch and no wonder Ames High is proud of her team! ! !

Then Bob Thompson gave a little talk on the character and ability of the team. A black sweater with the orange "A" on the front was given to each boy. The sweater also had a stripe on the sleeve indicating how many years he has earned the emblem. Those with one stripe are Sam Carter, John Meyers, Allan Jackson, Percy Carey, Roy Bennett, and Harold Griffith. Those having two stripes are Norman Corneliusson, Lester Hoon, Earl Elliott, "Pecky" Posegate, Ellis Scovel, and George Dunlap, while Captain Anderson and Rufus Hoon have the three bands.

We want to congratulate the boys on the fine speeches they made. With a little more such experience, they ought to make good orators! ! But we, the student body, surely are thankful to these boys for winning such a high honor for the "Orange and Black."

Alfred Carleton flunked an exam?

THE SPIRIT

BI-WEEKLY NEWS ISSUE

Published by the Students of Ames High School, Ames, Iowa

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OUR IDEAL

"Show me the man you honor and by that, better than any other, I know what kind of a man you are"—this is one of Carlyle's beautiful expressions; but where in our own dear High School is our Ideal?

Is he or she on the first, second, or third floor? I'd say the first floor most of the time. She has been in Old Ames High these many years and has been the Ideal for many.

I wonder how many of us could count "asdijkl"; for the freshmen and drill and drill on "a" for "an", "b" for "be", "but" for "by", for say ten or twelve years and still always have patience, a cheery smile for everybody—and be an Ideal?

The ones who are leaving Ames High this year with the class of '20 appreciate what Miss Boyd has meant to us and we hope she will stay and be the Ideal for the classes that will follow.

THE FORENSIC CLUB

The Forensic club held a very interesting meeting January 16. Miss Hiller gave an amusing impersonation of one type of person, and a promise for another reading soon. Marjorie Beam told us about Walt Mason, one of our authors, and Earl Rayness informed us just what is doing in the political world.

The rest of the meeting was a discussion on dancing in the High Schools. Pearl Nunemaker reminded us that it was the boys own fault that the girls of Ames High went with college boys. Lorena Cure re-inforced the statement by saying that the High School girls could not very well go with the H. S. boys until they were asked. Mary Reed seemed to differ with their opinions. She says it is Leap-Year.

The meeting was entertaining as well as giving us food for thought.

Miss Jones went to a dance without Mr. Kenney?

HIGH SCHOOL P. T. O. MEETING

The High School Parent-Teachers' Association held a meeting in the Auditorium on January 7th at 7:00 o'clock. Miss Winifred Tilden talked on "Posture of the School Children." Delegates from the recent state meeting of the Parent-Teachers' Association gave their reports.

HI. Y. MEETINGS

Thursday night, January 8th, the "Y" meeting was held at the college at 7:30 at Alumni Hall. Mr. Hanson, the college Y secretary, gave a short, snappy talk. He emphasized three things: first, that we can learn something from everyone else no matter who he is; second, that it is better to build right than to tear down and have to start over; and third, you can beat the right—there is no wrong, big or little, without a kick to it.

The "Y" held a very interesting meeting Thursday night, January 15. About 25 were present, though more should have been. The main feature was a talk by Paul V. Barrett, the District Hi Y. Secretary. He introduced the new Bible Study course by telling us some interesting things of Peter, who was the author of the Gospel of Mark. He was shown to be a thorough human and ordinary fellow—with the exception that he was an apostle.

This district, Northeast Iowa, is very sorry to lose Mr. Barrett, who is going to take up a greater work at Cincinnati.

Every boy out next time! ! !

AMES HIGH STEPS OUT

THERE WILL BE A HOT TIME IN THIS OLD TOWN, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY. 13th. THAT MEANS THAT THE CARNIVAL IS COMING, AND IT WILL BE BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE. AMONG THE GREAT VARIETY OF STUNTS THAT ARE TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION, WILL BE A BIG JAZZY VAUDEVILLE, MINSTREL SHOW, CIRCUS, CARNIVAL QUEEN, N' EVERYTHING! ! MAKE YOUR PLANS NOW TO TAKE IN THIS GREATEST EVENT OF THE SEASON! ! !

BIOLOGY EXPERIMENTS

The biology classes had some rather queer experiments last week. Chief among them were those wherein the pupils had the privilege of coughing as much as they pleased and at that time, soiled hands were in great demand. However, we doubt if Miss Harper will call for such things every week so the Biology student need not neglect the care of his hands but can examine the growing bacteria without danger of soiling them.

Les Hoon—"Peck, you're a bright boy."

Peck—"Yes, my folks call me 'son!'"

The happiest days of my life, Were spent in the arms of another man's wife.—

My mother's! !

—Contributed by Ted.

LETTER TO OUR WAR ORPHAN

Ames, Iowa,
Janvier 9, 1920.

Madame Degrusse
Mademoiselle Reine Degrusse,
14 Rue Theirs a
St. Audre, Aube, France pres Croyes.
Mes Cheres Amies:

Je vous ecrie des eleves du Lycee de Ames Iowa. Je veux vous dire que les eleves sont tres heureux parce qu'ils ont le plaisir de vous aider. Nous aimons la belle France. Nous en etudious dans notre classe francaise. Nous aimons la belle France du guerre. Bien de nos amis bataient notre ennemi ordinaire.

Nous esperons d'aller en France quelque temps. Peut etre nous vous visiterons.

Acceptez cette expression de notre respect.

Carvel S. Caine
Lycee de Ames,
Ames, Iowa,
Etats Unis.

Y. W. C. A.

Did we have a good meeting January 15? I'd say we did. Oh!! That wonderful "Tragedy in Three Spasms". The New York Special was a little late, but Dorothy Dragoun suggested that we sing "Love's Old Sweet Song" (We wonder why she did) and Mildred Parsons played for us.

When the train arrived and the play was on, everyone was in a spasm of laughter. It seemed awfully strange that the King could move around like he did, after he stabbed himself.

We had some dandy music too. Dorothy Miller played a piano solo, and Dorothy Bullock sang. The last number was a fine talk by Miss Corneliusen, on the Student Volunteer convention which was held in Des Moines the first of the month.

Don't you wish you had been there and added one more to the one hundred who were there? Better come next Thursday then! ! !

SPIRIT CONTEST PRIZES AWARDED WEDNESDAY

At the general Assembly on Wednesday, the contest editor, Joan Parsons, gave the prizes from the last contest in the Literary Edition.

Robert Murray received first prize in the poetry division and Lowell Houser second. Marjorie Beam was given honorable mention.

In the short story division, Mildred Gernes received first place and Neva Gilbert, second.

Our last contest was not responded to like it should have been. But we can see the reason for we did not give you time enough with your other school work. But this time we have announced it in time and we are looking for a better result. So, if you want your paper to be a success, help us out. We can't do it alone.

Our contest this time is to be in writing one-act plays. Let's all help this time and write your plays at once! !

All the girls quit powdering?

AMES HIGH IS GLAD TO GREET MISS CLOUGH

Did anyone notice the person who went up the south stairs Wednesday at one o'clock? She was dressed in a Red Cross uniform. She slipped almost unobserved into Mr. Bodwell's office!!!! To end the suspense, I will tell you—it was Miss Clough, the new member of the faculty.

Miss Clough has an office at Central. It is her aim to bring the physical well-being of the grade students up to standard, by examinations and reports to their parents. She will also put in part time at Welch, Beard-shear, and Lincoln schools.

We are sure Miss Clough is capable for she gained her nurse's training at the Iowa State University. She also did Red Cross work at Camp Funston and Denver, Colorado.

Girls, let me whisper a secret! Miss Clough said "I wish I had time for gymnasium work, now." Let's all go over and ask her to play in the gym with us, or at least, dance in the auditorium, some noon! !

I'm sure the boys will want to become acquainted too, so let's everybody give her a hearty welcome and do everything in our power to make her work in Ames pleasant for her.
—Ada Robinson.

Teacher in Ag: "Come, pupils, let us put our heads together and make a block of cement."

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we are constantly
receiving

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MR. KENNEY AND MISS FOSKETTE STAR IN LEAP-YEAR MOVIE

Friday night, January 9th, the High School teachers forgot their dignity and made merry at a party given for the grade teachers. The evening's entertainment reached its height in a movie staged and ably superintended by Miss Hiller. In this Leap Year Movie the following made up the cast:

Miss Foskette, hero

.....A mannish woman of 1924

Mr. Kenney, heroine.....

.....A feminine man of 1924

Miss KelleyThe hero's rival

Miss Knowles ..The heroine's mother

Mr. Steffey ..The heroine's father

Mr. StoddardThe villain

Imagine two tailor-made women carrying walking-sticks, both trying to win the affection of the feminine man of 1924. While he powders his nose and looks coy, they fly about in airplanes—automobiles have become a thing of the past.

The high school students would never have recognized the stately mother and the docile father with his knitting as none other than Miss Knowles and Mr. Steffey! Mr. Stoddard, disguised as a detective, brought down the house. After numerous escapades the hero, Miss Foskette, outwitted her rival, Miss Kelley, and won the fair heroine, Mr. Kenney. We hope they live happily ever after.

A CARNIVAL QUEEN? WHAT? A CONTEST IS TO SOON BE HELD TO ELECT THE MOST POPULAR GIRL FROM THE HIGH SCHOOL, TEACHERS EXCLUDED, TO BE OUR QUEEN AT THE CARNIVAL. ONLY SPIRIT SUBSCRIBERS WILL BE ENTITLED TO VOTE. HOWEVER, ALL PERSONS SUBSCRIBING BEFORE THE ELECTION WILL BE ALLOWED TO CAST THEIR BALLOT. GET ELIGIBLE NOW! KEEP WATCH FOR ANY ANNOUNCEMENTS RELATIVE TO THE OPENING OF THE POLLS! HOW MANY CANDIDATES HAVE WE? GIRLS, SUM UP YOUR FRIENDS. !!!

MUSICAL TREAT TO BE GIVEN THIS EVENING

Over 600 children from the Ames Public Schools will give a concert in the High School auditorium on the evening of January 21, at 8:00 o'clock sharp.

Twenty numbers are to be given, and all grades in the schools will be represented from the first to High School seniors. The program will be made up of both vocal and instrumental music.

The High School orchestra of thirty-five members will play the opening numbers and the band will close the program. In addition to the singing by the grade children, the high school chorus will be a feature of the evening.

This entertainment is being given by the music department of the Ames schools for the purpose of showing the parents and patrons, just what is

"WHICH MAN" (Continued from page 1)

saw a plane headed for the "Upper Regions." The plane stopped climbing and just then I heard a shot. As the plane was apparently preparing to land, it would naturally cause a person to believe that the pilot had fired the shot—perhaps as a landing signal. I mounted a small ridge and saw Clemency frantically waving to me to make haste, which I did. By the time I arrived at the spot, Clemency was just finishing dressing an ugly bullet wound in your shoulder. He said that he was about one hundred yards from you when the plane went over him—then the shot—and you fell. He reached you as quickly as possible, but you were unconscious. Robert O'Toole smiled, "and I guess you remained so for some time."

Haveridge had seemed intensely interested, but now he suppressed a yawn, and as though dismissing the whole affair said, "It was probably an accidental discharge." Then he added, "Did you get"—his eyes closed drowsily—"Did you get any game?" "Not a bird—but I see you are overtaxing your low supply of strength, so I'll not bother you any more—hope you get better soon. The doctor says you will be able to go out doors in about a week."

"Thanks. A week will seem a long time, I'm afraid."

As soon as Robert was out of the room, the assumed sleepy attitude left Haveridge as suddenly as it had all day. He reached certain conclusions that he told no one of—not even come. He was thinking, and he thought Miss O'Toole whom he received rather coldly when she came to his room that evening.

"Luckily, my bedroom is on the first floor," thought Haveridge, "or I'd be out of luck."

His shoulder didn't pain him so much now, but he found that his legs were pretty wobbly. Nevertheless, he managed to crawl out of the window, and reach the little house in the orchard where he had noticed there was a wireless outfit. He advanced nearer—yes, there was a light—and presently he heard the whir of a small motor.

"Time enough," thought Haveridge but before he could move, the figures of a man and a woman crept from the trees toward the house. The woman looked familiar.

(To be continued)

Did we make Story City's "Dollar Sign" look cheap? Yea Bo! !

Skinny Houser, in French, "I ate twenty bananas for breakfast."

Miss Miller: "And are you still able to be at school?"

being done in music by the children. Each and every number will be of interest and a treat is assured for all who attend.

An admission of 15 and 25 cents will be charged, the proceeds to be used in the purchase of music and instruments.

LOCALS.

We have some new students in school. They are Wallace Van Osten, West High, Des Moines; Kathryn Logan, Florence, Montana; Dan Lanning, Wentworth Military Academy; Orlo Chase, Tipton, Iowa; and Rex White, Keosauqua, Iowa. We hope they will like our school and let's do our share in helping them to.

Earl Downey was seen apparently studying in the study hall one day.

We pretty nearly have to go to school in the dark these mornings.

Why don't we ever have those sings we had last year? They were kind of fun.

The boys all have their pet shiners on their knees where they have fallen in basketball. How many have you?

Is Miss Rayburn considering going into that stock raising business? She seems interested in horses and ponies. Bob's and Smithy's have already been watered, taken care of, and laid to rest. How many more will she get? The Caesar class wonders.

Miss Prentice in 5th period Algebra class. "They made a mistake in the schedule when they put this period as a study period, didn't they? Most of us do our studying here."

How many times have you fallen today?

Clint's watch runs sometimes and sometimes it doesn't. Why doesn't it? Look at the crystal. It has a picture on it.

Miss Prentice:

"Walter, what is x times 1-2?"

Sogie:

"X and one-half."

The boys know the girls are good cooks because they patronize the cafeteria so much.

Of course its none of our business but we wonder why Mike Morris, prep, is always fooling around the Senior girls.

It beats all how easy those corks go thru! !

The band could use more players. Come on! Surely A. H. S. has more musicians than these. Do your bit, join the band.

Gordon Glidden in 8th period History:

"The Senate demanded him to come back without his arms."

Ecky McWilliams is trying to beat Clint Adams' time ain't he?

A dog was recently ushered into room 213. The dog was instantly taken with the teacher and tried to show it by attempting to jump upon her desk. He was shown out, where he went we don't know.

B. B. stands for Big Baby. Miss Foskette said they laid down as soon as they got tired. We think it's appropriate.

The Girl Scouts held a meeting on Wednesday, January 14.

Miss Hiller was unable to be at school Monday, January 12, because of illness. Her classes took a vacation and retired to the Study Hall.

Forensic club is going to have a party January 30. Now, don't you wish you had gone out for Forensic? We hear they have programs once a week which are specially prepared, and are lots of fun for everyone.

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Long Ago
Peggy
That Naughty Waltz
Oh! Angelo

Harold E. Slater

at

AMES MUSIC HOUSE

LOCALS

The Marcheta Campfire met Wednesday evening.

The Tatpochon Campfire held their regular meeting with Margaret Proctor Wednesday evening, January 14.

The Unalyi Campfire held a very interesting meeting Monday evening, January 12, at the Congregational church in their new club room.

The Civics classes have been using paper covers for their note-book work this semester and one day Miss Britton said in the first period class, "All of you people who have Manila backs write your name on them."

When Pecky Posegate was asked why he didn't play Basketball, he replied, "Because my legs aren't long enough."

Marie Atwood and Harold Seymore were married Saturday, January 3, and have gone to Kansas City to make their home.

Ana White, a former A. H. S. student, is visiting in Ames from Story City.

Look for further announcements about A. H. S. big carnival, on February 13.

Miss Tenny was on the sick list January 15.

Dorothy Smith visited A. H. S. with Dorothy Thompson last Wednesday.

William Morgan returned to school Monday, January 12, after a week's absence.

Herbert Paulson was absent a part of last week.

SOCIETY ITEMS

A number of high school girls, including Ida Harper, Mildred Gernes, Marian Smith, Norma Haverly, Gwen Edwards, Ethelyn Cole and others attended a banquet at Sheldon-Munn Wednesday night, January 7th.

Hazel McKibben entertained the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet at her home Tuesday evening, January 6th. Miss Curtiss, Miss Boyd and Miss Rayburn were the only guests present. We hear that Miss Boyd is famous for making taffy.

Anna Ruth Grogan entertained seven couples at a dancing party January 13. At the close of the evening, light refreshments were served.

Norma Haverly entertained a few of her friends Friday evening, January 9. Due to some misunderstanding, two couples were not present.

Gwen and Enid Edwards entertained at dinner Sunday night, January 11.

Pauline Thompson and "Kate" Steele attended a 'fireside party' on January 10. They also attended the "All College" dance.

"JOKETTES"

Sidney Davis, in French, "Here are some lillies-of-the-valley that are ripe."

It is said that Mae A. and Arnold L. were on the negative side in a hot debate. It is also said the negative was overbalanced.

I used to think I knew I knew,
But now I must confess—
The more I know I know I know,
I know I know the less.

Secrets of a Girl's Diary—En Voyage

First day out—Many passengers on board.

Second day out—Met a few of them.

Third day out—Met the Chief Engineer.

Fourth day out—Chief Engineer and I got quite chummy.

Fifth day out—Chief Engineer asked to kiss me on the brow. I refused.

Sixth day out—Chief Engineer said he would blow up the ship if I did not kiss him.

Seventh day out—Saved lives of 450 people.

—Exchange

Miss Miller, in French conversation "What did you have for breakfast?"

Brilliant (?) pupil, not understanding the question but willing to run a risk, "I don't know."

Gladys—"Oh, you don't need to read these Economics clippings. You know all that's in them now."

Marguerite—"What's in them?"
Gladys—"Nothing."

In Miss Knowles' English class they were talking about "tense".

"I am good looking" said Miss K. "What tense is that?"

"Past" responded a truthful student.

A Passion Play.

Her face was flushed. The breath came between moist, parted lips, in short, trembling gasps. Her slightly distended nostrils quivered passionately. Her whole body trembled with emotion. Slowly, caressingly, tenderly yielding, she surrendered herself to the outstretched arms. How strong and protecting the broad back! How sturdy the legs that supported it! Then, breathing softly, she closed her eyes, her mind soaring into the great realms of the sublime. How restful was this seat after the long hard run for this 8:15 train! ! ! !

—Exchange.

—Exchange.
If she had to stand on her head.
We know she'd get it somehow.
This poem she's already read.
Now we'll wage ten cents to a dollar.
If she gets the least kind of a show
But you bet she'll find it out somehow.
It's something she ought not to know,
If there's anything worries a girl.

Wanted: To know Fred Stoddard's method of making the girls like him
—The Rest of the Boys.

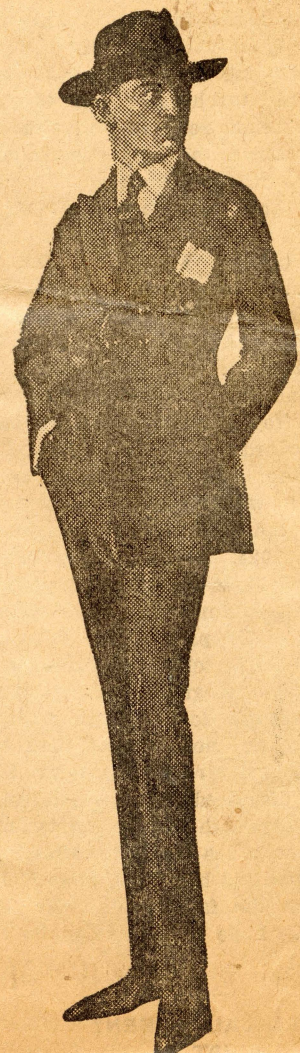
Wanted: A young man to keep me company.—Bertha Lawson.

Wanted: An easy chair for Maxwell Beman in Geometry class.—Miss Prentice.

Boy in History—"The people cried, 'Hail, O King!' and the King began to reign".—Exchange.

Mr. Steffey—"A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Joan P.—"No wonder so many of us flunk in Economics."



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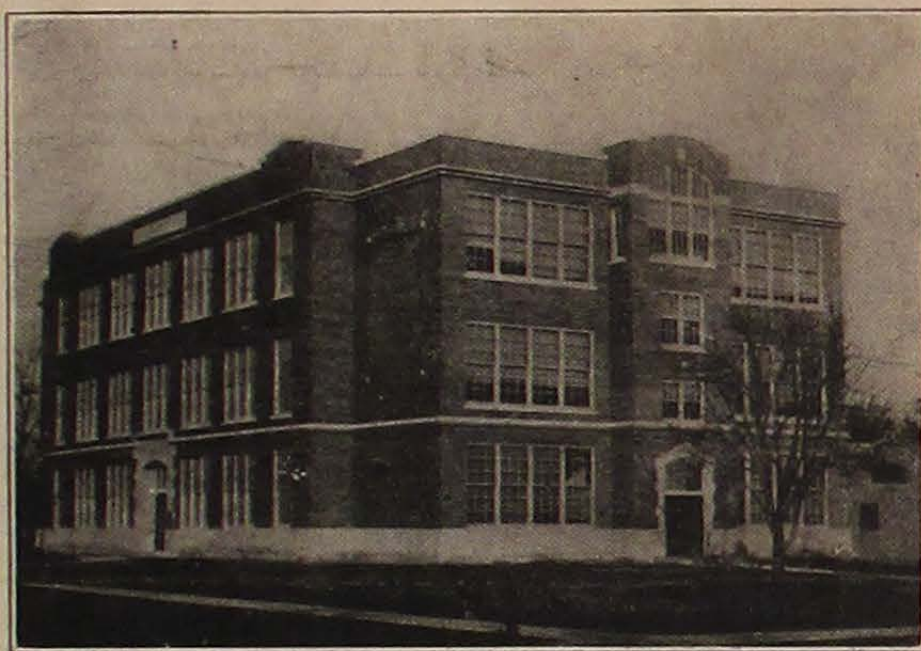
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ISSUE

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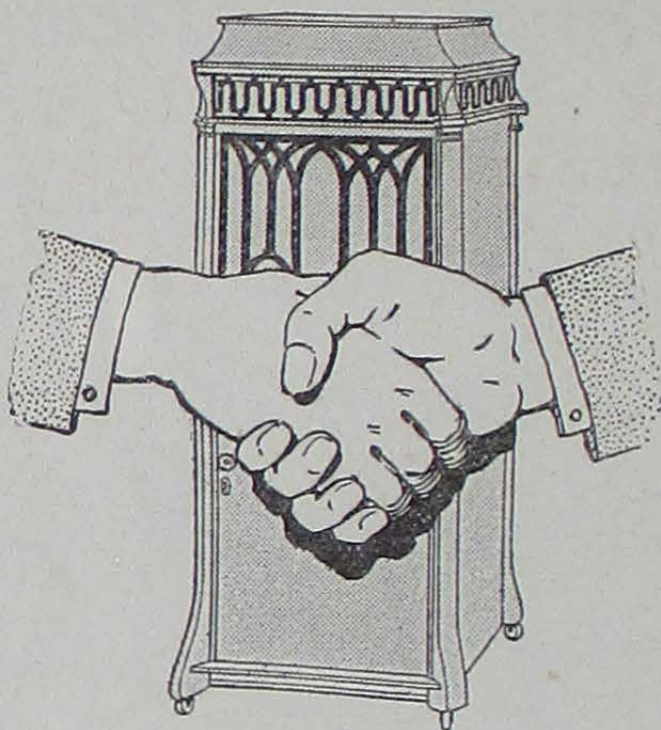
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THE SPIRIT

VOL. 9

AMES HIGH SCHOOL, AMES, IOWA

NO. 9

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ONE ACT PLAYS

FIRST PRIZE

Sight Unseen.

Time—The evening of a very cold day.

Place—Scene 1—The home of Benny, our hero.

Scene 2—A refreshment parlor—a very "swell" place.

Scene 3—Benny's home again.

Characters—Benny, the dashing young hero about seventeen years old. He is very handsome and quite a favorite with the ladies.

—Benny's ma, a nice jolly old lady. Quite stylish and very stunning.

—Benny's Dad, a big brother to Benny. Very funny and interesting because of his facial expression. He possesses an unusual pair of lungs, very evident when he hears something funny.

—Wheatena Korndorffer, the "rural belle". Very clumsy and chunky, is red-faced and awkward. Her dress which is rather short is made of homespun (or something of the like). She wears big stiff bows on her hair, or if preferred she may wear her hair done up in a very simple and extremely tight knot.

—Waiters and other people.

Scene I.

Curtain rises on Benny getting ready for his 'date'. with the "new girl at Hanson's."

Benny—Ma-ma! is my tie alright? Have I a rooster-tail back here? (Bends over toward his mother for her to look, all the while stroking the back of his head.) Look ma! Do I look all right—Why don't you say something? Do you want me to go out looking like a rummage sale?

Ma—Give me a chance, please, to say something. You look as if you were to be best man at a wedding now, and if you don't stop rubbing the back of your head you'll rub the hair off. Just look at dad's head. He had the same fault when I married him and he never stopped rubbing his head till the hair came out.

Dad—(looking up from paper he has been reading) Were you talking about my head?

it's a perfectly good one. Don't know what I'd do without it—hair or no hair.

(All this time young Benny has been fixing and re-fixing, patting and re-patting himself.)

Benny—Oh gee, can't just imagine how that new Korndorffer will look? I'm mighty glad Mrs. Hanson asked me to come and meet her. I know she will have lovely rosy cheeks and dimples and beautiful curly hair and—oh! such an innocent way about her. She will look at me out of her baby blue eyes and ask some innocent question that no girl in this place would ever think of. I'm going to be her young hero—I shall bow (makes a wonderful one) and doff my cap (takes of imaginary cap) and be so attentive!

Dad—For heaven's sake, son! Don't go plumb silly over a girl you've never seen!

Ma—Just where did you hear so much about this Miss Corn—cob or what's her name? You've never seen her have you, Benny?

Dad—Naw, Benny's in love with an imaginary rural belle who he thinks will be the fresh bloomed rose among a lot of seedy flowers. I'll bet my shoes that she'll stutter and walk pigeon toed and frizz her hair on

hairpins and use bay rum for perfume and—

Benny—Aw shut up, dad, you have queer ideas about girls of today. I'll bet she will be a graceful daughter of the soil that swings along with an easy stride and—well, I can't explain how she'll look, exactly, but you know what I mean.

Ma—(lets out an awful laugh—she bends over to laugh, and oh, she's worse than a school girl).

Dad—Now what's up?

Ma—Ha-ha-ha-I just thought of a song we used to sing when I was a girl. I thought of it when our handsome son was standing before the mirror there. The words go like this.

(Benny is rather taken back while his dad roars with laughter. Benny looks at his watch, then rushes for his coat and hat. As he slams the door he calls back)

Benny—Good bye, ma—good bye, pa. Your youthful son goes forth to woo a rural beauty.

Dad—(shakes his head, then laughs. He looks at ma, then both laugh) I'll bet he'll get his feathers dampened before eleven o'clock. I'd like to stay up and see what he will have to say. Will you stay up, mother?

Ma—Oh, it's not very nice of us old folks to stay up just to see Benny come home disappointed for I'm sure he won't find the girl he's planning on, but—(she laughs) I'll stay up.

(They both laugh heartily then return to their reading while the curtain falls.)

Scene II

Curtain rises on several couples seated at small tables in a fashionable refreshment parlor. Benny and Wheatena come in, look around and discovering no empty tables near the wall have to take one in the center of the room, much to Benny's embarrassment. Wheatena is ill at ease too but tries to hide her unrest by twisting her legs around those of the table and by placing her big red elbows on the marble topped table and appearing at home.

The other patrons notice their entrance and stare in a most improper manner, then turn to each other and smile. Some people nearly disgrace themselves by letting out an unexpected titter. Poor Benny—He's so fussed.

A very dignified waiter approaches them for their order. He bends low so he can catch their order without any necessity of his patrons raising their voices. Wheatena thinks he's deaf so gives her order very distinctly.

Wheatena—A bottle of strawberry pop, please—and two straws, one for him (points at Benny) and one for me.

(Every one present gives a suppressed howl much to Benny's discomfort. The waiter seems about to explode and hurries away. Benny calls him back and gives an order for some fancy sweets.)

Wheatena—Gee, this is shore a nice store ain't it? Do you always come in here? Gee, I wish my pa and ma could see me now and I wisht Bill Jones could see me. He'd turn green with envy.

(Another obliging waiter puts a record on the Edison to try and subdue the effect of this strange country cousin.)

Wheatena—(above the music) An' music too! Why, this here's a reg'lar up-to-date place, ain't it? Just like them they have in movin' pictures. Gee, I'm glad you brought me here. Why it's the opportunity of a life time, ain't it? (he looks around all this time. She sees the waiter coming) Oh, here comes that deaf man again—and lookie what he's fetchin'!

(The "deaf" waiter returns bearing a tray upon which repose some fancy concoctions. Benny has no chance to talk. He is very uneasy and looks at his watch frequently, loosens his collar, mops his brow and does other like things to overcome his embarrassment.)

Wheatena—(after "eats" have been placed before her) Whew! ain't this swell? I'll bet they cost a lot didn't they. Gee, I'd hate to wash all these here dishes, wouldn't you? (She tastes her ice cream, then gives a smile of satisfaction) Um-m-this is awful good!

(Benny seems to have lost his appetite and gazes anxiously around the room)

Benny—Oh say, you have to be home by ten-thirty, don't you?

Wheatena—Uh-huh, ma says I couldn't come back no more if I didn't get in by ten-thirty. Gee! (smaks her lips) this is good. (Benny takes out his watch and turns it ahead)

Benny (to himself) There! ! I'll bet I get this corn fed nut out of here in a hurry!

Wheatena—What you lookin' at? Your watch? Why it ain't time to go yet is it? Why you ain't et your ice cream yet!

Benny—No, I'm not hungry. Besides, it's nearly ten-thirty now. I'm sorry (makes a face) but we will have to go.

Wheatena looks as if she were going to weep. Benny calls the waiter and orders a taxi.)

Wheatena—What? Are we goin' home in one of them bus-things we came down in? Oh goody! that's fun!

Benny helps her on with her coat and they depart. Many pairs of eyes follow them.

Curtain.

Scene III

Benny arrives home to find his father and mother both asleep in their chairs. He tiptoes around taking off his hat and coat. As he heads for the stairs he falls over his dad's shoe. The two sleepers wake up.

Dad—Ugh—oh! that you son? Well, how did you find your new girl, Did you fall in love 'n everything? Come on and tell us about it. (Benny starts to leave for bed) Hey—wait a minute! What's the matter—something wrong?

Benny—(from doorway) Nothin' wrong. Why? Ain't you comin' to bed?

Dad—Come on back and tell us about your evening out, son.

Benny comes back very slowly and stands with his hands in his pockets and his head down. Finally he tells in a manner most heart-rending.)

Benny—Oh rats! When I first laid eyes on her I nearly fainted. She was a perfect fright! And talk—my heavens—I don't believe she's opened her mouth for a week. She must have saved all o' her gab up for tonite. In the show she sat and sucked her thumb and hollered and howled every time anything exciting happened! I felt like two cents or less! She acted worse than any "Sis Hopkins" in the movies and looked greener than any "prep" you ever saw. I don't see how Mrs. Hanson can stand to have such an animal around! ! And furthermore her name is Wheatena. (Dad explodes at this point) Well, laugh. It isn't any laughing matter to me. My social ca-

reer is ruined and Mae Pennington won't ever speak to me again. I wish I was dead.

Ma—No, you don't. (She gets up and goes over to Benny.) Come on, let's go to bed. Things will straighten out over night I know.

(Benny goes off first. Dad looks at ma, then laughs. She puts her hand over her mouth.)

Ma—Shame on you! Poor fellow. I'll bet he feels worse than you did the night you spilled gravy all down your shirt front at the Bankers' Banquet.

Curtain.

—Neva Spence '21.

THE DEBT

Second prize

Persons

The young man—A writer.

The wanderer.

Place

The Young Man's study.

Time

The present century.

The study is a medium sized room, well and comfortably furnished. In the center of the room is a large table, upon which is placed a study lamp. The table is covered with a litter of papers and a few books. At one end of the room is a spacious fireplace. A large, luxurious divan is drawn in front of the hearth. On the divan is seated a young man about thirty-five years of age, his body slid forward in a lounging position and his feet, clad in soft slippers, presented to the blaze. He is smoking a briar pipe and is deep in thought. His face is refined and scholarly but cynical. As he is gazing into the fire the bells clangs loudly. He advanced to open the door and admits a young man about his own age, handsome and somewhat aristocratic but sordid and unkempt thru dissipation.

The Young Man (turning pale with amazement) What! You?

The Wanderer—(mockingly) Yes! Me! ! (with tense emphasis on the latter word. He takes a seat near the fire, uninvited.)

The Young Man—(falls dazedly into a chair on the opposite side of the fire, loquiter) You, of all persons! Where have you been these ten years?

The Wanderer—(impatiently and abrupt-

ly) Thru ten years of an earth worse than hell. Ten years of years! Dissipation my only occupation. No ideals, no hopes. And now, a worthless derelict. All because of YOU. (The Young Man gazes, smiling cynically into the fire)

The Young Man—Ideals, hopes—mere vanities, shells.

The Wanderer (excitedly) Because of that very creed am I what I am. Ten years ago, when both of us had finished school, I, because of lack of money, cast off by the girl I loved, adored, came to you for comfort and advice. That was the advice you gave me. Maddened by grief, my soul permeated with your cynicism, I plunged into a maelstrom of dissipation. After ten years of that, see what I am: a human wreck. And now, I've come for settlement. You, sending me to ruin by your heartless counsel, shall pay. (pulls pistol from pocket) You shall suffer now the torture I have suffered for ten years.

The Young Man—(thoughtfully) I have done wrong, I have been mistaken, but I have suffered. You would not shoot me like a dog, would you?

The Wanderer—(doggedly) Give me back my ideals and you can keep your life, but you ruined me and you shall pay! (frenziedly)

Pause—The Young Man sinks into deeper meditation.

The Young Man—(abstractedly) Oh! what is death? Life I fear as much as death. To die is but an end of misery. I crave it more than life.

The Wanderer—(surprised) Ah! You too have suffered. A woman?

The Young Man—Yes, a woman came into my life. I loved her, but my love was an empty thing, like my life. I saw a change in her, but did not realize it then. She became infected with the same fatal cynicism that I, myself, exhaled with every breath. Seeing my love an empty thing, her life became a hollow mockery of what it had once been. Her life was ruined. Her castles were dust.

The Wanderer—(softened, but still vindictive) Yes, you have suffered but still you owe me a debt. (toys with pistol)

The Young Man—(sinks still further in chair, seemingly half asleep and with an ex-

pression of great sadness and sorrow upon his face.) I see my mistakes, the whole mirror of my mocking, useless life. I see now, when too late, that ideals are living, breathing things. Oh! the superfluity of my life!

The Wanderer—(touched, lets fall pistol and relaxes) You have paid!

The Young Man—(softly) My eyes have been opened.

Slow curtain.

—Robert Murray '21.

DOLLARS AND CENTS

First Honorable Mention

Cast

Mr. Hopkins, a working man.

Mrs. Hopkins, his wife.

Mary Ann Hopkins, their daughter.

Conrad J. Perkins, Mary's devoted suitor.

Mr. C. D. Butler, another working man.

Mrs. C. D. Butler, wife of Mr. Butler.

Richard Butler, their son.

Catherine Simpson, Richard's sweetheart.

Time

Yesterday, today, or tomorrow, whichever you prefer. The place is the home of any working man.

Scene I

The scene is laid in the Hopkins home. There is a door at the right and also one opposite at the left. These doors open into a large living room which is clean and neat but not elaborately decorated. A piano and bench are situated in one corner and a couch at the front and left. There are two or three chairs in the room.

Mary Hopkins is seated on the piano bench letting her fingers run over the keys and she is in deep thought. Her suitor and lover is at her side pretending to read a magazine.

Mary—(suddenly and without warning she turns toward Conrad and says decidedly) I won't.

Conrad — (Startled by this sudden outburst drops his magazine and nearly falls off of piano bench) You—you won't what?

Mary—You know too well what I mean. If you cared enough for me you would try to help me. (She says last in whimpering tone)

Conrad—Dear, please don't get peeved. How do I know what you won't and will do.

As for not caring for you, I would go to Hades if it would help you. (Romantically)

Mary—(Nearly crying) I didn't mean what I said, but you couldn't help me even tho I know you would.

Conrad—Please tell me what you won't do.

Mary—I won't marry him.

Conrad—(becoming alarmed) Who won't you marry?

Mary—I won't marry "Rich".

Conrad — Well, I advise you to marry while you're poor then.

Mary—I meant Richard Butler, who for short is called "Rich". Not because he's rich for he's poor as a church mouse, but because Richard is too long for a name for so unimportant a person.

Conrad—(becoming alarmed again) Who's going to make you marry that nut? Why he's as poor as—as—

Mary—(coily) You.

Conrad—(becoming embarrassed but recovers) Why he is a minus quantity in comparison with myself. I am an operator at the Western Union. That's more than you can say for "Rich."

Mary—Excuse me for what I said. I suppose I am rather peevish. The funny thing about the affair is that he doesn't want to marry me any more than I him.

Conrad—(becoming hot) Then why under the name of Jehovah do you marry him if he is unwilling also?

Mary—(desparingly) It's our unsympathetic elders who are doing the deciding; they're even picking out the ring. I'd give anything if I could get out of this affair.

Conrad—Dear, would you do anything if I pulled you out of this matchmaking business?

Mary—(solemnly) Yes, anything, but you'll have to hurry if you are going to help me as our beloved and democratic parents are going to stick their heads together tonight at 7:30 and decide the day for our marriage. Afterwards they are going to a benefit social which organization is raising funds to increase a use of free speech and independence among young men and women. That's worse than playing poker before going to church. (says this contemptuously).

Conrad—Do your parents know how you loath "Rich"?

Mary—They ought to know by this time as I told them I would swallow poison or do something equally as bad if they tried to force me into marrying that insect.

Conrad—And what did your parents say to that?

Mary—(indignantly) What did they say to that! Why they actually told me I am so dependent and of the clinging vine variety that if anyone with a little money and looks came along they would sure cop me without half trying. (Becomes very indignant and excited)

Conrad—Now, don't get excited, as you can depend on me to get you through without any scratches. I'll be up at 7:30 tonight. You just remember that I work at the Western Union, and you might receive a fake telegram. (Exit Conrad and scene closes with curtain.)

Scene II

Scene changes to home of the Butler family, the furnishings are nearly the same as the Hopkins, as they are both on the same social standing. (Richard is first seen pacing up and down the room looking very stormy in appearance and he is talking to himself. He is very indignant and excited over something and he says rather loudly) Dependent overgrown baby, am I! I'll show 'em.

Just then his best girl Catherine Simpson comes in, with his back to her while he is saying this. She thinks he is making remarks about her.

Catherine—(hautilly) You needn't cast any remarks about me while I'm around.

Richard—(turns around greatly surprised and confused) Why, what did I say?

Catherine — (beginning to weep) You called me an overgrown b-b-baby.

Richard—Why, dear, I mean Catherine, I wasn't talking about you at all. I must have been talking to myself. I was thinking about my beloved parents.

Catherine—(recovering) Why, what's the matter now?

Richard—They just told me today that they are going over to the Hopkins home tonight and make arrangements for our marriage. They are even going to select the ring for us and then let me pay the bill, also

they have chosen what necktie I should wear. They were generous enough to let me decide which suit I shall wear as I only have one.

Catherine—That's simply outrageous but you won't stay tied to their coat-tails any longer will you? I bet it's that Mary Ann Hopkins that's arranging this, she doesn't even own the clothes she's got on.

Richard—She hasn't enough money to keep her going for five minutes. If she had lots of money it wouldn't be so bad; and she's homlier than—than—

Catherine—I suppose you mean than myself but you are afraid to say so.

Richard—Catherine, I wouldn't think of comparing you two.

Catherine—(beaming) Do you really mean it?

Richard—I sure do. (desparingly) But this won't get us any place, can't you think of any way to get out of this? The peculiar thing about this is that she doesn't want to marry me either.

Catherine—Do you mean to say that she doesn't want to marry you any more than you want to marry her??

Richard—That's exactly it. If I can't find a way out of this we'll elope and run off, won't we, dear.

Catherine—Well, I'll find a way out before tonight, just bear in mind I am a news reporter on the town paper. The paper is hard up for good exciting news. I'll hurry down now before the paper goes to press and put in some fake news.

Richard—But how will that help any? (without replying Catherine goes out hurriedly and Rich falls into a chair as tho all hope is lost.)

Curtain

Scene III

Scene changes back to the Hopkins home and the only difference is that it is night instead of day. When the scene opens Mr. Hopkins enters the room, takes a chair, and then surveys the room as tho he were looking for something. He is middle aged, rather grouchy in appearance, and his clothes are not very neat, and he does not find what he wants so he calls out into another room "Ma, go get the paper". There is unbroken silence. "Ma, go get the paper." (says this impatiently)

Mrs. Hopkins—(she is not to be seen) Go get it yourself. Can't you ever realize that you are not the only boss in this house? (she comes into the room looking neat and tidy, and begins dusting things in the room while talking) I think it's terrible the way we are made slaves, you never heard of Mary Ann having to do anything she didn't want to, she's so ungrateful after all the trouble we've had deciding and arranging who she shall marry, she ought to thank us for taking all the bother ourselves. Oh yes, the Butlers are coming over pretty soon and help decide when the wedding will take place (All the time she has been talking he appears as tho he is dreaming. She begins dusting his chair and says) Get up while I clean that chair.

Mr. Hopkins—It's not dirty and I'm comfortable.

Mrs. Hopkins — (commandingly) John Henry Hopkins, will I have to tell you again to get out of that chair! (He gets up reluctantly while she dusts the chair. while dusting the chair she says) No, you never heard me make Mary Ann or anybody else do anything they didn't want to. I always did and always will believe that you are the boss of this house.

(Mary enters the room looking rather sullen and gloomy, just then the door bell rings)

Mrs. H.—Go to the door Mary and let them in.

(Mary turns with her back to her mother and stands still)

Mrs. H.—Mary Ann Melinda Hopkins, go to the door at once. (Mary goes to the door and lets the Butlers in)

Mr. H.—(Rising a little says) Good evening. (but sits down again as tho he were afraid he would lose the chair.)

Mrs. Butler—(while taking off her outside garments) Have you read the evening paper yet?

Mrs. Hopkins—No, we haven't seen it yet. John asked for the paper and I was just going to get it when you came. What's the matter? Has there been a murder or have eggs gone up?

Mrs. Butler—It's neither. Just read that column. (Mrs. Butler reads out loud.)

A large fortune amounting to a million dollars has been left to the Butlers of this

town by an old bachelor who it is said owns a large estate in England. The Butlers had not heard of it before, and they cannot remember of having any rich relative but they think it could be possible as they do not exchange news between their relatives only at intervals. (Richard seems to have a cough and he uses his handkerchief to hide his grin as he knows it is not true. When Mary hears that he is rich she at once becomes attentive and takes his coat and hat. He does not even look at her)

Mrs. Hopkins—That sounds like a fairy tale doesn't it? Are you sure it's true?

Mr. Butler—It sure is. The paper wouldn't waste a column to write nonsense. (Rich uses his handkerchief again to a good advantage)

Mrs. Hopkins—(jealously) Now, you can buy a new coat and all the eggs and meat you want. We never did have any luck.

Mr. Hopkins—(to Mr. Butler) I suppose you will get a car now? Is it going to be a Ford?

Mr. Butler—I am not sure whether it will be a Ford or a Packard, there isn't much difference, one is just a little more expensive, that's the only difference between the two (says this as tho he meant it) Maybe I'll let Richard run it after I've had it a couple of years.

Mrs. Hopkins—Let's hurry up and decide about our childrens' marriage and then let's go over to the social.

Mr. Hopkins—When will they be married, this year or next?

Richard—I think we'll not be married in any year.

Mrs. H.—What do you mean, Richard?

Mr. Butler—I'll speak for Richard. My wife and I have talked it over and we have decided that he should not be married yet as he is going to study in Europe. Later when he comes back we might reconsider our offer.

Mrs. Butler—Yes, we have decided that he should see more of the world before he settles down for good.

Mrs. H.—In other words you mean to say that just because you have some money you won't let your son marry my daughter. (This rather icily)

Richard—That's exactly it.

Mrs. Butler—Now, Richard, you know

that isn't so. We are just going to give him a chance to see everything he wants to before he marries anyone. (this as tho she were abused by the answer of Mrs. Hopkins. Just then a knock is heard. Mary immediately looks at the clock and is sure that it is Conrad. All the time the two families were talking together she has become quite alarmed because of fear that she might lose "Rich" and his money, mostly his money. She gets up and lets in Conrad who hands her a telegram and says)—A telegram for Mr. Hopkins, sign right here. (she signs for it and he winks at her and then leaves. She gives the telegram to him and Mr. H. reads it thru twice and then reads it out loud in an excited tone.)

We are sorry to inform you that nearly a million dollars was left you by your late uncle who dies accidentally. It is said that he swallowed a large diamond and consequently choked to death. He owns a large diamond field in South Africa. Particulars will be sent later.

All sit still for a minute as tho astonished. Mary emits something resembling a gurgle but turns her face. "Rich" becomes very attentive as she has money now.

Mrs. H.—It's nearly too good to be true.

Mr. Butler—Maybe it isn't true, how do you know?

Mr. H.—Well it's a W. U. telegram, and coming to think of it I do remember of having a distant relative who was digging for diamonds a few years back.

Mrs. H.—I can buy that new silk coat and hat, can't I, John.

Mr. Butler—I suppose you'll get a car too, isn't it odd that we both should have good luck on the same day?

Mrs. H.—I suppose you don't want to reconsider the arrangement we made do you, I really think Mary should see more of society.

Mr. B.—I have just been thinking the matter over and decided it was an unnecessary waste of money to send him abroad, he is gentlemanly enough for anybody. (Mary smiles every few minutes knowing all is a joke. Richard becomes very nice as money is his idol. He sidles over toward Mary and finally gets up and sits down by her and they look at each other approvingly)

Both are fooled as each one thinks the other really possesses money.

Mr. Butler—Well, let's hurry and settle the date for their marriage.

Mrs. H.—There is no hurry as we have all year to decide. Let's go over and break the news to our friends.

Mrs. B.—The organization will not turn up their nose at what I give them. It will at least be 15 or 20 dollars. (this as tho it possessed same value as 15 or 20 thousand) While saying this they get ready to leave when Mr. B. says—Be a good boy now and be in the house and in bed at 9:30, dear.

(He turns up his nose and looks away from them)

Mrs. H.—Now, Mary, don't forget to wash your feet and say your prayers before going to bed (They go out leaving them alone.) Pause.

Rich—(in a bashful tone) Mary! (pause) Mary!

Mary—(innocently) What?

Rich—Don't you know that I have grown to like you awful well in the last few minutes. I always did like you but I was afraid you didn't like me.

Mary—Why, Richard Butler, you know that I always liked you, but I thought that you liked Catherine.

Rich—(moves closer) I never did like her, she even tried to get me out of this affair, but I wouldn't let her.

Mary—Conrad tried to get me out also but I sent him out of the house.

(There is a long pause as they sit still as tho thinking)

Mary—(sweetly) "Rich".

Rich—What?

Mary—You're going to be rich, aren't you?

Rich—Y-yes (long pause, he takes her hand) "Mary".

Mary—What?

Rich—You're going to marry me, aren't you?

Mary—Y-y-yes. (he embraces her)

Curtain

—Clarence Godard '21

A POSTPONED CELEBRATION

Second Honorable Mention

Cast

Helen

Harlon sisters.

Marie

Dick Harlon, their brother.

Alice, the girls' chum and Dick's girl friend.

Jim Vale, Dick's chum.

Scene I (The Harlon living room)

Helen and Marie a few days after Christmas, invoicing their gifts.

Helen—Aren't these chocolates good? It was so nice of Mr.—oh! I've forgotten his name, to send them and I only met him once. Isn't Christmas nice? You always get so many things.

Marie—Here are silk handkerchiefs, silk hose, more chocolates—excuse me, Helen, but this large box is mine, if you will notice the card is on the inside. (After carefully exchanging cards.)

Helen—And look at the two lovely la valieres that I have. I guess I'll wear this little one with the pearls and spring this other one just after my birthday; and I won't wear it once before then, or tell a soul about it.

Marie—I do wish my birthday came right after Christmas like Alice's. I wonder what Dick will give her. I'm sure he must have spent a lot of money at Christmas time because I heard him trying to borrow some of mother this morning.

Enter Dick—Hello, Girls! Um-m-m-what nice chocolates. (Helping himself).

Marie—Dick—you shall not eat my candy.

Dick—Aw, please, just one more, girls. I can't understand why you are so selfish. Say, could either one of you girls loan me a little money?

Helen and Marie—I should say not!

Dick—But girls, next week is Alice's birthday and — oh, well — you girls know very well that you like to get birthday gifts.

Marie—Dick Harlon! Do you remember the money I loaned you about a year ago this time? Well, your credit is absolutely no good. Ask some of your friends.

Dick—Whew, this is some classy little chain, Helen. What are you going to do with it?

Helen—I'm going to hide it right in this drawer and not wear it until after my birth-

"Pat, what is steam?" asked the examiner.

"Why, it's-er-er-why it's water tho'ts gone crazy with the heat."

day. I am going to wear this one—for a while.

(A knock—Dick goes to the door and returns with his chum Jim.)

Jim—Hello, everybody. (helping himself to candy) Say, whoever bought these chocolates certainly had good taste.

Marie—I think so myself; I believe you bought those Jim.

Jim—(helping himself to more) You girls are always so liberal; my own sisters never even offer me any.

(Dick eats rapidly)

Dick—I guess it takes political pull, Jim I never had any either until you came.

Marie—There, all of my things are put away. Do hurry, Helen, so we can go over to see Alice before we go to town.

Jim—You won't need to put this box away girls, it's empty now.

Helen—I'm ready, and remember, Marie, not one word about my other gift. (Girls put on wraps.)

Marie—Goodbye, boys.

Helen—Be good.

Dick—Say Jim, what can I do? Next week is Alice's birthday and I have to give her something and I haven't a cent. What shall I do?

Jim—I'd give it to you, old chap, but I'm broke. (Empties pockets)

Dick—By jove!

Jim—What?

Dick—Helen has put that necklace away that Aunt Cecelia gave her and is not going to wear it for ages or tell anyone about it. I'll bet Aunt wouldn't remember it anyway, and we won't see her for ages—I'll take it and by Helen's birthday I'll have some more money and then I'll apologize to Helen and get her another as nearly like it as possible.

Jim—But she'll miss it.

Dick—Oh, no! She put it in the drawer of my desk for safe keeping and I always carry the key. She'll never think of it unless some one makes her think of it, and of course that couldn't happen because no one will know.

Jim—Well, we can try anyway.

Dick—(Carefully wrapping up package). I'll just keep this myself for a week. Well, let's go up town.

(End of Scene I)

Scene II (Harlon living room)

Dick, Helen, and Marie, seated.

Girls—Come on, Dick, tell us, what did you give Alice?

Dick—I don't see why you are so inquisitive. I won't tell you. I'm sure you'd be envious.

Helen—Oh, no doubt! I, especially, have such a jealous disposition.

Dick—Hooray! There's the postman. I'll bet I get some money this morning. I do wish dad would come home soon. I don't like this salary business.

Marie—Here, Dickie, is your check. Don't spend it all. (A knock)

Dick—Come in!

Enter Jim—Hello, ladies. Did you get paid off today, Dick? I did. Let's have a little celebration today.

Dick—Fine.

Helen—(sarcastically) Dick is going to celebrate by taking down decorations and you can help, Jim.

Jim—(After a groan) At your service, madam.

Marie—I hear someone coming (going to window) It's Alice. Now, Dick, we'll find out about that present.

Dick and Jim—(step backward and grin sickly as Alice steps into the room)

Alice—Hello, Dick and Jim! Oh, girls, do see what I got for my birthday.

Marie—Isn't it pretty? Why I do declare it is almost like one Helen got for Christmas but is saving for awhile.

Helen—(giving Marie an angry glance for telling) Why it is! We'll find out. Say, Dick, where is the key to this drawer.

Dick—(frantically) I-I've lost it. I'll get one this afternoon.

Helen—You always lose keys at the most inconvenient times. But I'm sure, Alice, it is almost like mine.

Alice—Goodbye. I'm on my way to Mary's. Don't make the boys work too hard.

Helen—(after listening a few minutes for Alice to be gone) Dick, I want that key!

Dick—I-er-a-

Helen—No explanations, I understand and I want the key. (Dick hands her the key and she searches drawer) Just as I thought, you have stolen my gift from Aunt

Celia and you—Jim Vale—you knew all about this!

Marie—I wouldn't have believed it of you Dick. Nor you either, Jim.

Helen—Just give me the check you got this morning, Dick, and I'll get me a nicer one and give you back a little money.

Dick—But, Helen,—

Helen—(reaching for coat) Then I'm going to tell. Come on, Marie.

Jim—(to Dick, aside) You'd better do it. You'd better do it.

Dick—(giving the money to Helen) Here it is.

(The girls immediately put on wraps and depart for town without saying a word.)

Jim—I'm awful sorry.

Dick—So am I.

Together—The celebration is indefinitely postponed.

Curtain

—Lorena Cure.

TO THE YOUNG AMERICAN

Be strong of mind, and brave of heart;
Be square to the world—and true.
The tomorrow's history will bear your
name,
And Old Glory's reknown will depend on
you.

The world will have troubles and problems
to solve,
As it has in the years gone before.
And you, my lad, will be called upon,
When the men of today are no more.

Oh, may the young folks of today
Carry on their work so well
That the voice of future history,
Nothing wrong will dare to tell.
—Myrna Gray '20

Whom Were They For?

The telephone to some persons is still an unsolvable riddle. A Teuton called a feed store.

"I want two bags oats," he demanded.

"All right. Who is it?"

"Id's me," was the indignant reply.

"Well, who are the oats for?"

"For der horse, don'd you get so frened
replied the wrathful would-be customer.

"WHICH MAN"

By Marguerite Conner

Chapter V

"I'll find out what they're doing if I have to wait all night," thought Haveridge. He crept along stealthily in the shadows after the two. He hadn't much doubt but that the man was Clemency but could it be Cecelia with him? He was very much puzzled and his shoulder was beginning to pain again. His determination made him go on however, and he crept around the corner out of sight just as the pair opened the door of the little house and disappeared within.

Almost immediately a faint light flickered through the window. Haveridge crept up to it and looked in. The girl was indeed Cecelia, however, the man was not Clemency, but Robert O'Toole himself. Haveridge was greatly relieved but the situation was none the less mysterious.

"I just won't believe it," the girl was saying, "I know he isn't that kind of a man. Mr. Clemency is mistaken, that's all. I don't believe this outfit has been bothered since you left last fall. And anyway, how in the world would Mr. Haveridge find out about the "diamond crown," when nobody in the world knows about it but us four people and old Peter?"

"But, Cecelia, Clemency said he saw Haveridge signalling last night and we can hardly doubt his word."

"He lied to me this afternoon," said the girl vehemently, "and I'll not believe this unless I have to. Oh, there goes this light. Why didn't you bring your flash light?"

"Out of batteries," said Robert, his voice plainly troubled. "Well, we'll have to go. Can't do much without a light. I surely wish I——" his words became indistinct as they moved away.

Ralph clenched his hands. "So that's his game, is it? I might know that he wouldn't be away out here if not for some such purpose. But what the dickens is this "diamond crown"? Must be an heirloom. I've got to settle Mr. Clemency and from the looks of things I've got to do it quick."

Ralph had almost forgotten his wound in his eager planning but as he moved back toward the window of his room he realized that he must be careful. What had he bet-

ter do tonight? Should he carry out the bold plan which had been forming in his mind since he had heard the conversation in the wireless house? Yes, he would do it. Tomorrow might be too late and he was certain that he had the main facts of the case "doped out." Then came another idea and he turned and made his way to his old room in the coach house. Going to the table he took something from the drawer and slipped it into his pocket.

Chapter VI

Ralph slipped back toward the house, watching the windows as he approached. There was a light in the library. Who was in there, he wondered. The room was on the first floor so Haveridge looked beneath one of the nearly drawn blinds of one window into the room. Mr. Clemency was seemingly the only occupant of the room. A book was open before him but he seemed to be thinking instead of reading. He was seated before the fireplace at the far end of the large room, at some distance from the farthest window. Ralph wondered if he could possibly get in without attracting the man's attention. What if the window were fastened for the night? Chance favored him, however, for the window was already partly open. As noiselessly as possible, he raised the window, keeping a careful eye on the man at the other end of the room. When he was safely inside, he slipped to the door and bolted it. Then walking swiftly across to Clemency he said easily,

"Good evening, my dear Tom."

Clemency gasped and looked non-plussed.

"Don't get excited, Tom, and look as if you were seeing a ghost," said Haveridge, "though it's certainly no fault of yours that I'm not a ghost, unless perhaps your poor marksmanship."

"I do not understand you," said Clemency coldly, recovering himself.

"Yes, I think you do," retorted Ralph, "If you had stopped to consider, you would have had sense enough to know that I, at least, wouldn't believe that aeroplane story. However, since I'm still here that isn't the most important thing to be discussed. I have a little paper here I would be pleased to have you sign."

"I think I'd better get you back to bed, your mind is wondering," said Clemency,

rising. His voice was calm but Ralph noticed that the hand he started to hold out to him was shaking.

"Sit down, Tom, and I'll explain a few things to aid your memory."

Talking swiftly and concisely Ralph briefly reviewed the incidents which had led to this situation. The other man interrupted a few times but for the most part could do nothing but listen.

"You were always my favorite cousin—and Dad's favorite nephew too, confound you! I made you my confidant from childhood and you knew about as much about our affairs as we did, if not more. Then you got in with a rough set and your allowance wouldn't reach. Things began to look black when you lost so much in that race. You got desperate enough to borrow a little from several different ones. That was easy so you kept on borrowing and then the climax was reached when you couldn't borrow any more. You knew Dad's safe combination so you "borrowed" from him! And then you neatly laid the guilt on me. You had plenty of money so you went to lead a gay life in college under the pretense of becoming a civil engineer.

Dad turned me out and I couldn't find you. About a month ago, I learned where you were and that you were going to spend part of your vacation here. Therefore I came here and hired out as a gardener."

"Where is the point to your little story?" inquired Clemency with attempted sarcasm.

"You are to sign this, as I said before. It is a written confession of your guilt and is to be sent to Dad immediately. You have to sign! See here?" He drew out of his pocket a small revolver with a pearl handle. Clemency leaped for it but Haveridge stepped aside just in time.

"I see you recognize this", he said dryly. "Marie found it near the safe that night and gave it to me, thinking it was mine. I thought nothing of it at that time but later I asked her where she had found it. But by that time you had gone. Now will you sign?"

Clemency did not move.

"You are my cousin, Tom. Because of that and because you used to be my best friend, I am giving you the chance to do this instead of making you face Dad or kill your mother with the publicity of a trial.

Also I will forget about what happened on the hunting trip. You can go tonight, that "called away on business" stuff, you know, and the O'Toole's need never know.

"You are very generous," said Clemency finally, "a good deal more so than I would be under the circumstances but you must believe me when I tell you that I did not intend to kill you in the woods. I only intended to injure you so you would be out of the way until I could help a friend of mine secure the O'Toole's valuable heirlooms. I discovered Bob's old wireless outfit and used that method of signalling to my "pal" in Reilly. I assure you I am not quite so bad as you think. You remember Robinson, don't you? He asked me not long ago to become his partner in that South American scheme of his and I am going to accept this offer and try and make something of myself and I appreciate it more than you will ever know."

After quickly reading the document that Ralph gave him, Clemency signed it and hastily scrawled something else after his name. Then going to the desk, he wrote a note to the O'Tooles which he handed to Ralph.

"Will that do?" he asked. "I think I can catch that 12:20 car if I hurry," he continued, "Goodbye, Ralph. Perhaps we'll meet again. Who knows? For the present, au revoir."

Going to the window he prepared to step out. "You might send my things to Reilly. I'll be there a day or two before leaving with Robinson." Then,—

"I wish you and Cecelia happiness," he added with a queer smile. Seeing Ralph's mystification at his words, he continued, "You see I asked her the all-important question this afternoon and she refused me so you must be the lucky man. Farewell!"

When he was gone, Ralph collapsed into the nearest chair. By determination alone, he saved himself from fainting. He knew he must get back to his room. Could he slip through the halls without being seen? He was afraid he couldn't make it by the window. Carefully he made his way to the door and turning off the light, he started along the hall, to his room. But he had overestimated his strength. Almost to the door, he fell.

It seemed hours later that he awakened in his own room. The nurse was bending over him and someone else was sitting by the bed. It was Cecelia and when she saw his eyes open, she bent forward with a low cry.

"Oh, Ralph, I've been so worried," she cried, then blushing furiously, she drew back.

"Cecelia!" murmured Heveridge, and in the one word he expressed more than might have been said in many. He reached both his arms for her and tried to rise. "Be careful," she warned, "or the nurse will not let me stay any longer."

Ralph leaned back among the pillows but he continued to stare at the girl as if he could not take his eyes away from her sweet face. "Darling," he said at last "there is much to be explained, but can't we leave that until morning. Just now nothing matters except that I love you. Could you learn to love me enough to be my wife some day, Cecelia?"

"I don't need to learn and we'll let the explanations wait," whispered the girl.

(The end)

RIPPLES

Sweater, sweater, sweaters
Sweaters all the rage
Purple sweaters, yellow sweaters
Colors would fill this page.

Agnes had a pink sweater
Kathryn has one too.
June Carroll has a yellow one
And Ev's is peacock blue.

I 'spect the boys are jealous
Cause they don't make their's that
way
But what's the use of worrying,
boys
The fad will change some day.

Dale Stoddard (in Biology) "Is it true that if you eat fat it will make your hair curly?"

Teddy doesn't want to marry Miss Rayburn because she would make him give the hypothesis and conclusion of every meal before she'd let him eat.

LEAP YEAR STORIES

A LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL

Cynthia had been waiting a long time, yes it had been a very long time, at least so it seemed to her. Was he never going to ask her the question that she did so want him to ask her. Yes! she wanted him to ask her that question worse than any other question that she thought a young man would naturally ask a young lady.

No! it didn't look like he was ever going to ask her, because he had been over the night before and all they had talked about was the weather and how nice Jonathan Daly looked in his new Sunday suit. What could she do? She had used all the means by which she thought it possible to bring a man to his knees. Perhaps he wouldn't get down on his knees but he might just sit down on the Davenport (you know a Davenport is much more comfortable than the floor) with her, hold her hand and look into her eyes, and then in that lovely way he had, say,—Well! what would he say? Might be, "Will you help my mother make a quilt?" But that wasn't what was bothering her, it was—How to make her ask him what she wanted him to.

(I beg your pardon, I have not told you who the young lady and young man concerned, are:—She was Cynthia Burns and he was Julius Canterbury. She was 38 and he was 40. She was old-fashioned, so was he. I'm going to leave the rest to your imagination.)

As I said before, Cynthia had used all the means she knew, to bring Julius to ask her the vital question, but so far it had proved to be all a waste of time and patience on her part. But she was not the kind to give a man up as lost, at least not until the charm was gone. So she set her brain to work and tried to think of some way to get her name changed from Burns to Canterbury. She never had liked the name of Burns, but she had always adored long names, and especially Canterbury. Finally she struck upon a happy thought, and a happy thought it was, one in which she was to do all the work, except the accepting. This was the plan: Next Sunday was the first day of the new year, it was the year, 1920, and to 'top' that all off, it

was leap year! The year when the girls had their chance, and Cynthia was one who wouldn't let such a chance slip by, it only came once in four years and her future was in peril. She must take it or be an Old Maid forever.

She laid her plans out very carefully. Julius had asked her to go to the Watch Party at the church Saturday night, of course, it would be the new year when they got home and he would come in,—he always did. Then she would put the question up to him.

At last Saturday night came, bringing with it the loveliest moonlight anyone had seen for months, so Cynthia thought. (Even old maids like a romantic setting and it was certainly given Cynthia in full measure.)

Cynthia seemed very nervous that evening and Julius openly wondered what the matter was. Cynthia merely said that it was so exciting to attend a watch party, when the New Year was to be Leap Year, (she was sure to bring that point in.)

About 11:30 wafers and hot cocoa were served, and by that time, Cynthia was so nervous that it was just by mere luck, that she didn't spill the contents of the cup out in her lap.

As midnight approached, she seemed to be still more nervous, and again Julius asked her if she didn't feel well, and again he received the same answer, with a little more stress on the Leap Year.

Finally the clock struck the hour of midnight. Ten minutes after Cynthia and Julius started the long trudge home thro' the new fallen snow. The moon was under a cloud and Cynthia didn't seem half so romantic as when she started out about four hours before. Maybe it was because Julius was so solemn or was it because the moon had ceased to shine?

When they were within a short distance of her home, Julius suddenly stopped and Cynthia also stopped. He kicked the snow with his left foot and then with his right. It was her turn to ask him what was the matter with him, but she didn't.

Finally with much stuttering and gesticulating he said, "Cynthia, thar is sumthin' I ha' been wantin' to put up to you, but—well,—er, I just haven't. You know I-er-

well-er-I-er-well-you know I have quite a bit saved up and a good home, and it needs someone to oversee it, yes it does, it needs some one to oversee it,—and I been thinkin'-er-well-'Will you have me?' I knowed this is Leap Year, but you see I want you so bad that I just couldn't wait until you asked me. I want your forgiveness, of course."

Cynthia had almost lost her breath, but she finally found enough to say, "Why, I-I, why yes, of course, I'll have you,—wouldn't have no other,—but Julius this is SO sudden."

Then they started on and silence ensued. Finally Cynthia thought it was too silent for such an exciting time, so she said, "Julius, why don't you say something?"

Julius replied in his ever calm manner, "I been thinkin' there ha' been too much said already."

And they lived happily ever after, but whenever a Leap Year comes, Cynthia sort of regretted that she didn't get to do the askin'.

—Mary Reed '21.

A FOUR-SQUARE ROMANCE

"Dear friends, I hope you will begin the New Year right," said Reverend Johnson on the Sunday before New Years, nineteen hundred and twenty.

A small girl possibly seven years of age with long black curls and sparkling eyes, turned an audacious gaze upon a small boy who sat three rows behind her.

The little lad, who did not possess the art of self-control dropped his long yellow lashes and blushed.

"Hey, Bobbie. Fraidy! !" whispered Janie, daringly.

Boby could scarcely endure being called a "fraidy" by Janie at least.

After the service Janie's aunt who was slightly hard of hearing, led Janie out of the church and home, without her being able to torment Bobbie any longer.

As soon as Janie and her aunt reached home Janie began to question her after this fashion.

"Aunt 'Liza, is 1920 Leap Year?"

"Yes, Janie."

"Well, what's Leap Year?"

"A year in which there are three hundred

and sixty-six days," answered Aunt Eliza to the best of her ability.

"What good is it?"

"It's a Godsend to bashful young men," answered Aunt Eliza.

Janie, not finding this a satisfactory definition for so popular a subject, proceeded to "go ask Aunt Margaret." Now Aunt Margaret was a young lady about nineteen years of age who "ought to know."

As soon as possible, Janie ran down the street to a big white house, where she ran in without knocking, and up-stairs to find Aunt Margaret whom she was sure would be reading a novel and nibbling chocolates.

Margaret greeted her with "Run away, dear."

"I'm not dear, and 'sides, I wan 'a know something."

"Well, what is it?" sighed Aunt Margaret.

"What's Leap Year?"

Margaret, wishing to rid herself of the nuisance said, "It's a year when girls propose instead of boys."

This was not a new word to Janie, for she had often heard Aunt Margaret recount her proposals. So she abruptly said, "You gon'na?"

"No."

"Well! I am."

Margaret smiled and turned another page. Janie turned and went down stairs, (or rather, I should say slid down the banisters.)

That evening she strolled by Margaret's home and met one of Margaret's young men.

"Oh, Mr. Bartlett."

"Bless my soul. It's Janie."

"Course it is. But say, Mr. Bartlett," she called to the fast disappearing young man.

"Yes, my dear."

"Will you marry me?"

Mr. Bartlett, in all sincerity, replied, "I'll certainly consider it," and smilingly went on.

In a short time Janie met another "young man," and immediately put the same question to him.

Things went on in this way for about a week, Janie "proposing" to nearly every young man, or boy she met.

On the Sunday evening after New Year's day, Margaret was trying to entertain a parlor full of young men, when one of them

feeling that his proposal had been treated lightly, remarked.

"Miss Margaret, are you trying to make fun of me?"

"Certainly not, why should you think so?" asked Margaret in surprise.

"I met your little niece one day this week and she came tauntingly along and said, 'Will you marry me?'"

Margaret laughed, whereupon a chorus of young voices exclaimed, "Why she said the same thing to me."

Margaret was quite angry, but she managed to laugh with the others.

Soon she and Mr. Bartlett went into the library to search for a book of poems. Upon hearing a queer noise, they crept over to the fire place, and looked over the back of a huge fireside chair, and there, fast asleep, with their arms around each other, sat Janie and Bobbie.

The children both woke with a start, and seeing who it was, Janie said, "Bobbie and I are gon'na get married. Are you?"

Margaret and Mr. Bartlett looked at each other with a knowing light in their eyes, as Janie and Bobbie slipped from the room.

—Ada Robinson '21.

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM TRANSLATED BY A JUNIOR

The second floor corridor is my terror, it maketh me weak,

It maketh me to fall down in horror,

It leadeth me to a still grave,

It overtaketh my soul,

It guideth me straight into the study hall for dear life,

Yea, tho' I walk thru the corridor of death, I shall fear no evil, except one,

Thy pencil and thy paper, they jot me down,

Thou hast prepared me for a seige with mine enemies,

Thou hast annointed my head with stares, my heart boileth over.

Surely horror and submission shall follow me all the days of my life.

And for my wrongs, I shall dwell in the second floor corridor forever.

Amen.

People who put signs on the board do not know how to spell.

WOMEN AND WIRELESS INSTRUMENTS

If your girl talks too long,

—Interrupter.

If she is willing to come half way,

—Meter.

If she will come all the way,

—Receiver.

If she wants to be an angel,

—Transformer.

If she isn't faithful,

—Detector.

If she goes up in the air,

—Condenser.

If she sings wrong,

—Tuner.

If she is away from home,

—Telegrapher.

If she bakes poor bread,

—Discharger.

If her dress unhooks,

—Connector.

If she eats too much,

—Regulator.

If she gossips too much,

—Reducer.

If she fumes and sputters,

—Insulator.

By L. S. '22.

A Fish Story

Mr. Alexander Smith, so it is said, was fishing one day, and while cleaning the fish he detected a peculiar sound in the gill. His curiosity got the best of him and on cutting the gill open, to his surprise he found a gold watch ticking away. He opened the watch and in the back of it found a man's name. Through inquiry he found that this certain man had been there several years ago and now lived in Oklahoma. Mr. Smith wishing to get the watch back to the owner wrote to him and soon received the answer: "Yes, I lost my watch in the lake one day when I was fishing six years ago."

The mystery of the watch still ticking is solved in that the motion of the fish in breathing thru the gill kept the watch continually wound.

Miss Prentice: "Where do we usually find Roman numerals used?"

Arnold: "In Rome."

Miss Prentice: "I never saw them there but you may some day."

STUDENT OPINION

THE QUARTERLY SYSTEM

Is the quarterly system of registration and conduction of school affairs through the entire year to be desired by the pupils of Ames High School?

This is a highly interesting question to many students in the High Schools of today. The crux of this matter is the question of whether vacation in the summer to the average student is more profitable than school work, and whether the difficulties incurred in registration are not poor economy.

Let us consider the last part first. A great many colleges have adopted the four section year. The students are re-registered every three months and school is continuous the entire year. A number, rather startling, of High Schools have adopted the same system. One of the chief faults to be found in this change is that the student is almost at all times involved in the process of registration or in the preparation for, and work of, examinations. It is rather inefficient as regards to the students' working powers, and is apt to cut down on his mental attitude toward his studies.

On the other hand the student who is ambitious, is enabled to go through college with greater speed. He does four years' work in three! Here is the second side of the question as mentioned above. In the summer the average student is either occupied in some line of work or he is resting and re-creating himself for coming labors.

It has been demonstrated elsewhere that the earlier a boy or girl gets started in business after he has acquired an education, so much to the good for him. The party overcomes the hard knocks of business at the most virile time and then is able to take things easier later on, when he is not so active. Now, with the four-quarter system, an ambitious student can get the earlier start

in life, but on the other hand it is a much greater mental strain and nervous exertion than when he has a three months' mental rest during the hot summer.

On the whole, we think that the semester plan as carried out now, with its re-creation in summer and absence of confusion is more desirable. Do we not?

WHERE DOES MY COAT BELONG?

What's the matter with our supervisors of the rest room? During the past couple of weeks there have been enough coats, hats, and books left in the room to have bought a new mirror—(more or less).

Of course, it's true that the supervisors do get an awful—you know—when they hand in a stray garment but don't the sinners know they aren't to leave superfluous property around in public places? If they don't they should. And besides just look what those nickles and dimes will buy for our rest room. Nice new curtains and maybe a new cot cover.

Everybody either keep your coats, hats and books in your lockers or be willing to pay the fines without murderously attacking the innocent, duty-fulfilling girl in charge with a torrent of ding dings.

STUDENT OPINION

America is a free country, and Ames High School is a free school. Yes, I know just what you are thinking about when you read that statement; undoubtedly of the numerous times you have been told not to do so and so because it was against the rules. But rules are necessary. In the best, civilized, organized land there are rules and laws. They are not made to deprive you of your freedom but to give you freedom of peace and happiness. What a country without laws or order would be we can imagine, in a small way, when we read

about some of the riots we have had in our cities. These out-breaks and mob rule are results of disregarded laws.

It is very evident that some of the students in Ames High School favor this form of action. It sounds absurd but it is true. There are pupils in this school who have broken and are breaking a state law as well as the pledge they made to their beloved Alma Mater. The law is section 2182 a Code of Iowa and the pledge is the card they signed at classification time.

Perhaps they don't approve of the law? But is that any sign they should break it? How long would liberty, freedom and happiness last if everybody kept the laws they "took a notion to," and disregarded all the rest. Furthermore if there is any High School student who believes he knows more than the legislature at Des Moines, about what our laws should be we wish he would announce the fact so that the rest of us might appreciate him more.

The legislature doesn't usually do things without reasons. Secret societies in any High School are very undemocratic and do a great deal toward breaking down school spirit. If you are not loyal to the rules of your school you are not loyal to the school itself, or to your classmates. These organizations have a strong tendency of forming cliques and snobbishness and the feeling, "that I'm just a little bit better than the other fellow." There are enough school organizations in Ames High that should have the co-operation of all the students and would have if it were not for the spirit of 'trying to do something and get by with it' that so many of our students have.

You may argue that they have them in college. Of course they do but that is different. In college the majority of students are away from home. They need the home-like spirit, and the best substitute for this is the Sorority and Fraternity house where they may feel at home and not be shut up in one little room. In High School the most of us have our own home to enjoy and our own family to make us happy. Why should we seek to be undemocratic; to disregard laws and pledges and to encourage others to do so. It seems to me that if the students in a town like Ames can not find

enough school organizations to belong to that would tend to make them better citizens, enough class and church organizations to have a good time at and enough studies and home work to keep the rest of their time and thoughts occupied, that there is something seriously wrong with their mechanism.

I would be glad to hear, through the columns of the Spirit, the opinions of others on either side of this question. I feel that this is the best way to shake this question to the bottom and show those who can not or will not see for themselves, what a menace these organizations are to our High School.

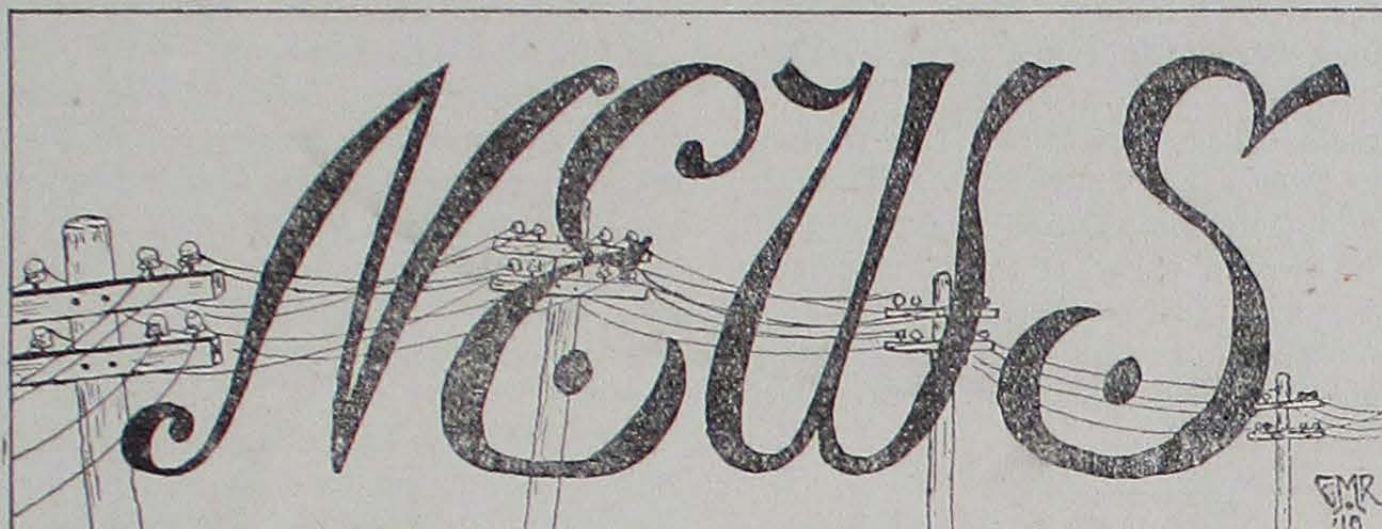
YOU MAKE THIS H. S. BETTER — OR WORSE

The Spirit does need help and deserves help if only "the few" would help. There are quite a few things that could be changed or bettered in this high school. We have had the "Rep" of being one of the best high schools and we want to keep this up by letting outsiders talk well instead of badly of us. One of the things that has been getting worse every day and no one can tell when and how it will end, is that a few of the Senior girls are standing around in the lower hall, leaning on "human leaning posts." They have not gotten the poor little freshman girls started. Instead of setting an example, they make it worse. If the girls only knew how it looked and how people that come in think of it, I do believe they would stop.

How to Make Good Kisses.

To one piece of dark piazza and a little moonlight take for granted two people. Press in two strong hands. A small one. Sift slightly. Add 2 ounces of romance, add a large measure of folly, stir in a floating ruffle. Add one ounce of two whispers, dissolve half a dozen glances in a well of silence. Dust in a small gesture of hesitation, 1 ounce of resistance, 2 ounces of yielding. Place the kisses on a flushed cheek or two lips. Flavor well with a slight scream, set aside to cool. This will succeed in any climate if directions are followed.

N. B. This recipe was written and tested out by Dorothy Dragoun.



SCHOOL NOTES

Camilla Sorenson spent the week end of January 23 in Story City.

Ralph Mayo was sick the week end.

It's queer how Frank Kulow makes two dates and can't keep them both.

Miss Rayburn's pets are sure lucky when it comes to a basket ball game, to get to sit in the janitor's room.

Ruth Miller was out of school last week on account of illness.

Margaret Ringheim and Clarice Ambrose of Nevada visited Wednesday, January 21, with Marian Smith.

Myrna Gray spent Friday and Saturday, January 23 and 24 in Des Moines but was called home Sunday because of the illness of Doris with the "flu."

Mildred Ghrist was out of school last week because of sickness.

Dorothy Smith spent Sunday, January 25, with Marybelle Cure.

Marian Smith and Mildred Gernes spent Tuesday, January 27, in Des Moines

Ferne and Faune Weeks of Indianola, who are students at Simpson, spent the week end with Ila and Lyla French. While here, they attended the Simpson game.

Miss Tenney was absent last week because of illness.

Mrs. Smith taught typewriting and shorthand last week during the absence of Miss Curtiss and Miss Boyd who were both ill.

Mr. Steffey was ill last week with the influenza.

The biology classes did not recite last week because Miss Harper was ill and it was impossible to secure another teacher.

Lillian Sorenson from Colorado has entered Ames High as a Sophomore.

Ruth Johnson was absent from school several days last week on account of illness.

Ward Clark has been absent several days on account of the family being quarantined.

Margaret Cleghorn was on the sick list Wednesday, January 28.

THE GREAT MYSTERY IS SOLVED.

Now we know why Pecky has been walking around the halls like he had lost his last friend. Helen Cupps has the "flu."

Of course you all know Dale Stoddard is rather bashful and one day in 1st period Civics class Miss Britton asked if he was in the 2nd period English class. Dale got fussed and said, "Why, why, I were."

Norman Graves was ill with the flu last week.

Mildred Person was absent from school one day last week as the result of a bad cold.

If Mike Morris were sick would Marybelle Cure?

Some other High School pupils who have been sick with the "flu" are Blanche Belknap, Paul and Earl Downey, Melvina Allen, and Carvel Caine.

Viola Rahe and Hollyce Wallick spent Friday evening at Boone where they attended the Boone dance in the Armory.

SOCIETY NEWS

Miss Helen Welty of Nevada entertained Mildred Gernes and Marion Smith at dinner Friday, January 23.

The eSrago Campfire girls are planning to spend a delightful evening at the home of Mildred Persons Monday, February 2.

The Unaliyi Campfire girls had a Leap Year party at the home of Helen Rogers January 22. Each girl invited a boy, of course, for it wouldn't have been a real leap

year party if they hadn't. Miss Jones and Mr. Kenney were chaperoned home by Elizabeth Hawley.

Margaret Macy entertained her friends at a Leap Year party Thursday, January 22.

Herman Cole entertained a number of girls at a theatre party at the "American" Wednesday night, November 28.

The Tatapochon Campfire held their weekly meeting with Miss Britton in Room 101 on November 28.

"SPIRIT"

!! CARNIVAL !!

Further arrangements are being made for the choosing of the Carnival Queen and everyone is working hard toward making it even a bigger success than last year. Each class will have their stunts as in previous years. "Ted" is working hard on the vaudeville and the Seniors will present a musical comedy. The money will be divided up between the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., "Spirit" and a movie machine.

The Carnival will be held Friday, the 27th, but because of the "flu" it may be necessary to postpone it. However, if school isn't shut down, it will be held on the date announced.

HOBOING IN NORWAY

If some of the absent members of A. H. S. had looked in the window of the depot at Story City Friday, January 30th, anywhere from ten bells to three-thirty in the morning they certainly would have been shocked.

Sitting on the upturned coal-pail, with his head resting in "Bud" Coe's lap, Aubrey Smart slept peacefully. On the scales sat "Bob" very gracefully entwined around his suitcase. Oh, how comfortable "Dutch" looked with his weary little head resting against the back of the soft hardwood seats. He slept very peacefully all the while. Joe was so touched at Dutch's so well filling a Mellin's food advertisement, that he remarked in a shrill staccato tone: "Ah, Mrs. Griffith's little boy is in bed." Oh, how handsome Norman looked sprawled on the floor with his basket ball clothes for a bed, and his suitcase for his head. We all thot it positively horrid of Joe's taking advantage of Norman's having to play, and taking blue-

eyed Elsie to the game. We never knew "Ruf" liked red hair so well.

"Shorty" Mattox looked too comfortable for words especially after Les so tenderly tucked him in and cooed him the lullaby "I love to skate on the ice."

At 11:07 the depot agent gently broke the news that the train was 1 1-2 hours late. Then we all decided to go to sleep and we did (n't).

Everyone was especially shocked at one tow-headed lad and a black eyed lass. Very calmly they slept sitting side by side. Soon the boy's head began to gently sway northward. Finally it rested upon her shoulder. The maiden then boldly dropped her head upon his manly back, and so—they slept. Whether this was premeditated or accidental we still wonder. If "Ick" had seen them there—well poor Alice Wilcox would have felt for Les even if she couldn't have reached him.

The reference (altho we had no further use for him) lay on the floor comfortably squeezed between the suitcase and "Bob"—we never realized before how wide a man could open his mouth.

Eli peacefully slept on Roy's lap dreaming of his friend Moose whom he longed to clasp once more in an (un)friendly embrace.

About a quarter of one the depot agent summoned up courage to tell us the train would be there in three hours and a quarter. "Oh, death, where is thy sting!" At this time we noticed "Fat" and "String" were missing. "Oh where, oh where, had our little boys gone." For the good of all concerned we hoped they went to the hotel.

Words were thrown thick and fast into the air, being occasionally blocked by the ball. Everyone began to get grouchy and funny. Words like these were foremost:

"Oh gosh, kill me while you're at it."

"I'd give a dollar for a bed."

"Get that foot out of my mouth."

"Your legs are choking me."

"Wow, you're no perfect 36, get off."

"Wake up, goodmorning."

"Breakfast—Adam and Eve on a raft, Cackles once over."

"Isn't he cunning?"

"If his mama could only see him now."

All the while Les was singing, which sounded like the lost chord. Dunlap's main

idea was to make us miserable, and oh, how he fired that stove when it was already too hot with about 70 crowded into that small waiting room.

About half past three Joe, Ruf, and Dunlap came running in and yelled "We hear it coming" Talk about excitement and hurrying. We one-stepped to the door, fox trotted outside, and shimmied on the platform waiting for the train to pull up.

At four we reached our own—our native town, at five I believe all of us were dreaming dreams: Ruf of red hair, Joe of big blue eyes, Scoop—how to get even with Joe, Scovel of dear Moose, Les of a mass of brown hair on his shoulder.

Considering the score n'everything it wasn't half bad—maybe some day we'll all go back and take a swim at Comar. We came to the conclusion that A. H. S. has a bunch of good-natured people in it, and if we were marooned on an island, it wouldn't be so worse—because it couldn't be any worse than our wait in Norway's depot.

Classified Section

Anyone having anything to buy or sell, or any personals to be published, please hand them in right away.

Found—That men who chew,

Are men who do—Fat T.

Found—Two 1911 penies. Owner may have same by calling at Mr. Bodwell's office and paying for this "ad."

Found—That school is very tiresome and that lessons are too hard.

—Everyone.

Found—That the second floor corridor is no place for conversation nor business of any sort.—Sufferers who happen along the corridor.

Found—A piece of pickle on the floor near south door of Study Hall. Will owner please call at office for same as there is no cold storage plant in which to preserve it.

Lost — Small boy, brown eyes and brown hair. Answers to the names of Arnold or Fat.—Ted Kooser.

Wanted—To know what kind of a drink it is that is called Cotton Gin. —Joe Bolshevik.

Wanted—A full orchestra for noon dances. —The girls.

Wanted—A girl. Good looking one preferred.—Earl Rayness.

Wanted—Someone that will help us with our algabra and not tell Miss Prentice.—Algebra Students.

Wanted—Everlasting vacation.—Us.

Wanted—More time.—Pupils of the Public Speaking Class.

Wanted—More dates. Please come early and avoid the rush.—Emily Mellor.

THOSE FRESHMEN

Now dear friends of A. H. S.
Please tell us what you'd do,
Without the little Freshmen,
That come, each year, to you?

They wander sadly through the halls.
And to their classmates prate,
"I wonder who that teacher is"
And "Do you 'spose we're late?"

They annoy upper classmen
With remarks, such as these,
"Could you tell me where my room is?"
And "Will you excuse me please?"

Some tread—(not gently) on our toes,
And never glance behind,
But go right on, with daily race,
Against the passing time.

But when it comes to knowledge
We'll admit they have us "beat."
For who's smarter than a freshman,
'Specially when 'I'm sure this is my seat.'

The upper classmen would be blue
If the Preps would go away,
So we must just forgive them,
They'll be Sophs some day.

—A. R.

"Who gave ye th' black eye, Juicy?"
"Nobody give it t' me; I had t' fight fer it."

A visitor, (looking over the classes)
"My, what handsome Seniors!
Goodness, bright looking Juniors, too.
Yes, these Sophomores will be big some day,
—and oh, my, what a cute little flock of
lambs you have! Where on earth did you
get them?"

Organizations

DEBATE

Ames at Ireton

The train started at promptly at 5:40 on Friday morning. We were all there, altho Miss Hiller looked real sleepy but she said she wanted some excitement.

She got it! ! !

We ate breakfast at Eagle Grove and then Miss Hiller told us a story and we worked on debate awhile. Anson was so in the mood of making trite remarks that Miss Hiller had to re-state the three things he was forbidden to do on the trip.

We arrived at Ireton at about 1:45 p. m. and were met by two of the boys and taken to the schoolhouse in a cor. They were very nice to us and yelled for Ames before they did for their own school. We noticed Basket Ball Debate posters all over town. They were to have both girls and boys basket ball games, with Sioux Center, after the debate.

School was dismissed early and we went to our rooms to make up a little sleep before the debate.

We came back to the school house at about 7:30. Two little primary children sang "Smiles" for us and then the debate started. There were about 250 people there which was a very good crowd considering that there are only about 60 in the High school.

Ireton has the Northwest District Debate Championship for 1919 and they won from us but we gave them a good scrap anyway. They had an advantage over us because their High School gave them a strong backing.

Miss Hiller's old home was not far from Ireton so we decided to wait until the afternoon train in order that she might visit it.

Saturday morning we went to Hawarden to take in the sights. Miss Hiller went out to her old home and saw many of her old

friends. Helene was still talking about that Ireton boy. You might ask her about it.

In our wanderings in the afternoon we started to walk out to the Missouri river which was about half a mile from there, but Alford decided it was too cold to commit suicide so we came back. As usual he supplied us with "prep" remarks until train time.

At four o'clock Saturday afternoon we left Hawarden and started home, arriving at Ames shortly after midnight, so you see we were quite sleepy Sunday.

Altho this finishes the debating season for us this year we hope that Ames will go in strong for it next year. It seems that when a small school like Roland or Ireton can have as many and more in the tryouts than Ames High, there is something wrong. Those who stayed in until the finish received a great benefit and pleasure for their work. Make up your mind to go in for it next year and stick to it to the finish.

DID YOU KNOW

that approximately only 10 percent of the boys in Ames High School are backing the Hi 'Y' Club? Why is it? What is the matter with us anyway? Don't we know a good thing when we see it?

There are innumerable ways of looking at the matter. Here is one:—We all back Athletics. We do it because they are interesting and good for us. If we can't play on the teams we are on the side lines yelling our heads off. It is all well and good that we should back Athletics—but here is another organization in the school that equally deserves your backing. It is the Hi 'Y'.

Have we ever stopped to think that a man in order to be a "whole man" must be developed in four ways; Physically, Mentally, Spiritually, and Socially. Well, when we go out for Athletics we are developing just

one fourth of ourselves. The studies in school develop a fourth, and the associations and school affairs also develop a fourth. But still there is one part left untouched. That other part is the main object of the Hi 'Y' (to develop the Spiritual side). Say fellows, are we going to be only half of a man? Some say, "No". Let's all say, "No".

That isn't the only object of the 'Y' tho; it includes in its program all of those four points. It has a big job and needs all the encouragement and backing that we could possibly give it.

Here is another way of looking at this matter. Some day when we get through High School and College we are going to want a job. We will want a job someplace with a chance for advancement, with responsibility and with good pay. Perhaps that job will be in a bank or with a large corporation. When we apply we will be asked for references. Well, as we are just starting out we will have to refer them to men back home or some of our school teachers. The man to whom you apply is going to write to those men and teachers and ask questions we hadn't expected. Perhaps it will be a sort of a questionnaire with questions in it something like this:—"Was the applicant out for athletics in your school? Was he a willing worker? Was he loyal? Did he have enthusiasm? Was he a leader? Did he go to Sunday School, to Church, or Y. M. C. A.?" That old school teacher is going to give you a square deal. He will answer the questions. When he comes to the last one (Did he go to Sunday school, Church, or Y. M. C. A.?) he will answer "No, not to to speak of." Well, the chances are we won't get the job. The man may tell us why. He will say, "Well, it is just this way, I want a man with a very high character for this job. A man with a character built on a solid foundation. He must have started when he was a boy to build that character. Right here, fellows, is where we had better begin to wake up. We do not wish to be caught. The Hi 'Y' wants to help us build our characters, so let's give them a chance.

Let's look the matter squarely in the face fellows, and decide why we haven't been backing the 'Y'. Isn't it just this, it is not

quite the popular thing to go to the meetings and stand back of the fellows who are promoting the organization? Are we afraid of being laughed at? Let us hope not. Don't a lot of us regard the fellow that goes to Sunday school and 'Y' and who is doing his best to be of service to others as sort of 'sissies' or 'Sunday School Boys' as we sometimes say. But it is an unfair lie. The fellow who goes to Sunday school and 'Y' and is doing his best to accomplish something and be of service to others is ten times the man a star athlete only or one of us would-be toughs are.

Let's put our school on the map as being the cleanest school of all. We owe it to the school, the community, the world, and ourselves. Let's pay the debt, fellows. We can start by going to the meetings.

MUSICAL

A Grand and Glorious SUCCESS

The Musical given in the High School Auditorium Wednesday evening, January 21, 1920, under the direction of Mr. Stoddard was a great success from every standpoint.

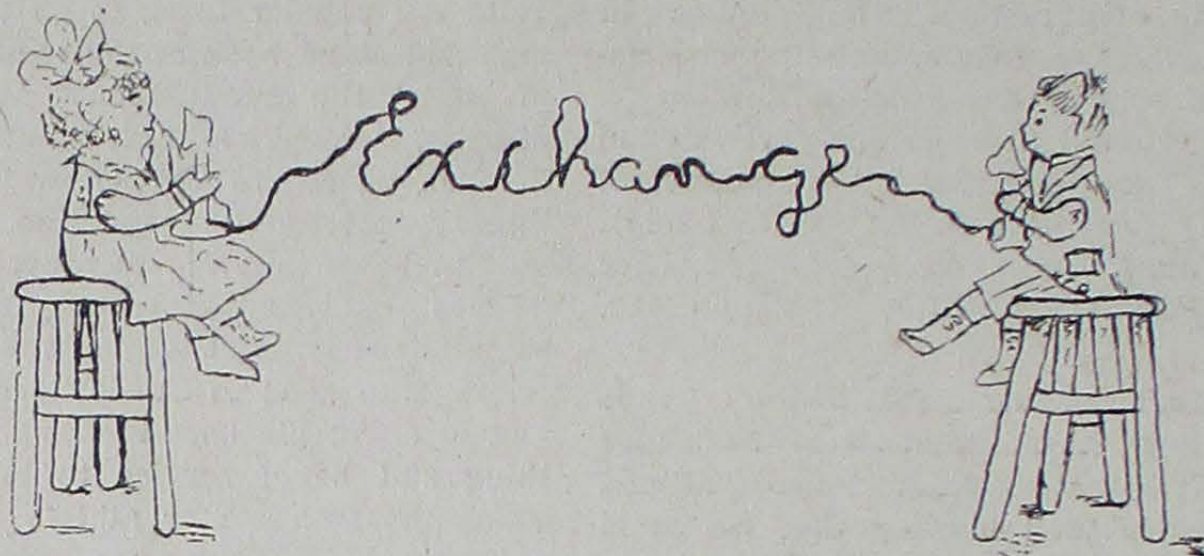
All students in the Ames public schools taking music under Mr. Stoddard, were represented, from the little first graders to the dignified seniors. Because of sickness and other various reasons the full 600 students were not present, but there were enough to show the community what is being done in the way of chorus, band, and orchestra.

The auditorium was literally "packed". Even little June Miller had to sit on the steps. An admission of fifteen cents and twenty-five cents was charged, bringing in nearly \$140.00. This money goes into the music fund and is to be used by Mr. Bodwell for music work as he sees fit.

Everybody thoroughly enjoyed the evening. It not only entertained but also demonstrated the talent we have in our own community, and what Mr. Stoddard is doing for our children who are fortunate enough to be under his direction.

A Hebrew Prayer:

"Oh, Lord give us this day something for nothing so we can sell it and make a profit."—Dairy Farm News.



"HERE AND THERE"

The list of exchanges has increased quite rapidly. "The Spirit" now has many fine papers to refer to and many of the surrounding High Schools in, and outside the state, have an idea of the publication of Ames High School.

Some of the publications, the most prominent and useful, are the following:

"The Echo", Luverne, Minn. You have a fine, newsy, educating paper. We wish you success in your work.

"The Echo", Fairmont, Minn. Three copies of this "Echo" have been received and are very excellent papers.

"Simpsonian", Indianola, Ia. Up to its old standard.

"Pebbles", Marshalltown, Ia. A fine, interesting magazine.

"Dart", Ashtabula, Ohio. One of the best papers in evidence so far. You do fine work.

"Newtonian", Newton, Iowa. A paper worth studying.

"Little Dodger", Fort Dodge, Iowa. A very excellent, instructive, newsy publication. Ames remembers you well.

"Bumble B", Boone, Iowa. An artistic and interesting magazine. However, we have a bit to say. We advise that you do not allow your school "spirit" to show in your publications. We don't see the point of slandering a patriotic effort.

"Torch", Doylestown, Pa. Your paper is very interesting. We appreciate your exchange.

"Railsplitter", Lincoln, Ill. A mighty fine paper. Please continue your exchange.

"Tatler", West Des Moines. A most worthy work of art and journalism. Your exchange is to be greatly desired.

"Otaknam", Mankato, Minn. A lively, fine paper.

Philo Phonograph", Sac City, Ia. Shows a fine knowledge of journalism. A good paper to use as an example.

"The Spectator", Waterloo (West), Ia. Of the best.

"Elgin Mirror", Elgin, Ill. Your paper is fine as a news carrier and organ for the High School.

"Clintonian", Clinton, Ia. We would like to hear more from you, Clinton. We appreciate your paper.

"F. H. S. Vacuum", Fairfield, Iowa. One of the liveliest, most interesting papers we have. Mighty fine for a small city.

There are many other papers of equal merit. We can learn things from all of them. The exchange is a mighty fine institution in a school paper because of its possibilities for the improvement of a publication.

Again, pupils of Ames High, we remind you that the exchanges received from other schools can be found in the outside office. Read them. They are both interesting and instructive.

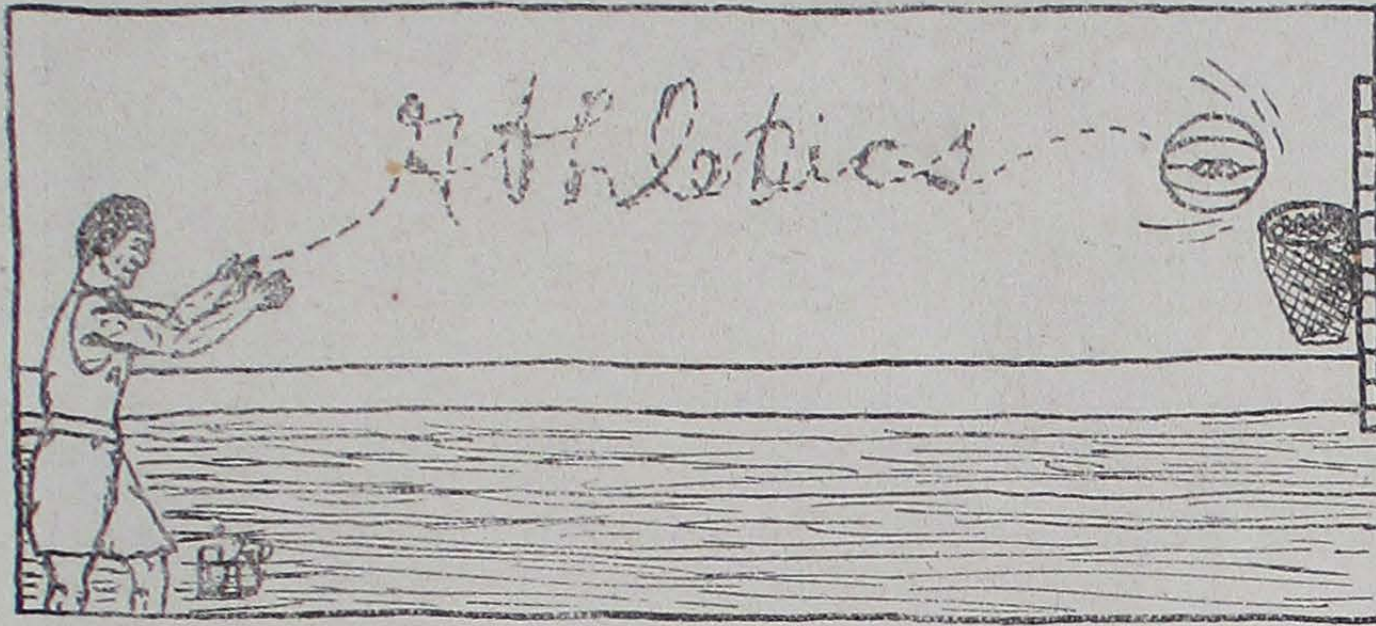
To the high schools we touch: We wish you success in the coming year.

Faults

Women's faults are many
Men have only two—
Everything they say
And everything they do.

Prep(inCivics) "I heard that the more you studied the lower grades you got."

Little boy across the aisle: "Huh, you must'a studied awful hard."



BASKETBALL REVIEW

AMES TOSSERS SQUASH NEVADA FIVE

Oh boy, what a fight—but we got by fine, didn't we, with a victory of 30-17? Did you take notice how we did our shooting when we got started. Oh boy! We are putting the cart before the horse—so let's start over again.

Wasn't that some tussel? Neither team could cage a basket from any distance until Corneliussen began to feel lucky and dropped the ball thru the right hole—didn't it seem that the basket moved clean away when the ball was shot at it, and when Boller shot that long basket where were our hearts until Les and Elliot had time to toss its mate? But it was really a good game though, wasn't it? Well matched teams 'n everything. But our boys had to get rough once in awhile and the umpire had to give the Nevadians free throws, most of which were successful—not!

Say, men, when they came near Scovel, didn't he send them a ways? But it really looked serious until the last half when our boys came back with the old zip, didn't it? But even then it kept us guessing.

And if it hadn't been for the excellent floor work of our team we wouldn't have come home with the same song on our tongues. But our team did show excellent floor work and we did come home with nine "rahs" for the team.

Thompson's coaching and the stiff practice games our aggregation had been put through sure showed up remarkably well in this game. Every player showed the most

consistent playing that he had this season. Hoon's ability at handling the ball along with his "side-klcker" Elliot put the on-lookers on their toes. Nevada's hopes for a bright season must have been somewhat smothered after that night's battle and also we see that their kindling wood remained unburned. However, we suppose that a good game is in stall for us when Nevada comes back at us with the large representation and pep that we took over there.

Line-up and Summary.

Ames		Nevada
Pennett	RF	Banks
Les Hoon	LF	McCord
Corneliussen	C	Smith
Scovel	LG	A. Kress
Elliot	RG	Boller

Substitutions: Ames, Smart for Bennett, Gore for Smart; Nevada, Finn for Smith.

Field goals: Ames, Bennett 2, L. Hoon 3, Corneliussen 2, Elliot 5; Nevada, Boller, Finne 3.

Free tosses: Ames, Elliot 6; Nevada, Boller 7, McCord 2.

Umpire: Stahl of Drake.

GIRLS MEET DEFEAT AT NEVADA

Altho we basket ball girls got beaten—slightly—at Nevada January 23, we do not regret having gone for we all had a good time. We were very sorry that two of our best players, Blanche Belknap and Ruth Walker were unable to play, but we had some good substitutes to put in their places and we started out for Nevada with high hopes and much excitement. Getting stuck in snow drifts only added to the fun and we



OUR CHAMPIONSHIP FOOTBALL SQUAD

Top row: left to right, L. Hoon, Corneliussen, Brooks, Fitch, Carey, Thornburg, Carter. Middle row: Dunlap, Kinkaid, Van Epps, Carberry, Coe, Gore, Posegate, Jackson. Lower row: Corbin, Bennett, Elliot, Coach Thompson, Captain Anderson, Griffith, R. Hoon, Scovel. Below: Meyers, Smart.

finally reached our destination. The Nevada girls were very anxious to begin playing and we were soon on the floor.

The line-up was:

Irene Dewey—Jumping center.

Jeannette Kheul—Side center.

Ruth Confare—Forward.

Joan Parsons—Forward.

Kathryn Smutz—Guard.

Josephine Maronie—Guard.

We are not saying anything about the Nevada team—altho we have our own opinion—it is enough to say that the score stood 32 to 4 in favor of Nevada at the end of the game. I don't think any of us felt very badly about our defeat for we knew all the time that we were going to get beat. Now we are looking forward to the time when we can play them on our own floor and we think that they will "be surprised".

CYCLONES ROMP JEFFERSON

Despite the fact that our team had a tough scrap with Nevada Friday evening, they were able to marshall their forces and clean Jefferson the next afternoon, with a score of 23-14. Jefferson likewise won a game the night before, thus making it some what easier for our team to win.

In three plays, Elliott had caged a basket then another—and Jefferson made one. Hoon did his part as did all the rest of the team and Scovel destroyed Jefferson's teamwork many times when it would have resulted in another basket for them had he let them alone. Contrary to the luck in the game with Nevada, Elliott had unusually good luck in connecting with the basket and at times it seemed that the basket would leap right out and catch the ball on some of his long shots.

During the first few minutes of play Ames piled up 15 points; Jefferson 3. Tho the westerners played a close guarding game, they were unable to help the local forwards and right guard from dropping the ball thru the hoop while guards Elliot and Scovel proved effectual stops for Jefferson's forwards. The Jefferson team fought to the end but their poor team work and inability to place baskets spelled defeat for them. Not once after Ames had piled up 4 field goals did the game look serious for us.

The game was not very well attended,

owing to the game at Nevada the night before and the great drain on the finances of many caused by the trip.

Line up and Summary

Ames		Jefferson
Bennett	RF	Schoppe
Hoon	LF	Younge
Corneliussen	C	F. Schoffer
Scovel	LG	R. Smille
Elliott	RG	Jen Kense

Substitutions: Ames, Smart for Bennett, Gore for Elliott, Armstrong for Hoon; Jefferson, J. Shaffer for Young.

Field goals: Ames, Bennett 1, L. Hoon 3, Corneliussen 1, Elliott 5; Jefferson, Young, Schoppe, Jen Kens 2.

Free tosses: Ames, Hoon 1; Jefferson, J. Shaffer 2, Young 3, Schoppe 1.

Umpire: Harper of I. S. C.

AMES HIGH BEATS STORY CITIANS

Local Five Outplay Their Opponents and Pile Up Score 29-9.

By the Editor.

Out playing the Story City team in all stakes of the contest, our players decisively downed them for the second time this season. Due to the fact that the floor was strange, small, and the ceilings were low, the players did not get a very good start but soon got acquainted with their surroundings and rang up a few. Elliot was there with his keen eye for baskets and Scovel with the old "punch." Both teams suffered heavily throughout the game from penalties. Story City failed to gain a field goal in the first half and held down the small end of the score 12 to 2 when the half ended.

In the second half the Story City quintet put on an additional burst of speed which was in vain. Inability to register the ball and to make clean passes lost the game for them. Corneliussen, center for the locals, was responsible for a large majority of the tallies recorded by the winners. Musland of Story City played a fast game, but got out of step when he was hitting his stride the highest, and was asked to leave the game along without our standing guard. However, an equal amount of honor is due the rest of our squad for their floor work. Several substitutions were made for both

teams, Hoon being the only Ames tosser to play the full game. As the game drew to a finish the Story team was allowed to flip a couple of baskets which put their score up to 9 while several free throws and field goals were made by Ames as the Story City defense began to crumble.

Line-up and Summary.

Ames		Story City
Hoon	LF	Hanson
Benett	RF	Sevard
Thornburg	C	Musland
Scovel	LG	Stark
Elliot	RG	Larson

Substitutions: Ames, Smart for Beniett, Corneliussen for Thornburg, Dunlap for Scovel, Tostlebe for Smart, Smart for Elliot, Story City, Overland for Musland, Larson.

Field goals: Ames, Elliot 5, Smart, Corneliussen 3, Tostlebe, Bennett; Story City, Hanson, Overland.

Free throws: Ames, L. Hoon 3; Story City, Musland 4, Larson 1.

LOCAL QUINTET BATTLES COLLEGE FRESHMEN

By the Editor

As a curtain raiser to the Iowa State-Simpson game last Saturday afternoon Thompson's five played the college preps in a speedy game but lost to the tune of 27 to 16. This game was substituted for the Ames-Council Bluffs game which was cancelled by the latter team.

The High School players were in poor shape for this game due to the fact that they had played the night before and had had very little sleep as the train they returned on was four hours late. The Freshmen showed up splendidly, working the ball down the floor with ease and accuracy. The high school players put up a scrap to the finish but failed to bust up easily the team work that their opponents made use of. Benett made a couple of pretty feild goals tipping the ball through the ring at difficult angles. They displayed fine floor work but were often guilty of throwing the ball away. "Pinky" Green of the prep squad made use of varied basket ball tactics and opened the eyes of the players as well as the spectators.

Scovel fought like a demon and kept the score down as well as could be expected.

The Ames team was at a great disadvantage on the big floor and with the more experienced and able players to compete with.

The game, however, has nothing to do with our season's records and may merely be called a practice game. Our line up was as follows: Hoon, L. F.; Bennett, R. F.; Corneliussen, C.; Scovel, L. G.; Elliot, R. G.; Smart was substituted for Bennett and Thornburg for Corneilussen, who shifted to Elliot's position.

AMES LOSES TO BOONE

Inability to Register Baskets Brings Defeat to Local Team.

Boone Hi basket ball team defeated the Ames five in a hard-fought basket ball game on our home floor, by a score of 20-15. The Boone quintet led from the first. Moran tossed in a ringer, Elliot caged two free throws, Moran followed out, then Grant tossed a ringer.

The gym had the largest crowd so far during the season. People were crowded in on all four sides of the gym and balcony. Les Hoon who ruined Boone in football played a great game but seemed unable to meet the hoop. Ames lost their horseshoe or something, for not a member of the team had much luck on either short or long baskets. Moran of Boone was the star for Boone High and had exceptional luck in the caging of long baskets and free throws, while Corneliussen and Hoon starred for Ames in excellent floor work.

For the full tussel the game seemed not cinched, but belonged to anyone who could fight for it. The first round of the clean battle ended with Boone on the slightly heavy end of the score. The Ames quintet came back the second half with the old zip and were able to run up three field goals before Boone could bat an eye. Both teams were in excellent condition, only one substitution being made during the whole game, Green for Thompson who was forced to leave the game, having had his full quota of personal fouls.

The Ames quintet did not lose their old pep once during the whole game, not even at the last when defeat seemed inevitable. With a last spurt during the last half Ames once led by four points but allowed Boone to get thru and again gain an upper hand.

This was a bitter cup to drink but Ames drank it without a word and there was no tussel between halves or after the game as was the result when we defeated Boone on the gridiron.

Line-up and Summary.

Ames-15		Boone-20
Hoon	LF	Moran
Bennett	RF	Thompson
Corneliussen	C	Moore
Scovel	LG	Grant
Elliot	RG	Lamb

Substitutions: Boone, Green for Thompson.

Referee—Harper of Iowa State College.

Field goals: Hoon 3, Corneliussen 1, Elliot 1; Boone, Thompson 8, Moran 1, Grant 1.

Free throws: Elliot 5 and Thompson 3.

LET US YELL

Say folks, don't we want some yells once in awhile at our games? It seems to lots of us that the yelling has been pretty scarce for our peppy Basket ball games. At the Jeferson-Ames game they were an absolute blankety-blank-blank-BLANK! ! !

We wonder what the Jefferson bunch thinks of our lack of "pep" in encouraging our snappy team. We can just hear 'em say "Ames is fast in the game, but their yelling is pretty punk!" Awful, ain't it?

The trouble is not a lack of yells, for as my pen is scratching away, I think of at least a dozen good, snappy ones. Some of 'em are old, but what's the diff, they are good and peppy anyhow. We kids are only too glad to rattle 'em off when (?) we get the chance.

As "Bob" says, "The yelling is a big factor in deciding the score." Let's let the team know that we are behind them, and they will fight all the harder. So, come on, let's go!

We can, we can,
We know we can;
We can, we can,
We MUST! !

We can, we can,
We know we can;
We'll give our yells,
Or BUST! !

HUMOR

Willie had upset his toy that he got for Christmas.

"Now ain't that a h—of a note!"

Mother: "Willie! Haven't I told you befoee that you should not say aint."

A New Sort of Geography

"How much did Philadelphia Pa?

How much does Cleveland O?

How many eggs could New Orleans La?

Whose grass did Joplin Mo?

What was it made Chicago Ill?

'Twas Washington D. C.

She would Tacoma Wash in spite
Of Baltimore M. D.

You call Minneapolis Minn.

Why not Annapolis Ann?

If you can't tell the reason why
I bet Topeka Kan.

Who was it lent Nashville Tenn?

When he was nearly broke?

Could Noah build a Little Rock Ark.

If he had no Guthrie Ok?

Would Denver Colo. cop because
Ottumwa Ia. dore?

For though my Portland Me. did love
I threw my Portland Ore."

Freddy—(who has eaten his apple) Let's
play at Adam and Eve.

Millie—How do you do that?

Fredy—You tempt me to eat your apple
and I yield.

Examinations, The Answers.

On Physiology.

Wind is air in a hurry.

The anatomy is divided into three parts.
The head, the chist, and the stummick. The
head contains the eyes and brains, if any.
The chist contains the lungs and a piece of
the liver. The stummick is devoted chiefly
to the bowels of which there are five: a, e,
i, o, u, and sometimes w and y.

Nicotine is so deadly a poison that a drop
on the end of a dog's tail would kill a man.
Vapor is dried water.

Gravitation is that which if there were
none we should all fly away.

"I shall be tempted to give you a stiff ex-
amination."

"Yield not to temptation."

—Ex.

**"GIGGLE QUICKS"**

Norma in Advanced Arithmetic: "I wish I could change my seat. This one is broken."

Pecky: "Come over and sit with me."

We wonder what Roy B. and Helen C. would say to that.

A Snappy Story

"What became of that greyhound you had around here?"

"Killed himself."

"Really?"

"Yes. He tried to catch a fly on the small of his back and miscalculated. Bit himself in two."

Special Item

Corporal Wilma L. Rayburn believes in Military Discipline in her Latin classes. The only consolation the students have is thinking of how proud they will be their wounds and service stripes next June. At the present writing the Caesar people are hawking for their uniforms.

Emily was giving her talk in English V when she decided to use a man by the name of "John Manners" in her romance.

She gave her thoughts away, however, when she said "John Meyers." Now we wonder if John is the fifth.

He: "Dearest, will you be mine?"

She: "Oh, Yes."

Long, long silence.

She: "Why don't you say something, dear?"

He: "I've said too much already."

SOMETHING TO READ ALOUD

Give he'd! Isle now reel eight a tail

A bout a sir tin buoy,

Who took his gneiss gnu would den slay

Up hill with pried and joy.

A lass, a cross thee rowed bee low

His may den aunt past buy;

The slay flue sighed wise from its coarse

Two bumper inn thee I!

Inn pane she stag gird two her feat,

Disk on soul eight and pail,

And rent the heir with few till sound

Of wiled reap roach full wale.

"Its thyme wee nay boars wood come plane

Of awl thee things ewe dew!

Isle tell ewer pay rents what yew've dun,—

They'll beet ewe black and blew!"

Four an sir he maid pity us plea:

"Fore give, owe theirs a deer!

Weed knot have had this axe eye dent,

If ide scene yew were hear!"

As in a days she herd hymn threw,

"Eye've knot bin fare," she side;

Buoys mused bee buoys, weir all ways
toll;

He kneads sum plaice to slide!"

Sew, see sing two reek rim inn eight,

Know mow meant did she waist;

"Sea cure ewer slay! Weal pullet up!"

She cried, and four word paste.

Thee hillsighed then thee to did clime,

As she'd maid upper mined;

"Joust hay sen, deer!" come man dead she,

"Isle holed wright on bee hind!"

Valentines--Valentines

A BOX OF GOOD CHOCOLATES MAKES THE MOST APPROPRIATE
AND WELCOME GIFT

WELCOME VALENTINE

Several Good Lines to Select From

GODARD'S GIFT SHOP

A GIRL'S LIFE AT SCHOOL

Sitting in school—all is silent,
Supposed to be studying, but cannot,
Because my thoughts are far away,
Remembering things of yesterday.
Then comes my turn to recite
And I try with all my might

Try Kong Krome

SOLE LEATHER FOR
HALF SOLES
TWICE THE WEAR

Roup's Shoe Shop

EAT

AT

PURTIAN Restaurant

North Side Main St.
Ames, Iowa

To remember what my book said, ,
In shame and regret my face turns red.
And I stammer, my eye-lids flutter,
As I say, "I don't know."
And the teachers just W-O-N-'T
understand, too.
They keep saying, "Yes, you do!"



WHY WORRY?

Let Us Do The
Worrying

We are experts at fitting Shoes on Young People and we sure have
the real things to fit you with. If you don't believe it give us a
trial.

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Ames, Iowa

Room 20, Masonic Temple



**FITS-U
WINDSOR**
EYEGLASSES
My prescription

**Eyes
Tested**

Satisfaction

Guaranteed
L. C. TALLMAN
Optometrist

"Miss Jane, did Moses have the same afterdinner complaint my papa's got?" asked Percy of his governess.

"Gracious me, Percy! Why do you ask, dear?"

"Well, the bible says here that the Lord gave him two tablets."

A girl reading in a paper that fish was an excellent brain food wrote to the editor: "Dear Sir: Seeing as you say how fish is good for the brains, what kind of fish shall I eat?"

"Dear Miss: Judging from the composition of your letter I should advise you to eat a whale."

Teacher: "How many wars had we with England?"

Pupil: "Six."

Teacher: "Name them."

Pupil: "One, two, three, four, five, six."

Juicy Jewell is carrying an expanded right optic. How came Juicy?

DON'T FORGET HOWARD ADAMS

FRESH CANDY SALTED NUTS
POPCORN BALLS, ETC.
EVERY DAY

ALSO ICE CREAM AND COLD DRINKS

Quick Service is Our Hobby

HOWARD ADAMS

In Civics class they were discussing the comparative amount of labor done around home by boys and girls. Dale Stoddard was declaring,

"Aw, girls don't have anything to do at house-cleaning time. We have to beat the rugs and wash windows and—"

"Well, I wish you'd come over and clean house with me!" burst out Grace Stevens.

"Faith, Mrs. O'Hara, how d'ye till them twins apart?"

"Aw, 'tis aisy—I sticks me finger in Dinis's mouth, an' if he bites I know it's Moike."

Miss Tenny: (in Library) "I'm going to take everyman out of here."

Miss Kelley: "Go ahead, I don't want 'em."

What's the matter, Pecky? You didn't keep your football very long.

Dancing's lots of fun at noon,
Awful so;
When you hear the music croon,
Feet go,
Music seems to sway you round
That's true,
Nothing seems so sweet a sound
Oh you
Dancing, dancing, dancing,
It's you I'm fancying.

Value and Economy in Shoes

You'll get value—yes extra value in a pair of Ames Bootery shoes. They give you all the desirable advantages of good quality, good style and good fit—
They'll give you "more miles per shoes"—more days of wear—genuine economy and satisfaction.

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TOILET ARTICLES
 adapted to all needs. If you need something in this line, see us before buying
LOWRY PHARMACY
THE REXALL STORE
 We maintain the Rexall High Standard in all our goods

Oh, surely life's troubles would be small,
 if it were not for the restrictions in the
 hall.

Marion Smith over at Home Ec.
 "Shall we put our bones in the garbage
 can?"

Some Latin to translate
 "Caesar sic decat on decur; guessi lictum."

For a Complete Line of
STATIONERY
 and
SCHOOL SUPPLIES
 Go to
Judisch Bros.

Parsons
 for
HARNESS and
AUTO TOP REPAIR
 South Side Main St.
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Did you ever see Cleo L. trying to vamp
 Roy B.?

HACK! HACK!
FOR THE
CARNIVAL!!

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FRESH AND SALT MEATS, POULTRY
Fish and Oysters in Season
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AMES, IOWA

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A PLEASURE TO SHOW GOODS

PHONE 124

Ames, Iowa

We Like the Spirit of the High School Young People

We like your sportsmanship and athletic ability and we like to see you dressed right.

There is one place that we think we can do our part and this spring better than ever.

Complete outfits for the boys whether he wears knickerbockers or long trousers.

Just as complete outfits for the young ladies and we have bought for spring with the intention of pleasing YOU.



The Tilden Store Co.

THE SPIRIT

"SAY BO! DAT ERE CARNIVAL AM DIS EVENUN."

VOL. IX

AMES HIGH SCHOOL, FEBRUARY 27, 1920

CARNIVAL SPECIAL—NO. 10

GREATEST OF ALL CARNIVALS HERE TONITE

INDIANOLA FALLS BEFORE AMES

Playing before a very large crowd the Ames five whipped the Indianolians to the tune of 22 to 12. Although Ames was the victor in the end, they were so only after a very hard fought battle on a floor even bigger than that of the college. The loss of a battle with Boone was too much for the Indians. Indianola played a clean fair game as also did our team, and only a few fouls were made. Elliott and Scovel played their guards wonderfully. Ames was handicapped by not being used to the larger floor, on which the opposing team practiced every night.

Elliott usually succeeds in caging a good number of baskets, but he was guarded so closely that he was unable to slip more than two baskets.

All the substituting was done by the Ames team. All of the squad who were there, got to play.

It is rumored that if the Ames five handled the ball as well and showed as much fight as they did down there, that our quintet will be as successful in the other remaining games.

A large part of the crowd were college students, who cheered both for Indianola and Ames. So both of them were cheered on, but we gained the victory.

Line-up and Summary.

Ames 22		Indianola 12
Hoon	LF	Mitchell
Bennett	RF	Nichols
Corneliussen	C	Baldwin
Elliot	RG	Graves
Scovel (C)	LG	Stelle
	F	Scroggs

Substitutions: Ames, Gore for Elliott, Smart for Bennett.

Field goals: Ames, Hoon 5, Corneliussen 1, Elliott 2, Scovel 1, Gore 1; Indianola, Graves 1, Stelle 3, Scroggs 1.

Free throws: Ames: Hoon 2; Indianola: Graves 2.

Referee—Hendrickson of Simpson.

SAY BO! DEM MINSTREL GUYS SHO' AM GONNA BE GREAT AT DE CARNIVAL!

AMES HIGH WHIPS PERRY AGGRESSION

Perry High School's basket ball team took defeat at the hands of the Ames High's team.

The Perry team play and practice in a cracker-box that they call a gymnasium. The "gym" was packed with people, and with a poor referee, the game was anything but interesting. Then to top it all off, the space between the roof and floor was only fifteen feet and so considerable trouble was experienced in shooting

AMES SECONDS LOSE GAME TO TOLEDO

The Ames High seconds lost a game with Toledo Friday, February 20.

All thru the game both teams fought, but Ames was playing against a team that had had a whole season of practice and playing behind it. However, at that our team held their opponents exceptionally well. Dunlap, our guard has had one year of experience, playing a good game. He kept his man from getting very many baskets. Tostlebe, center, had exceptional luck in caging baskets during the final half, and had little difficulty in out jumping his man.

Twice during the game our squad led by three points and the last time, we led until the last two minutes of play. Then Toledo broke lose and ran up six points which left us in the lurch.

Many of our points were made on free throws by Armstrong. Armstrong played a fast game and handled the ball well, as also did Coe.

The squad was at a loss because of lack of endurance as was noted by those who witnessed the game. However, they will endeavor to get in better shape before taking any more teams on for a scrap. But, they did their best, which looked for awhile as if it would be enough.

Line up and Summary.

Ames		Toledo
Armstrong	LF	Hall
Coe	RF	Poole
Tostlebe	C	Dupre
Thornburg	RG	Smith
Dunlap	LG	Kupra

Substitutions—Ames: Griffith for Thornburg, Carter for Dunlap.

Field goals—Ames: Thornburg 3, Armstrong 2, Tostlebe 2; Toledo: Hall 1, Dupre 1, Poole 8.

Free throws—Ames: Armstrong 3; Toledo: Hall 3.

baskets. However, the Ames quintet came thru as usual altho they couldn't do their best under such conditions. All the team was in good condition but Scovel, who was unable to go with the squad.

Ames	Line up	Perry
Bennett	LF	Reel
Hoon	RF	Veatch
Corneliussen	C	R. Rolleston
Elliott	RG	Blanchard
Gore	LG	Nolan
Smart	LF	W. Rolleston

Summary

Field goals—Ames: Hoon 4, Elliott 5, Bennett 3, Corneliussen 1; Perry: Reel 3, Veatch 2, R. Rolleston 2, Blanchard 2, W. Rolleston 1.

Free throws—Ames: Hoon 2, Corneliussen 1; Perry, Veatch 1.

GIRLS AGAIN DEFEATED BY NEVADA

The return game between the Nevada and Ames girls was staged in our High School gymnasium last Friday night at 7:30 o'clock. Nevada was evidently "raring to go" for several of their girls arrived early in the afternoon and visited school with some of their friends.

Our girls were in fair trim for the game but of course nothing at all as compared to the Nevada girls. They had played a game each week since we went over there on the 23rd of January, while we had played none. Our practices had been faithfully attended by all, most of the time, but due to failure on the part of the coach to appear once or twice we feel that they were not all that they might have been.

The line up was as follows:

Ames: Jumping center, Irene Dewey; side center, Jaunita Kuehl; Forward, Blanche Belknap; Forward, Ruth Confare; Guard, Ruth Walker; Guard, Garnet Ellet.

Substitutions were: Kathryn Smutz for Ellet; Joan Parsons for Belknap; Josephine Maroney for Smutz.

The final score stood at the end of the game, 21 to 6 in favor of our opponents, of course. But we were glad to get to play and so took the defeat as a matter of course and went smiling on our way.

COME 'ERE! ! LISTEN! ! I'SE TELLIN' YOU NOW, NOT TO FORGET THOSE OL' SOUTHERN MINSTRELS. DEY SARTINLY AGITATE DAT JAZZ MUSIC! ! !

TRY SOME OF THE PREP PIE! !

AMES HIGH DEFEATS VALLEY JUNCTION 34-9

Valley Junction high school basket ball team bowed in defeat for the first time during the season to the Ames High School's fast quintet in a fast and rough game on the Valley Junction floor Saturday night by a score of 34-9.

The Ames team started out in the lead and were never in danger after the first ten minutes. During the first five minutes, the Ames team piled up eight points. After this, they settled down to the job, winning the first half by a score of 18-6.

The Valley Junction team came back considerably stronger the second lap and showed some real basket ball.

The whole team was like a machine drilling, passing, pivoting and shooting baskets during the last half.

The Ames quintet was handicapped

CARNIVAL QUEEN IS ELECTED Majority Vote Falls to Joan Parsons

In the final election of a popular girl to represent the High School at the carnival tonight as the Queen, the senior representative, Joan Parsons, took the lead.

The Queen was chosen by the Spirit subscribers last week. First a primary election was held from which the five having the largest number of votes were taken as nominees for the final election which was held two days later.

It should be mentioned that the junior representative, Marjorie Beam, was given sufficient votes to make her a very close second to the winner.

It has been some time since a popularity contest has been held in the high school. This election, however, of the Queen was something of the same order. The rest of the Spirit staff as well as the student body wishes to congratulate Joan for this honor and will be pleased to have her as their Queen and representative of the high school Carnival which we are confident will be a success.

The ceremony for the Queen will immediately follow the minstrel show. You have the opportunity to remain in your seats and witness this.

GREAT GUNS! ! DON'T DARE MISS THE SENIOR STUNT. IT'S A GREAT CINEMA TRAGEDY.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR FUTURE? THIRD FLOOR.

WAIT! ! HERE'S THE GREAT WHIRLER OF THE EVENING! ! A WONDERFUL CIRCUS IN THE GYM! !

by the absence of the captain and guard, Scovel.

Lester Hoon acting as Captain for the Ames team was the star of the game for Ames, caging six field goals, while Andrews with a smaller number of goals starred for Valley Junction.

Line up	
Valley Junction	Ames
Andrews RF	L. Hoon
Frevellron LF	Bennett
Gregory C	Corneliussen
Gibson LG	Gore
Hubbord RG	Elliott
Baseby RG	Smart
Clark LG	

Summary—Field goals: Ames, Bennett 3, Hoon 6, Elliott 3, Smart 2. Valley Junction—Andrews 1, Gregory 1.

Free throws—Ames: Corneliussen 4; Valley Junction: Andrews 4, Gregory 1.

THE SPIRIT

BI-WEEKLY NEWS ISSUE

Published by the Students of Ames High School, Ames, Iowa

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STUDENT OPINION TROUBLE!

Trouble! Trouble! !

Trouble again? What's the matter now? Oh! It's dancing this time. You know a few of our A. H. girls think that they are wonderfully graceful dancers but as a matter of fact the way they dance is a discredit to the girls' reputation in A. H. S. as well as in the surrounding community.

Do you know what dancing is? Have you ever taken dancing lessons from a good dancing teacher? If so, how did she define dancing?

"Dancing is the art of the movements of the body from the waistline down done to the rhythm of music," is the definition you probably received. In other words when you dance and dance correctly you dance with your feet and not with your arms and shoulders.

Some of the girls forget this when they dance and allow the rhythm of the music to lead them astray until their so-called dancing is not dancing.

Since many people disapprove of dancing anyway, it is up to us, the girls, to show these people there is no harm in dancing providing we dance correctly.

It is to be regretted that we can't have a dancing teacher to teach and supervise our dancing as they have in all up-to-date boarding schools. But since we can't have such a teacher it is up to the girls as individuals. I'm sure that the girls know the correct way to dance and will take the responsibility of dancing correctly.

If you don't dance correctly and someone tells you so, don't take the correction as a slam and get peeved about it. Take it as a kindness and immediately change your ways.

If we do not dance properly in the future, we will be deprived of the privilege so let's one and all make up our minds to dance properly so that we will be allowed to continue having our dances at noon and yet not be criticised.

It's up to us, girls! ! ! Let's do better! !

SCHOOL NOTES

The Unaliyi Campfire held a meeting at their club room on February 10, when they passed tests to become fire-makers. The refreshments again failed to arrive. The girls sure have "tough" luck along the line of "eats". Miss Jones was chaperoned home by no, not Mr. Kenney—the girls.

Heard in one of our English classes: "The people of fashion flock to Florida where oranges grow luxuriously for their winter outings."

"We didn't catch any fish that day but caught a bass in the afternoon."

Miss Tenney resigned her position in A. H. S., a few weeks ago, and has accepted one at the University of Illinois. Miss Taylor of North Dakota has taken Miss Tenney's place as English teacher and as advisor to the Spirit staff.

Miss Boyd was able to return to school several days ago after a long illness.

Lylia Tilden '19, who is attending Monticello Seminary at Godfrey, Illinois, has been made editor-in-chief of their school paper, "The Echo."

The Serago Campfire met Monday, February 16, at the home of Dorothy Dragoun.

Estevere and Edith Cox of Des Moines visited Charlotte Judge over the week-end, February 6.

Has anyone noticed where Helen C. sits in 5th period Study Hall?

Max Beman, Herman Cole, and Mike Morris say it's no fun to spend a Sunday night in the Nevada depot after the two o'clock train passes you up. Of course, they speak from experience.

Shorty Mattox, Miss Britton, and Miss Kelley are great on devouring marshmallows or at least Dot Dragoun thought so after they had partaken of a whole boxful which she had purchased for a Campfire meeting.

Helen Cupps has returned to school after several weeks of illness.

Wanted: A boy to escort me home evenings.—Dorothy Dragoun.

It seems that a great many people favor the Dramatic club, judging from the membership, which has already reached the limit—thirty-five.

The club is made up of juniors and seniors, with a majority of juniors. It is the aim of the club to meet every Tuesday for the purpose of studying Modern plays, and at the end of the year, they plan to give a play.

Tuesday, February 17, the club met and elected officers by ballot, with the following result: Lowell Houser, Pres.; Robert Murray, Vice-Pres.; and Violet Tripp, Secretary and Treasurer.

Everyone will be sure to enjoy the play, so boost for the Dramatic Club. Miss Foscette sent out invitations to the mothers of her gymnasium girls to come to watch the girls Tuesday. As a result a great many of the mothers came to the delight of the girls.

Donald Crooks, a former A. H. S. student, spent Sunday with his friend, Frank Kulow.

Word has been received from Marjorie MacDonald that she likes her new home in Texas fine.

Doris Posegate was taken to the Mary Greeley hospital at 1:00 February 18th to be operated on for appendicitis.

dicitis.

Ellis Scovel is confined to his home with the "flu."

Gwen Edwards is confined to her home with scarlet fever.

Neachee Campfire held an interesting meeting February 17th.

Kate Steels and Pauline Thompson spent Saturday, February the 14th, in Des Moines. Part of the day was spent in shopping and then they attended a party given by some West High friend.

Gladys Cole is having a severe case of scarlet fever.

Dorothy Smith spent Wednesday, February 18th, in town.

Earl Elliot met with a painful accident Sunday, February 8th. A piece of glass fell on his wrist and cut an artery.

"Les" Hoon had the hard luck to injure his scalp while attempting to battle Roy Bennett in the locker-room. He jumped from the bench meeting the rafter half way with an awful rap. He is back into the game, however, nothing serious having resulted from the accident.

Viola Rahe and Hollyce Wallick attended the Armory dance in Boone, February 13.

The Girl Scouts held a meeting after school Wednesday.

Marcheta Campfire met Friday at Miss Foscette's office.

The Marcheta Campfire met Wednesday night at the home of Blanche Belknap.

Does anyone know what's the matter with the ink-wells? They are leaking and I would like to know the remedy.—A disturbed freshman.

Viola Rahe attended a dance at Slater Thursday evening, February 19, with several other Ames girls and their friends.

MAMMOTH MOVIE PRODUCTION

The following celebrities will appear in the latest R. B. Griffith production entitled "Wild Nell, the Pet of the Plains," or "Her Final Sacrifice," which the senior class has engaged for the Carnival. Bill Hart will play the part of Handsome Harry; Irene Castle appears as Hula Hula, the Indian Medicine Woman; Theda Bara as Lady Vere de Vere as her usual charming self; Mary Pickford's art has never been shown as well as in her portrayal of Wild Nell; Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd take the parts of Bull Durham and Sitting Bull, the villains of the play. Appropriate music to aid the production will be rendered by Mrs. Paderewski. Julia Marlow who retired several years ago, has consented to appear for this evening only, and lend her talents to the scene.

It is expected that this huge cinematograph production will surpass anything before executed and great credit is due the senior class for securing such an attraction.

You should all take notice of the way our Editor and the News Reporter act in staff meetings. Such rolling of eyes and such dimply smiles you never saw before!

She No. 1—"He had his arm around me five times last night!"
She No. 2—"Some arm!"

—Exchange

Y. W. PARTY

The Y. W. C. A. gave a party for all the girls in High School Thursday evening, February 19. Half of the girls were supposed to dress as Abraham Lincoln or George Washington, and the other half as Mrs. Lincoln or Martha Washington. Some of the costumes were so typical and so complete it was hard to tell them from the originals. Games fitting the occasion were played in the gym, which made the old fashionableness seem complete. In the auditorium the girls sang songs and watched a vaudeville put on by some of the "talented" ones. The last thing was the refreshments which were served in the gym.

Everyone had a fine time, even some of the boys who watched the whole procedure through the gym windows.



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DRUGS

CARNIVAL PROGRAM

Time	Auditorium	Room No. 1	Room No. 2	Room No. 111	Miss Harper's Office	Room No. 202	Gymnasium	Room No. 4	Room No. 106
7:30 to 7:40		Eats	Eats	"A" Club Stunt	Fortune Telling			Katzenjamm'rs	Soph Stunt
7:40 to 8:00	Vaudeville	Eats	Eats	"A" Club Stunt	Fortune Telling			Katzenjamm'rs	
8:00 to 8:15	Senior Stunt	Eats	Eats	"A" Club Stunt	Fortune Telling	Mysterious Stunt	Circus	Katzenjamm'rs	
8:15 to 8:30	Junior Stunt	Eats	Eats	"A" Club Stunt	Fortune Telling			Katzenjamm'rs	
8:30 to 8:40		Eats	Eats						
8:40 to 9:10	Minstrel Show								
9:10 to 9:20	Crowning of Queen	Eats	Eats	"A" Club Stunt	Fortune Telling			Katzenjamm'rs	Soph Stunt
9:20 to 9:35	Movie	Eats	Eats	"A" Club Stunt	Fortune Telling			Katzenjamm'rs	
9:35 to 10:00		Eats	Eats	"A" Club Stunt	Fortune Telling		Circus	Katzenjamm'rs	
10:00 to 10:15	Vaudeville	Eats	Eats	"A" Club Stunt	Fortune Telling			Katzenjamm'rs	
10:15 to 10:30	Senior Stunt	Eats	Eats	"A" Club Stunt	Fortune Telling			Katzenjamm'rs	
10:30 to 10:45	Junior Stunt	Eats	Eats	"A" Club Stunt	Fortune Telling			Katzenjamm'rs	
10:45 to 11:00		Eats	Eats	"A" Club Stunt	Fortune Telling	Mysterious Stunt		Katzenjamm'rs	
11:00 to 11:15	Movie	Eats	EATS	"A" Club Stunt	Fortune Telling			Katzenjamm'rs	

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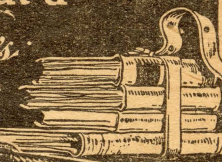
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SOCIETY NEWS

Charlotte Judge gave a matinee party at the "American" February 7, in honor of Edith Cox of Des Moines. After the movie they went to Lynch's for an especially prepared luncheon.

Dorothy Thompson and Thelma Houghan entertained five couples at Thelma's home Saturday evening, February 14. At the close of a delightful evening refreshments were served.

The Serago Campfire gave a Leap Year party Thursday, February 12th, at the home of Mildred Person, following the Boy Scout banquet which the girls attended.

The Unaliya Campfire met with their guardian, Miss Jones on Monday, February 16.

Norma Haverly entertained five couples at her home Saturday, February 14. Part of the evening was spent at the Princess Theatre and we hear all ten of them got there in "Red" Smith's Ford.

On Friday evening, February 7, the Neache Campfire girls met at the home of Mildred Ghrist. Around the fireside, a beautiful ceremonial was performed. Mrs. Zenor, formerly Miss Mary Thornburg, was made honorary guardian, while Miss Kelley was made acting guardian. A delightful evening was spent with music and dancing. Dainty refreshments were served by the hostess, Mildred Ghrist, assisted by Marjorie Beam.

The Marcheta Campfire entertained at a Valentine party Monday, February 16, at the home of Naomi Carpenter.

The Boy Scouts celebrated their 10th anniversary Thursday evening, February 12th, by entertaining the Campfire Girls and Girl Scouts at a banquet at the Methodist church.

The Serago Campfire held their regular meeting Monday, February 16, with Dorothy Dragoun.

Charlotte Judge entertained a number of her friends at a dancing party Monday evening, February 9.

Grace Carberry entertained six couples at her home Tuesday evening, February 17.

Agnes Noble entertained the Neache Campfire to dinner Friday night in honor of Mrs. Zenor, formerly Miss Mary Thornburg.

Hazel Taylor and a number of her friends had a progressive party a short time ago. They ate at every house in which they stopped.

NEW YELL LEADERS CHOSEN

At the pep meeting for the Indiana game it was necessary on account of Harold Loughran finishing school to elect new yell leaders. The honor fell to "Peck" Posegate and Phil Robinson who stepped into the work like veterans.

We are proud of our leaders and of the enthusiasm with which they are doing their duty. We are convinced that we have made a wise choice because of the way they led the pep meeting last Friday morning, the first period.

Peppy yell leaders are making a peppy bunch of us. Follow the leader.

THE FINEST OF ALL IS THE
CROWNING OF THE CARNIVAL
QUEEN.

HUMOR

K. Smutz—"Was Franklin's wife still living when he wrote those letters to the lady in France?"

Anson Marston—"Was Franklin in France when he wrote to Madam Brillion? It says he spent his Wednesday evenings with her."

COME AND SEE THE BEAUTIFUL CHORUS GIRLS IN THE VAUDEVILLE.

Miss Prentice—"Does that circle look round, Earl?"

Earl E.—"Perfectly round."

Miss P.—"Well, you must be cross-eyed."

HAVE YOU SEEN THE GIRLS IN THE AIR? THEY'RE IN THE VAUDEVILLE.

Miss Prentice—"Ben, how does that figure look?"

Ben Wagner—"Like a three ring circus."

Miss P.—"This class will be a three ring circus."

YOU SHO' WANT TO GO TO DAT CARNIVAL.

"What is a kiss?"

"Nothing divided by two."

"How will you take yours, by long or short division?"

EATS! ! EATS! ! LOTS OF THEM IN ROOM 1.

Wouldn't we think the world was coming to an end—if—

Miss Rayburn only smiled at us when we talked in second floor corridor?

Kenneth Perry ever had his French? We only knew all we thought we did?

Emily did not have any beaux?

Harvey Fitch and Dutch Griffith had a spat not long ago. The quarrel was to be settled by a dual with pistols. When the umpire had paced off the distance and all was ready, a sudden thot struck our friend Dutch.

"Hay, you little shrimp," he called to Harvey "this ain't fair. You're so skinny I couldn't hit you, and I'm so big you couldn't miss me. It makes it too easy for you."

"I'll soon fix that" said Harvey. He produced a piece of chalk and drew two lines down the front of Dutch's coat. "Now," he said, "fire away. Any hits outside of these lines don't count."

A certain young man in A. H. S. was taking a certain young lady in A. H. S. to the American theatre.

Certain Young Lady: "Rats! I'm sure we'll miss the first act. We've waited a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

Certain Young Man: "Hours, I should say."

Certain Young Lady: "Ours? Oh, Robert!" and she laid her blushing cheek on his shirt front.

HAVE YOU MADE A DATE FOR THE CARNIVAL? IF NOT, DO IT NOW! !



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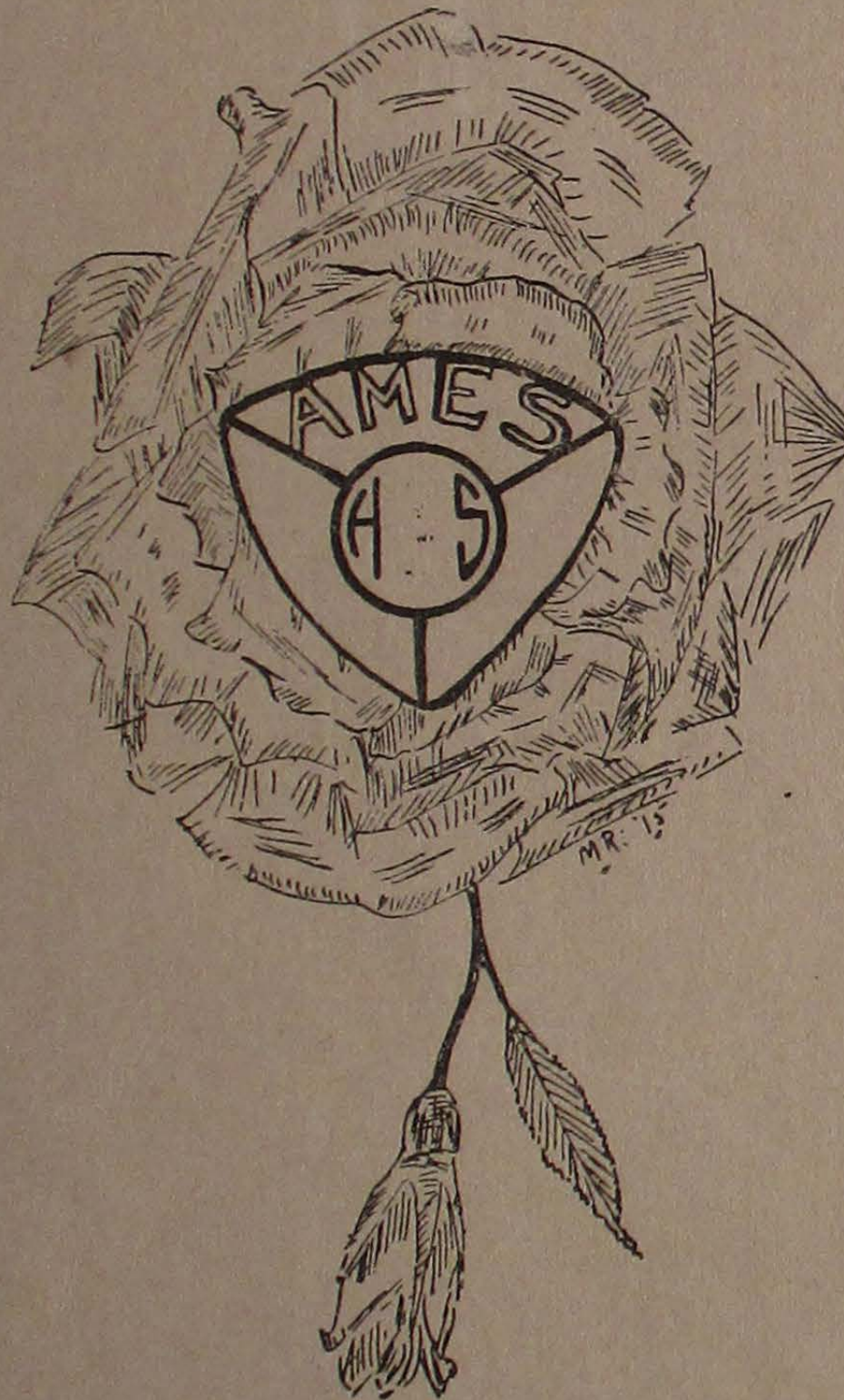


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THE SPIRIT



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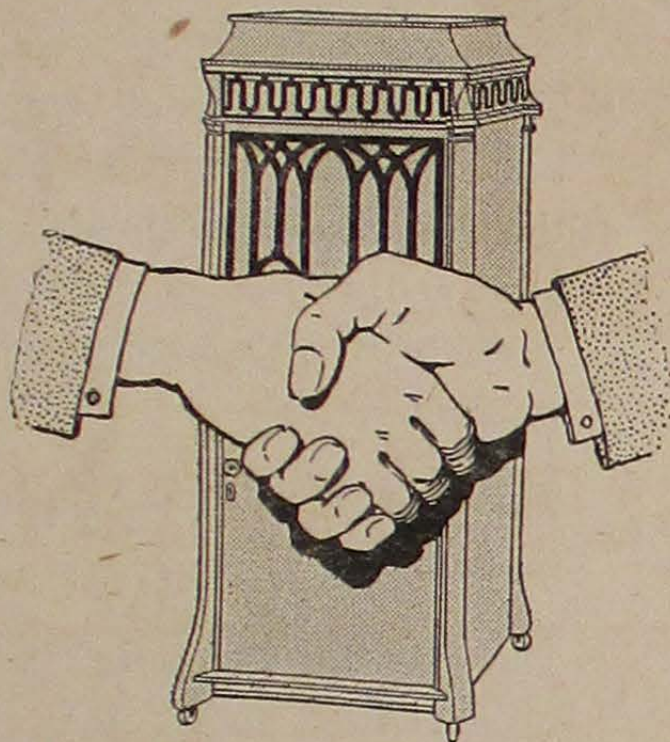
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THE SPIRIT

VOL. 9

AMES, HIGH SCHOOL, AMES, IOWA

NOS. 13-14

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APRIL 26, 1920

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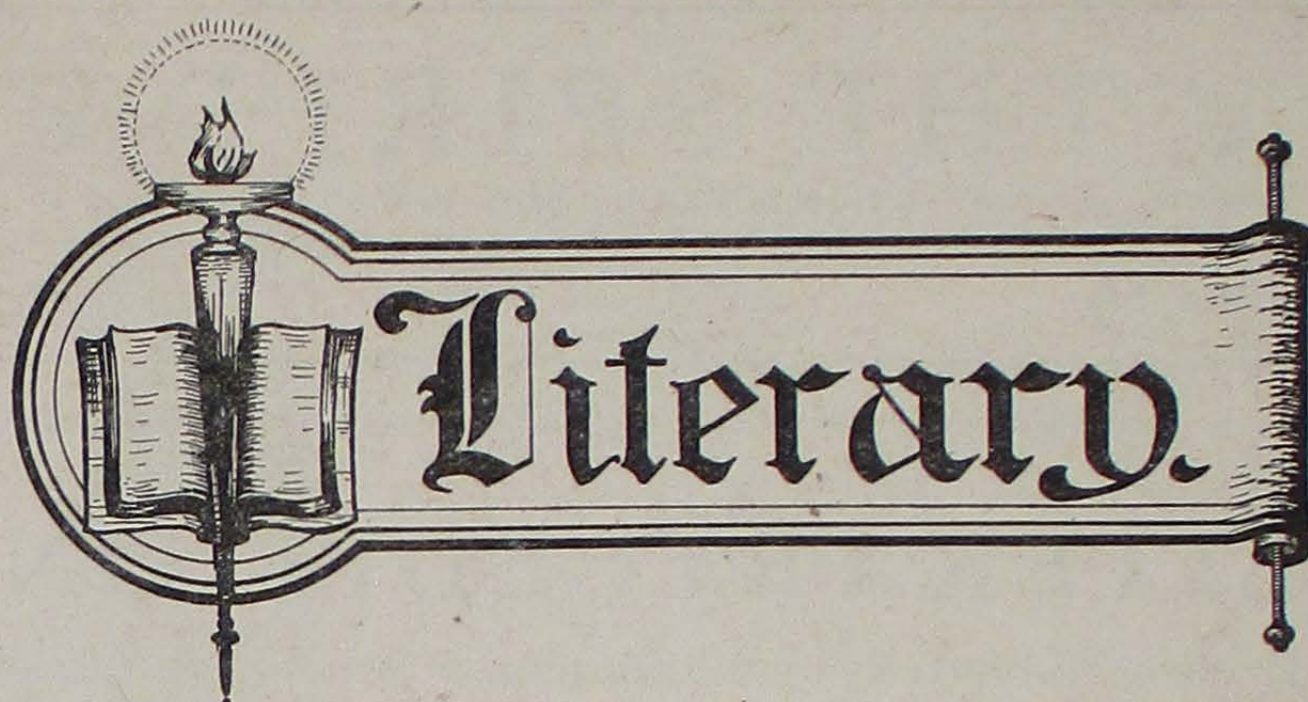
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DIARY CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE

DIARY OF NEACHEE CAMPFIRE

August 28-31, 1919

August 28.—Hurrah! Curtis Cottage forever! Hail, hail, the gang's all here! Etc. Some of us came out on the interurban this morning, looking like regular frumps with our camping truck in various bags, suitcases and blanket rolls, and wearing the rest. From the looks of our togs you could easily tell the most of us had taken gym in our day. But the people on the car didn't mistake us for newly escaped people from Cherokee, because we gave them several Neachee yells and our songs before we left the car at Rockwood.

It didn't take us long to show the little cottage that we loved every stick of wood in it. We climbed to the top bunk and talked over our last trip there and we were jabbering so hard when "M. T." arrived she didn't know whether to go or stay. We set up camp in about two jerks and formed a bucket brigade and all went after water to a farm a mile away—the happiest bunch in the U. S. A. Didn't know I was a poet, did you, Diary? I'm not going to waste time writing about meals or dishes or what our work was, but just say that we had good meals, and nobody was afraid of his share of the work. Today we are just lounging around, now, having a "Quiet hour." Mary and Babs have just performed one of the Katzenjammer stunts; they got up on the roof and told us to look at them through

the chimney of the fire place. As we did a pail of sooty water descended, much to our surprise. The interurban whistled—I must go and help wave to it as it goes by.

August 29.—It has been just twenty-four hours since I wrote in here but I could write volumes on what has happened during that time. Last night we went serenading our farmer neighbors. One uke and ten pairs of lungs can make quite a noise, I assure you. At one farm place we sat on an old hayrack with an old lantern in the middle—and the people had gone to bed so we sang to give them an awakening. Their dog didn't like it so we hurried away.

The next house we came to contained some very hospitable people. They invited us in and we used their piano and our feet to good advantage. After an hour's stay in a real house we heard the call of the woods so we sang them some old favorites and of course, "A Long Long Trail" to start home on. The trail was pretty dark and crooked thru the woods and we stayed in a compact bunch all the way. We arrived at the cottage wide-eyed and shaky and built a huge bon-fire to scare off mosquitoes and things. Our cots, Diary, are all in a row right out under the stars and trees (we drew cuts to see who would get to sleep on the middlest cots) Dove said she wasn't going to go to sleep that night, "Not with all those tr-e-e-s around." But we did go to sleep, that is, till the darkest part of the night, just before the dawn. What woke us up was a man staggering around from tree to tree out at the edge of camp. He would come up quite close and

then disappear, and then turn up some place else. We were scared green. Soon we could see men everywhere, oh, oodles of them! But of course there was only one. "M. T." was the only good scout in the bunch and she shouted out to ask him what he wanted. He said he was waiting for his "pardner" That was the last straw for most of us, but M. T. jumped up and started chasing him. We implored and beseeched her to come back but she was so brave a few of us took heart and pretended to chase also. But he wasn't the chaseable kind, just stood still and laughed. That laugh though, was Agnes Noble's—and come to find out, it was just Agnes dressed up! O course we couldn't sleep any more then.

This morning we went exploring. We found a nice little country school house which Bobs entered thru the transem to open the window for the rest of us. We found the school ledger and wrote the pupils a nice long letter full of Ltain(?) so they would know we were well educated. At the last we asked them to visit us at our home on Fifth Ave., New York City. Wasn't that kind, Diary? I wonder if they will ever see that letter.

About all we have done today is to laugh over last night's scare. Ethelyn and Jennie (M. T.'s sister) weren't here last night so we're going to scare them tonite the same way. We have it all planned.

Elizabeth and Neva brought company out this afternoon in a big car. When the visitors went back we draped ourselves around the fenders, lamps, top, etc., and rode at the rate of 40m. per h. to the suburbs of our native city and then walked back to camp on the ruben track. We had to walk across that long trestle too and of course a car turned up opportunely before we got to the other side.

When we reached home we had a meeting of the Ladies Aid—but my pencil is wearing out so I must stop.

August 30.—Our scare was so real last night we frightened ourselves all over again. Last night M. T. stayed in town so Aunt Jennie was our guardian for the night, and what she said when we "woke up" and pointed out the "man" would disgrace your pages, Diary. Betty was equally frightened to our delight. Dove snickered out loud

once and Betty said, "Don't laugh—this is serious!" Dove said she wasn't laughing, but crying, so Betty promptly tuned up. Fun? No end of it!!!

This being Sunday, we filled the morning out by milking cows and climbing trees alternately, and having Sunday school of our own and picking chickens for our dinner. This afternoon Mr. Zenor, an awfully nice man, came out to see M. T. Just for fun we called them "Papa Floyd" and "Mama Mary". To-night we had a ceremonial around the camp fire we had three visitors and I was rather nervous because I had to make a little "speech."

But at last it was over and we sang songs and swallowed hard.

Know why? and oh, what Dovie and I saw! It was better than any movie or play, because it was real.

August 31.—This is Monday night and tomorrow is our last day here—Oh, woe!

Mama and Papa Floyd, Aunt Jennie and Uncle Jim went to Des Moines to the auto show this morning and we are all by our lonesomes. The car was about to start, when what do you think we saw? A brand new beautiful diamond ring on our M. T.'s hand! We gave a whoop then, Diary, that outclassed any the Indians could have given when they inhabited those woods. With celestial faces and romantic air we hunted in the ashes of our fire and found some lovely charcoal with which we re-christened our "Rockwood" sign, "Lovewood" because the romance had developed right under our very noses. We're mighty proud of our match, Diary.

We thought we would have a celebration when they came home tonight, so we took thirty-five cents and started out to find or buy a watermelon. We hadn't gone far when we met a man in a Ford so we hopped onto our favorite fenders, lamps, etc., and proceeded to have a ride. We truly expected to get off shortly, but our thots were too taken up with our romance, and we rode seven miles to Napier, Iowa. We walked thru corn-fields and apple-orchards and down the track till we came to Kelley where we thot maybe we could jimmie the motorman of one of the interurbans into letting us ride home for 0. It was no use so we blew a few cents for some ginger-

snaps, crackers, canned meat, pickles and candy. I'm not saying we bought all of that for thirty-five cents; our huge bouquets of goldenrod and thistles helped out and our utterly starved appearance also. A tall young man whom we named Uncle Slim bought us the candy, for which we were very thankful. Somebody gave us a dollar so we did ride home after all and had forty cents left which made us five cents richer than when we started out. But we didn't have any watermelon to celebrate with so we made some taffy (awful stuff), which is now reclining in Agnes's wonderful hand-made refrigerator, awaiting the return of the engaged prodigals.

September 1.—We had to break up camp today to go home and classify for school. Oh, how we hated to leave "Lovewood" for school! Something always takes the joy out of life, doesn't it, Diary?

—Marjorie Beam '21

SECOND PRIZE

DIARY OF A SMALL BOY

Monday, April—Got up at 6:00. Ma made me chop a woodbox full o' wood fore I could eat nothin'. Said I was most a man. Skinny was just startin' fishin'. Gee, and all them leaves to rake. Just why I'd like ter know do boys have to work when it's good fishin' weather. Hope it rains pitch forks an hammer handles next Sunday, then I kin go fishin' when Ma thinks I'm to church.

Skinny's goat joined the deceased yesterday. Always had to stick a pin in his ear to make him go any where but he died with out its help. Gee, Dad let me go to Kelley with him today. Went to the zoo in Grand Central park and got to ride on a street car.

Here comes Ma. Good nite.

Wed.—Gee, didn't know whether I'd ever view this earth below again or not. Measels ain't no fun. Wisht Kelley was in a pest house. Now I got to feel miserable for 2 or 3 weeks till the measels is out of my system.

Ma give me a quarter for taking my medicine so it ain't so bad to be sick. Let's see at 3 times a day for 3 weeks ought to net 5 and a quarter. Here comes Nurse so got ta be sick, so long.

Fri.—Gee, Skinny just went by with his

fishin' rod. Hope he don't ketch none, mean old tormentor.

Oh, gee, said he'd bring me one if he did. He ain't so bad after all, is he? Maybe I could coax Ma to let me eat a fried fish for supper. Poked poached eggs at me till I could cackle.

Monday—Been so busy getting well I forgot my Diety. But will try to make up for lost time. Ma says I'm kanvalessing or some other high sounding word for getting well. I do believe I'll be too week to chop wood for several weeks. Just eat and rest the Doctor said. You bet, that's me all over!

Tues.—Some new folks has moved in across the street. A most beautiful curly haired little girl. Eliza Beth. Her Mother calls her Eliza-Beth. Has the littlest dog I ever saw. She takes it out walkin' every day. Lucky dag! An' I'm all thin and white and will be for weeks. Huh! I'll be good lookin' again some day. She thinks I'm a invalid guy. Gory, wisht she'd call on this invalid. Guess I'll get a fever and make them bring her over to save my life. Cosh, I believe I will!

Wed.—Mail man dropped a great big box on the porch. Gee, it was big enough to hold a circus. Wasn't nothin' only part of sis's trooso. I forgot to mention she's going to be married next week. I hear it mentioned so much. I thot the whole world knew it. She's so important acting, makes me wash the dishes cause hot water makes her hands red. She mustn't get the least bit tired or nervous cause she must look her best. The other nite George, he's only the bridegroom gonna be, brought Sis some flowers. They was awful fresh and nice and Sis, getting poetical says, "Those flowers are fresh and wet. There must be some dew on them yet" George got awful red and coughed. "Well," he says, "there is a small some but I'll pay it off by Saturday nite." And ma sent me to bed cause I laughed.

Sis was practicing the ceremony with me today but when it came to that kissin' business I balked. Sis said it would have been alright if she had been Eliza Beth. Well, maybe it would, I ain't a saying! Sis was trying her veil this morning and Gee, but it's thin stuff. "Why don't you get a real heavy one" I says. Gee, I sure had to

dodge out of the door quick. When the coast was clear I ran back and says, "I never meant nothin' Sis only it would wear better." "Wearing qualities of a wedding veil are of extreme significance," says Sis putting all her four years of college in that one sentence. "Mother, don't you think I need a new pompador for the wedding?" pipes Sister's voice this morning at the breakfast table. Golly, I nearly choked on the half pancake I was puttin' in my mouth. Ma being occupied with Sis's speech. "What chu gettin' George a wig for?" "Make that tire-some boy be still," says Sis rather peevish, so I finishes my cake in haste and just outside the door I says, "Tell you what, it would be cheaper to buy a hair mattress."

—Marjorie French '21

A PIECE OF MY DIARY

July Second—Dora, Marion, Dorothy and I took in a baseball game this afternoon, on our horses. The game wasn't on horses, we were. Florence was beaten by Corvallis 11 to 10. Wasn't so bad. It was too hot a day for a baseball game to interest me much. I got cooled off after the game tho. The whole gang of us started after the cows. The creek is pretty high and the banks are muddy and slippery. Babe, the horse, decided to go the other way just as we reached the bank of the creek. I had other ideas as to direction, consequently, Babe whirled. She caught her hind feet and slid into the water. Element of suspense? I'd say it was for me. Of course I went in too, or rather she went in too, for I was first and she on top of me. It didn't take her long to get up, but she wasn't extremely careful with her feet. I had her shod yesterday, and those sharp corks didn't feel like velvet on my foot. It seemed hours (but I guess it was only a couple of seconds) before she moved. I felt like a wet dishrag and I expect I looked like one, too, but I got on again and we got the cows. I don't think the horse liked the drowning game either. I hope not anyway, for I'm not overly anxious for her to try it again.

July Third—Viola came up from Missoula last night. She, Dora, and I packed a lunch, saddled some horses, and left for Eight Mile. We took our cameras (I fell heir to the job of carrying them because

Viola isn't used to riding and Dora had to carry the cream) We got to where the trail leaves the creek about two o'clock. Dora and I cut some willows and went fishing while Viola started the fire. It didn't take us long to catch a half dozen trout. We held them over the fire by means of sticks. Yes, they got done this time. I believe I'm beginning to like half raw fish anyway, I'm getting so used to them. Wasps got into the coffee, but we "scooped" them out and the coffee was as good as ever. When the horses had cooled off, we fed them their oats. While they were eating, we took pictures. Then we saddled the horses again and took a trail that crosses over into Wood Chuck Valley. We went up this valley to the new saw mill site. We could have gone to the cook house and swiped some eats but we were too interested in the fiddles and banjos that were playing popular pieces. That camp is a lively place. We went

OVER THE TOP

of a saw dust pile, and started home. It was dark before we got out of the canyon, and the coyotes howled, but we kept in high spirits by our everlasting silliness. We are all here now tho, a tired bunch, but we are going again soon.

July Fourth—We went to the North Western Stampede at Missoula today. The first thing was a parade made up of every person and everything that took part in the stampede. There were Indian races, relay races, steer throwing, broncho busting, and (supposed to be)buffalo riding. In the relay races they changed horses but kept the same saddle. They weren't jockey saddles either and they certainly did some quick saddling. A little girl from California won the girls' relay. "Tex" M'Cloud (the world's best roper) put on some stunts. Bill Macy was going to ride one of the buffalo, but the buffalo broke lose, and plunged thru the fence and into the crowd in front of the grand stand. I think no serious injuries resulted. One of the bronchos was a genuine buckner and the cow boy fell off. The horse tramped on him and killed him. To-nite, there was a frontier town rigged up on a vacant lot on Higgins Avenue. The "town" was walled with logs and had heavy plank gates. Inside were gambling dens, side shows, and a merry-go-round. I may

be misinformed, but it is my opinion that a merry-go-round was seldom included in the little western town where gambling dens prevailed. However, we all had a good time and it was an exciting day for all Western Montana.

—Kathryn Logan '20.

"EVERY DOG HAS HIS DIARY"—A CUR

April 1, 1920—One of the utterly impossible happened to me today—I got fooled. A neighbor boy gave me a nice piece of meat filled with red pepper. I can't say that I've ever been fooled before and I shan't be fooled again.

So long, here comes old Spare-Ribs. Guess I'll see what the latest dog talk is.

April 2, 1920—Having nothing to do this forenoon I indulged in a race with my tail. At the end of the tournament I was only two inches behind.

April 3, 1920—Bobette, the lady next door, has some "lovely" pups. But I can't see that they are very lovely. When pups whose feet and heads are three times larger than the rest of their young-selves receive the name of "lovely" then I don't know the meaning of dog language.

April 4, 1920—Spare-Ribs and I had quite a lengthy talk on the way back from the stock-yards today. He has some clever ideas.

For instance, we know where there are some delicious old bones buried but there is so much dirt and junk over them that it would be a long hard job for us to unearth them. Spare-Ribs has suggested that we borrow Bobette's tribe of pups and put them to work. They have such huge paws that they would clear the dirt away in no time.

Thank my lucky dog-stars Spare-Ribs is going to speak to Bobette. I'd hate to talk to that creature. She thinks she is better than the common lot of curs for some place in her ancestry there was a famous sheep dog. Oh, well, I should worry! It doesn't spoil my appetite.

April 5, 1920—I gave that young spaniel his last warning today about walking on my side of the street. If he doesn't pay attention to me I'll pull enough hair off of him to make a hair mattress for the overgrown poodle that exists at the next house.

Speaking of poodles. Aren't they a slam to the whole dog race? Imagine them tied

on the end of a pink ribbon and being escorted around the block daily for exercise! The very idea! !

April 10, 1920—This is the first time I've been able to be around since Monday evening. I was trotting along the road when a miserable flea commenced to make mince meat of my back. I stopped in the street and was intently engaged in dislocating the insect when a car came along and struck me.

I managed to get as far as the porch steps somehow and good Mr. Briggs found me. He carried me to my bed in the barn and doctored me.

For two days I felt like one of these Russian Wolf hounds look—kind of drawn out and flat. I commenced to eat a little the third day and from that time on I got better. It was a close call and I hope that flea will suffer untold agonies.

April 11, 1920—Had quite a game of tag today with Gravy and Willie Jones' cap. Gravy chased me all over to get Willie's cap but he didn't succeed until the cap was in rags.

Honestly that Willie is the biggest cry baby I've ever seen. He stood on the sidewalk and howled a tune no dog could ever hope to possess. I think I'll ask him to attend our next howl-fest to be given in honor of two old Tomcats who live in our alley.

April 12, 1920—Madame Pussyfoot tried to throw her pincushion at me today. She did succeed in giving me a scratch on the nose but none of the other dogs will notice it. Believe me, I'll get even with that fur coated, pin cushioned piece of treachery. She used to be friendly when I was in my puphood.

April 13, 1920—So many exciting things happen that my paw would give out if I tried to write them all so I'll just tell the most important.

I was sleeping today as usual dreaming dreams, when I chanced to overhear Gravy talking to himself. He is actually planning on eloping with the new dog in town. I was never more surprised in my life.

Had a lovely dream today. Dreamt I was sitting beneath a sausage machine eating all my enemies flavored with tomcats.

April 14, 1920—My fleas are very troublesome these days. Heretofore they have

been subdued without much scratching but today I spent a full hour tearing them from my hide. I think some of them must belong to Spare-Ribs. He says his are so stubborn.

April 15, 1920—Hank, one of my speaking acquaintances got the worst of a fight and I went over to cheer him up today. He looks pretty tough and it will be a long time before he walks on four legs again.

One ear is completely wrecked, his left eye is swelled shut, a hind leg is useless, and the other practically so. The hair on his back wouldn't shelter a medium sized family of fleas and he has lost his appetite. In my mind a dog is all in when he loses his appetite.

April 16, 1920—I'm impatiently waiting for the old rooster to get through refreshing himself in my mirror. I've got to get fixed up for the howl-fest this evening. I do wish he would quit drinking all the water from the bucket.

Oh, Dog! I've got a date with a mighty nice little Collie up the alley. I beat Grave's time and she's going with me tonight. I'm not as slow as I look even if my tail is cut short and my ears are cut long!

Wish me success with my Collie Queen! I'll feast her on delicious bones and dried chicken wing.

—Neva Spence '21

DAYS GONE BY

Thursday, November 27, 1919—Thanksgiving day! ! ! Started to snow. I'm starting my diary today because it is the nite of my first date in high school. Went to show in afternoon. Saw the cutest guy from Kelley. I'm crazy about him. I almost fell over dead when—who called up but Aubrey Smart for a date to go to a dance? I was a little shy, but since I am a freshman and he is too, it's alright. He is a dream. I hope he calls again.

Friday, November 28, 1919—Colder than blue blazes. Oh, that "Obb". I even dreamed about him last night. School today, but it sure is stale. Miss Britton must have been up late last night as she is pretty crabby. Went to the show with the freshman gang.

Saturday, November 29, 1919—I got up at 7:30. Helped mother. Went down town in afternoon and as I went to cross the railroad track a train hit me but it didn't hurt.

Wish I had a date like the upper classmen do.

Sunday, November 30, 1919—Grandpa's birthday. Went to Sunday school. I saw one of the kids that said "Obb" didn't like me because I stepped on his toes. Too Bad! Never again! ! Played with my brother's gun and shot my thumb. Mama got the arnica salve and it is alright. Wrote a letter.

Monday, December 1, 1919—Mr. Steffey is sick—he gave me an admittance to my class when I was late. I got a good look at Earl Elliot in the face and he isn't near as good-looking as everybody lets on. Little Sister got something in her eye today. Max Beman went to Nevada last nite. I wish he would stay at home.

Tuesday, December 2, 1920—Went to school. Had to feed the chickens cause Dad don't feel good this morning. Didn't have time to get my English but I'll tell her I left it home and will give it to her in the morning. Bud and Obb smiled at me this morning. I went to bed early because I wanted to get some sleep ahead so that if ever I have a young man caller, I can stay awake.

Wednesday, December 3, 1920—School as usual. Albert Tesdall wanted me to go to the show after school but I had to make up a perfect test in Latin. We had the best dinner today. It was sauer kraut and spare ribs and pie plant pie. Mother said about six o'clock that if I would be real careful and not run into the curb with the Packard I could go after Dad. I got along just fine.

FOUR MONTHS LATER

Thursday, April 29, 1920—Went to school and had all of my lessons. I have four dates tonite with Sid, Les Hoon, Roy Bennett, and George Dunlap, but I took Sid so I thought the rest wouldn't be mad then. The house caught on fire today and believe me, I sure had to hustle to get it put out.

Friday, April 30, 1920—took some pictures at school today. We played ball after school and not being used to it I didn't "ketch it wight", and I think I broke my middle finger on the right hand at the first knuckle. I had a date with Norman C. He sure is the swellest kid I ever went with.

Saturday, May 1, 1920—Got up at 11:30. Went to show in afternoon and studied so I wouldn't have to Sunday. I went down town at night and saw all of the guys. I

saw Estey and Mary, but I didn't want a date.

Sunday, May 2, 1920—Went to Sunday school and then went riding. It was hot out-doors. A bunch of kids up for dinner and supper. All of us had dates. We made waffles and gee! they were good. We put fruit coloring in them too. Have had awfully good time lately. I wonder if we are beating the Junior girls time? ? ? ?

END

DIARY OF A FORD RUNABOUT ANY WEEK IN THE SPRING

Sunday, April 4—Easter—that means a bath. Early this morning out came a boy with a pail and hose, etc., saying something about having to clean the Lizzie up on Sunday being a crime. He cleaned me up and we went to church altho I thought I had colic in my carburetor. Bus, he's my owner, met Tom at Sunday school and I heard them talking about a little girl named Mary and somebody else that ought to go riding in me after awhile. Sure enuf I had to haul all four around until 12:30 P. M. and I am supposed to hold but two. Oof! Went out again in afternoon and evening with the same bunch. I'd hate to tell what I saw and heard.

Monday, April 5—Thank the God of Fords today is a school day again for that idiotic crowd. I didn't work 'tall today until evening, when Bus took me out for exercise and gas, water, air, etc. Feeling much better, altho that young reprobate had to go over to sumpin' or other and haul home six young ladies who lived all over the universe. A pretty quiet day, however!

Tuesday, April 6—Nothing doing today. I developed a broken crank shaft down in my inwards so got to have a glorious rest altho I had occasional pains in my lower regions.

Wednesday, April 7—Well, I sure got it today. Got hauled down town and opened up. A greasy looking guy took a can opener and a case knife and immediately set to work. Lying under me, I thought I would drop a little oil on him and upon doing so heard him emit various expressions I can't write here. That quart or two of oil served him right for insulting me with a can opener. I demand respect even tho I am made

of tin. They ended up by casting a new engine out of some old eaves troughs and now I feel wonderful. Bus drove me home and incidentally sneaked out past 139 N. Lincoln Way.

Friday, April 9—I strike for shorter hours and more gas. Bus ran me almost dry last night and he can't get more till tomorrow. Slept most of the day and rested.

Sunday, April 11—Well, Sunday again. I s'pose I'll have to go out for the regular ride. (Later) I did all right. The fellers had a couple of new young ladies today. I wonder who they were. I'll tell Mary to watch her lamb pretty close or she'll lose him.

AND SO ON

—C. C. '20.

SPRING

Oh, spring is here at last,
And we are glad to see it come.
As the warm south wind blows soft
Bold winter has to run.

The soft grey pussies are springing out
Into the bright spring air;
Just as the wild animal, as he awakes,
Comes out of his winter lair.

The violets are peeping thru,
And soon their blossoms we shall see;
Not long will we need to wait,
And then how happy everyone will be.

Oh, isn't it fine to be alive
And away from winter's grind?
Let's go to the woods for just a day
And leave the world behind.

H. B. M. '20

Willie—Can I go and play now?
Mother—What? with those holes in your trousers?

Willie—No, with the boy next door.

Bob—Say, can you wiggle your ears? I can.

Shrimp—Don't betray your ancestry, old fellow.

Miss Kelly—Seen Al?

Miss Miller—Al who?

Miss K.—Alcohol, kerosene him the sixteenth and he hasn't benzene since.

SHORT STORIES

MARSHALL OLDLODGE

Not many years ago in the broad valley of the White River, so called because of the magnesia from the bad lands, lived a great many Sioux Indians. On either side of this river was a large expanse of land which was bounded both on the north and the south by tall, steep, rugged looking hills.

Upon looking over this broad valley from a higher point you could see great herds of cattle, and horses grazing here and there in the tall, green grass. They appeared as far up the valley and as far down as one could see. One could also see numerous little log huts and tents in some nook surrounded by bushes or under some towering tree that spread its limbs far out and protected them from the intense heat of summer. Occasionally you might see what appeared to be a large hut but in fact was what they call their summer tepee. It is but the frame work of a log hut covered with leaves and vines to keep out the sun.

This valley was hemmed in on all sides with only one exception, and this was a little valley which opened into a large valley through a gap which was called Buffalo Gap. This creek extended far up into the farming district which was inhabited and farmed by the whites.

The most fertile and richest grazing lands were inherited by a young Indian half breed whose name was Marshall Oldlodge. He, being very ambitious and a hard worker, was not liked by those Indians who lived in the big valley. But he was very well thought of by the surrounding neighborhood and there was not a one who would not speak a good word for him, for he was very neat appearing and was honest, which cannot be said of many Sioux Indians.

Marshall was a married man with two children. His wife was a French girl formerly named Valera Roserer, who was not only a beautiful woman, but very well educated. She had always lived among the Indians except while going to school at a Government Agency not far away. She had then returned and married Marshall. The little girl's name was Elsie and the little

boy's name was Marshall Jr., and you may be sure that they were very happy for they received everything that money could buy. If you had happened to pass by at any time they would run and call in Indian, "How-a-Cola", which means hello or goodmorning. Then the little boy would run about swinging his lasso over his head while the little girl would give the war chant.

For a number of years this happy little family lived in the little valley with a very large number of cattle and many horses, both of which were of select herds of beautiful type.

But early in the spring of 1917 the little boy, Marshall Jr., was trampled to death by a stampede of cattle caused by a landslide off a towering cliff near by. Then more sad than ever came the death of Marshall himself, in midsummer caused by consumption which is very common among the Sioux Indians.

Just one year from that time Mrs. Oldlodge was burned to death by the explosion of a gasoline stove. Thus all that was left of this once happy little family was Elsie, the daughter.

The farmers of that vicinity, taken by pity for the little girl, have placed her in a very good school, and she is now a Sophomore of High School. She is not only very attractive and beautiful, but very sensible and ambitious, qualities inherited from her father. She is the last of the Oldlodge family as Uncas was the last of the Mohicans.

And I often recollect with sadness the early destinies of the other members of that little family and wonder why the Great White Spirit called them away from her side.

"Let us hear from you."

"If you have a bit of news,

Send it in.

Or a joke that will amuse,

Send it in.

A story that is true,

An incident that's new,

We want to hear from you!

Send it in.

Will the story make us laugh?

Send it in."

JIMMY'S FIRST DATE

"Gee whiz! Ma, ain't supper ready yet? Seems to me it's takin' you twice as long as it usually does."

The person addressed appeared in the doorway to the dining room, eyed her impatient son sharply, then said:

"It isn't very often that you are in such a hurry for supper and, as it is, it is half an hour until time for supper. Is there a base ball game, picture show, or what—after supper?"

At the mention of show, the newspaper which Jimmy held was thrust in front of his face and when Jimmy raised enough courage to reply his voice seemed full of vacant spots.

"A-w! 'snothin'—o-only—well." Just here, Jimmy's big sister Ruth entered the room. She was eternally teasing him about the girls and especially if she saw his red face—which she did the very first pop out of the box.

"What is the matter with your face, Jimmy? It is so pink! Have you fever? Better send for the doctor, mother, or it may be the undertaker, if we wait too long. (She gave her mother a sly wink and continued) Shame, Jim—I really never knew a boy could blush so before. Just look at him, mother."

Before Ruth had finished with her joking, Jimmy bounded out of the room, letting out a whoop as he went, and when he shut the door to his room up stairs, the whole house was in danger of tumbling into ruins.

Ruth and mother looked at each other and then burst out laughing. Mother was the first to recover, and said, "What on earth is the matter with that boy? Is he ill? You mentioned something about his having a feverish look—but I know that isn't it. I believe I recognize the symptoms to be—well, there is a girl in the web somewhere or he wouldn't have acted as he did."

In a very few minutes supper was announced to the unseen Jimmy.

When supper was nearly eaten, Jimmy appeared, dressed in his best suit and flashiest tie, his face really clean, for once, and his hair combed back, sleek as a cat's.

All the family—which consisted of Ruth, Jean, a younger sister, Terry, a younger brother, Pa and Ma—stared at Jimmy as

if he were a stranger, for the change indeed was great.

Pa broke the silence by saying, "Well, and what's the great idea? Going courting already so young?" With a wink at mother.

"Dad winked at Ma, Jimmy, 'cause I saw him," piped up Terry.

It was Ruth's turn next and she succeeded in "spilling the beans". "You hit the nail on the head the very first time, Father, for the charming young gallant, Jimmy Barton, is faring forth into unknown realms to seek his fair Isabella and take her to witness Constance Talmadge in "Puppy Love." I'd let him go, Dad, for it might do them both some good."

Why under the sun did Sis always have to be so dramatic? It didn't fit in here, and Jimmy was tired of his sister's joking so he exploded suddenly, "Say, Sis, you shut up, will you? Fermez votre bush, as you say."

Then followed some fatherly advice and comfort to the young gallant: "Now, Jim—was that any way to reply to a young lady—especialy one's sister? Yes-yes-I know she teases you too much, and (addressing Ruth) after this kindly let mother and me look after Jimmy. However, no matter what occurs, be a gentleman, Jim. Now, sit down and eat your supper and then, if you have any time left before your appointment, I have something which I want very much to tell you."

The two younger sons who had been quite silent now spoke up. First Terry—"He! he! Jimmy's got a girl. What'd I tell you ma? He did walk home with Isabella Channing tonight. I knew it was them." Then Jean "Oh, well, he's not the only one. Ruth's got a fellow, too, 'cause I saw her talking to Tim Jones tonight and I know they was a-hold of hands."

"Children, will you be quiet, or shall I send you from the table?"

While Ruth and mother were washing the dishes, father and Jimmy were talking very earnestly in the den. When Jimmy started out, Father went to the door with him and gave him a good send off.

When he had been gone about fifteen minutes, Terry announced that here came Isabella and Jimmy and that Jimmy was on the inside. "Why, ma, they are coming in

here, I though that they were going to the show."

True enough they were coming in, for Jimmy had forgotten his pocketbook. Wasn't that terrible? The whole family had a good laugh and Jimmy was teased considerably in the days to follow.

"Just the same I had a good time, and I'm going to keep on going, so there."

"All's well that ends well."

L. M. N. '21

AN AUTOMOBILE TALE

One "Silent Nite" as the "Moon" was rising, we started on a journey "Overland" in a "Saxon." We headed for "Detroit" and arrived about morning. Mr. "Cadillac" founded this city which is noted for its many "Auto Cars" factories. We ate our breakfast and found out three restaurants that sure furnish "Cunningham" so runny it would melt in your mouth, if hot enough.

We had a snooze and again took to the road. "Hal", the driver, ran the old boat like "Ben Hur" for it sure had a lot of pep and "Vim". That night we put up at a small town and after eats I spent most of the time idly turning the "Paiges" of a book reading the doings of the ancient "Saxons" and the people who lived on the "Jordan".

The next day we went thru the state of Ohio. We got lost in the Pennsylvania "Woods" and had to have a "Pathfinder" to get back on the "National" highway. Many "Fords" had to be crossed and in some "Cases" we had to "Dodge" them. We soon arrived in New York and crossed the "Hudson". In New York harbor several "Cruisers" were sailing in the water. That night we stayed at a hotel on "Jackson" Boulevard.

Before we started the next morning we filled up with "Standard" gas and it made the car "Glide" along like ground lightning. Before we left New York we visited one of the many large parks to see the "White" tomb of General "Grant".

Finally we went southward on our journey and entered much "Oakland" and saw numerous "Jack Rabbits" along the road. At Boston we saw the birthplace of "Franklin". At "Lexington" which is a queer little town and as everyone knows is the place where the "Americans" fought the "Kings"

for "Liberty". Farther southward we passed thru the District of "Columbia", the capital of the U. S. "Republic" of Federal government. At this point we turned and headed directly for home and upon our arrival the people thought we were some "Roamers".

PAT DELIVERS A SPOOL OF THREAD

Say, b'ys, y'u know, I've had more fun today th'n I ever had befor' in all m' born days sence I started drayin'. Y'u know that Mrs. High an' Mighty th't jist moved in up th' street a ways. Waal, she's in th' habit o' goin' into th' store an' gittin' some blam'd li'l thing an' tellin' 'em t' send it out. She went in this mornin' an' got a spool o' thread an' said, "Please send it out, Mr. Wright", real dignified like, y'u know. Waal, it made th' boss mad an' he decided 'e'd send it out different 'n 'e wuz in th' habit o' doin'. So he ups an' calls me an' asts me if I'll deliver it to 'er. I tol' 'im I knowed she'd never come back but he said he didn't want anyone a tradin' at his store any'ow th't couldn't even carry a spool o' thread home. He give me two bucks extry fer doin' th' trick. I tell y'u what I did. I jist took m' big dray an' a couple o' the bigges' hosses, an' went down t' th' store an' got th' thread. I set it right in th' middle o' m' dray so's it'd be's conspicuous 's possible. It wuz rich, b'lieve me. An' them hosses ain't uset t' haulin' spools o' thread aroun' either, an' gittin' their eats jist th' same fer it. Waal, I drives up thar real kinda slow like—so's not t' tire th' hosses, y'u know, an' stops in front o' th' house. I guess th' ol' lady must o' heerd me 'cause I seen 'er come up t' th' front winder an' watch me. O' course, that's jist what she wuz s'posed t' do. Wall, b'ys—haw haw haw—waa, I took m' ol' board an' laid 'er down jist like 's if I wuz goin' t' lug in a pianny 'r sumthin'. 'N'en I lifted th't spool out 's if it weighed a ton an' set 'er down on th' plank. Jist about th't time, she pulled 'er curtains apart so's she c'd git a better view. I jist wisht y'u c'd o' bin there. I rolled th't ar spool all th' way up th't plank, cl'r up t' 'er porch door. 'N'en I opened th' screen an' rolled 'er in. Jist about th't time, she left th' winder an' I seen 'er comin' towards th' door. I'll be hanged, b'ys, if I ever saw any body any madder. An' b'lieve me, she'da

said somethin' if I'd waited an' give 'er a chance, but—waal—y'u know, I thot it wuz time I wuz goin', any'ow so I jist picked up m' plank an' walked leisurely back t' th' wag'n. After I got started I looked aroun' an' she wuz standin' on th' porch lookin' at me an' she kep' a lookin' 'till I wuz out o' sight. Gosh, but I felt relieved w'en I got aroun' th' corner. Say, I hope I ain't a keepin' any o' y'u away from yer work. An' by th' way, I guess I'm s'posed t' take a washin' machine over t' Greenes this afternoon too. Waal, s'long. See y'u later.

NATURE

Oh, you folks who don't like flowers and birds,
Don't you know it's the nicest sport e'er heard
To wander through a woodland green
And talk and laugh with the fairy queen
Who wanders there in the evening.

Oh, I can almost see her there
Or, in fact, most anywhere,
Along a brooklet or a stream
When the sunbeams sparkle and beam
Where Nature's arts are showing.

Scarcely more than a month ago
The woods were heavily laden with snow
And the ice bound streams were still and dry
Until the beaming sun on high
Smiled:—and the stream was singing.

But now, 'tis changed—the snow is gone,
And Mother Earth is bare and brown
And here and there a flower is seen
Anodding to the fairy queen
In the first dusk of evening.

Oh, in the evening in the soft, green spring
Listen to the robin in the apple tree sing
Oh, his song is full of joy and mirth
For he knows full well, what life is worth
And his mate—with him—is singing.

At last, the sun has gone to rest
The robin chirps to his mate in the nest
When purple shadows begin to fall
We feel that God watches over all
This quiet April evening.

—Ada Robinson '21.

"A PSALM"

Miss Knowles is my teacher, I shall not pass. She maketh me to read hard books and exposeth my ignorance before the whole class. She restoreth my sorrow, she causeth me to work hard (experiments) for my grade's sake. Yea, tho I study until midnight, I shall gain no knowledge, for destiny sorely troubles, and classics and English books distress. Thou preparest a test for me Monday. Thou givest me a low grade; my sadness runneth over. Surely sorrow and hard luck shall follow me all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the English class forever.

I had a little pony,
His name was Cicero,
I lent him to a comrade
To pass an exam or two;
He took this little pony,
And rode him very well,
Until the teacher caught the pony
And gave the pupil—zero.

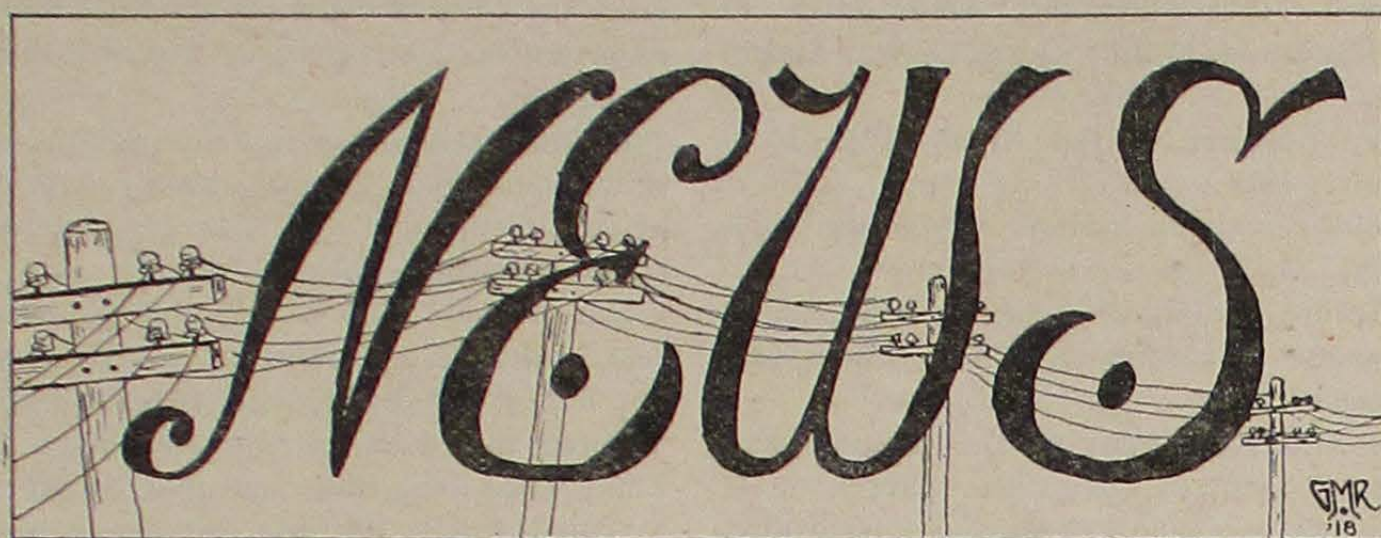
JUNIORS

J—Just watch us graduate. (Ha! Ha!)
U—Us-whom you are always making fun.
N—Never-when we have a perfect lesson.
I—If-Our motto.
O—Order-what we need in our classes.
R—Ready-when there is nothing else to do

A RHYME OF ROMANCE

By a Junior.

Emily Mellor, on a bright fall day
To Ames High slowly made her way.
Under her shining crown of curls
Her eyes, the envy of all the girls,
Gazed on Fred in such a way
That she, his gentle heart did sway.
Now Miss Steve Spence did view this scene
And deliberately planned to do something mean.
"I'll show this old world how to vamp."
And she vamped until she got a cramp.
But she won him, at last
And times quickly passed
For her; but not for Emily dear,
Until once more the Spring drew near.
But with the Spring as all good things come
To Emily came the minister's son.



SPRING VACATION

The school board had commiseration enough to release us from our bonds of misery for one week, starting Friday, March 26. Ah, it was bliss.

To begin with, most of the time it was so cold we could raise nothing but collars. Main Street was a thorough-fare for loafing. In fact, at any time, any place, anywhere, could be seen inmates of A. H. S. wandering aimlessly about, with a listless expression on their usually bright faces. They had tried to forget all they had ever known about Magnitude, Caesar, History, etc., and had found the task extremely easy.

How they missed the guiding hand of Steffey. Wilma Rayburn did not preside over Main Street. No where could be found Miss Miller and Mr. Kenny to pass out hints. There were no daily quarrels for the "Hec" girls. How all of the patient souls that attend A. H. S. missed that richly furnished study hall with its upholstered seats, tapestried walls, private drinking fountains, and sweet music, (Fat Thornburg's peaceful slumbering). How the Prep girls must have missed the lower corridor. But from all reports it seems that from that one week, their simultaneously heart breakings proceeded almost as well that week as under the careful surveillance of our "dear teachers."

Who on earth do you suppose Emily (our woman Bluebeard) vamped during said week? She was actually heard to say that she didn't care for Fred anymore. Poor chap, here's hoping he can be reconciled by "Steve."

Of course everyone missed that dashing young prep who perambulates around the

halls in the light blue sweater with the black trimmings, and who is noted for her squeaking shoes.

Summing it all up we missed all the comforts of A. H. S. But all good things have an ending. Monday, April 2nd, we returned to the usual grind. Caesar's past is now a thing of the future weeks.

The preps returned with all their ambition to hold down the lower corridor. The Sophs returned trying to find something exciting, the Juniors with a grim determination to beat the Preps time. The Seniors came back to hold their old place and to put on one of the best class plays A. H. S. has ever had the pleasure of attending.

SPIRIT NEWS

Peg Adams spent spring vacation in Des Moines.

Dorothy Dragoun spent the week of the first of April in Toledo.

Martys Gord of Marshalltown spent the week end with Thelma Houghan.

De Vera Farmer of Des Moines visited Margaret Adams and Marybelle Cure during April 9th, 10th and 11th.

Miss Luella Anderson of Ogden spent the week end with Alice Wilcox and Russell Thompson.

Mildred Gernes was confined to her bed at her home with a severe cold.

Ruth Johnson spent the week end with her parents at Gilbert.

Wednesday, April 14th, the Girl Scouts held a very peppy meeting. Four new girls were taken into the Troop, and the whole Troop divided into two Patrols. During the meeting camping news was read from "The Rally", the Girl Scout paper.

Milfred Myers has left Ames High to go to Lakefield, Minn., where he will attend school.

Harry Stewart visited Ames High Monday, April 12th.

Harold Loughran visited Ames High last Monday.

Catherine Judge, who had to quit school on account of sickness, visited school last Wednesday.

Mrs. Anderson went to Des Moines Friday, April 16th, to hear Galla Currci.

Ruth Walker spent Friday and Saturday, the 9th and 10th at Napier.

Gwenneth Dallin from Webster City visited with Mildred Jack last week.

The Neachee Campfire girls went for a hike Saturday morning, April 10th. Reports are that they hiked eight miles; they took their breakfast with them but we have been unable to learn just when they ate it.

The Serago Campfire met last Monday evening with Mildred Persons.

Plans for several high school hiking clubs for girls have been made; there will be hikes after school and several picnics, if the girls are interested in them.

APRIL FOOL HEROES

Johnny was one of those abnormally clever boys. In fact he was so clever he was self-centered, and of course, he had very few friends in high school.

His particular friend, however, was Bobby who was of much the same character.

These two boys were always found together, and when I first saw them I was reminded of Ted and Arnold.

Everyone, even the teachers in this particular high school, would have liked to "put one over" on Johnny and Bobby. At last, on April first, they were rewarded.

Our heroes are first found discussing April Fool's day.

"Oh, well," said Johnny, in a supercilious air, "that's only for people who don't know any better than to be led into a trap."

"O course," answered Bobby, "Only this morning I refused sugar altho mother assured me it was sugar, and used it freely herself. That's too old a joke for me."

When they reached the school house, the door looked damp. They decided that was a pretty cheap trick not to label fresh paint

until they heard others remarking upon the ambition of the janitor in washing the door so early.

Inside the door was a brick, around which they detoured. Soon, an exceptionally bright Prep, gave it a kick and disclosed a bright new half dollar!

Our heroes walked sheepishly along the hall, until they encountered a barrel, which not being painted, looked very ordinary.

Since the days of the Armenian Relief Fund were over they ventured to peer in.

"April Fool" literally hit them between the eyes.

They hurried on with burning ears.

Soon a wild-eyed little boy, about the size of Mike Morris came up to "our heroes" with Marybelle Cure's joke.

"Did you hear about that man, who fell from a third story window last night?"

"No!" they exclaimed in unison. "Did it kill him?"

"No, he had his spring suit on!"

(Strange, isn't it?)

Little jokes went on from bad to worse.

Just before noon, our heroes received notices to go to the office. With bated breath they arose and with measured tread proceeded to the office of the Principal, who, by the way, could see a joke as easily as Mr. Steffey. Once inside the door they were greeted with "April Fool!"

Johnny and Bobby did not attend school that afternoon because of severe headaches.

AMES AMATEUR RADIO ASSOCIATION

A new organization has recently been formed in Ames High School. The main purposes of this organization are to help advance the art of radio communication, to eliminate interference by means of cooperation, and to take part in radio relay work. Steps are being taken to get the Association incorporated in the American Radio Relay League.

This club is formed by a live (and lively) bunch of about fifteen wireless enthusiasts, who are all High School students, and who hope for and expect great results in the near future.

At the meeting on the 10th of April which was held at the home of Leonard Stenerson, the Constitution was adopted, and the following officers elected: President, Anson

Marston; Vice-President, Leonard Stener-son; Secretary and Treasurer, Burton Olson. Mr. Kenney will act as advisor. Sidney Davis and Sidney Barger have been appointed to help him. Meetings will be held at 7:30 on Saturday evenings, at the High School.

SOCIETY ITEMS

Mildred Gernes entertained six couples at her home Monday evening, April 6. After everyone had arrived they left for a theatre party at the Princess. After their enjoyment at the theatre the party again took place at the Gernes home. A few indoor games were enjoyed for pastime. The persons present at this party were as follows: Norma Haverly, Roy Bennett, Mildred Gernes, "Red" Smith, Mildred Jack, George Dunlap, Marian Smith, "Burn" Hubbard, Dorothy Dragoun, "Dutch" Griffith, Sis Cole, "Les" O'Brien. As you look at the list you will know there is much talent in this group of people. Some features of the evening were:

1. A solo dance by "Burn."
2. A song by "Dutch."
3. A solo waltz by Marian and George.
(They were blindfolded)
4. Piano number by "Les."
5. Music on victrola by Mildred Gernes.
6. Refreshments. (The best thing of the evening)
7. Dancing. (Entire group took part in this)
8. Last of all everybody went home.
(You can guess the rest)

Gertrude Murray was given a delightful surprise Saturday, April 10, when a number of her friends came to help her celebrate her birthday. The time was spent in playing games and dancing. At the close of the evening dainty refreshments were served.

The Neachee Campfire enjoyed a hiking party Saturday morning, April 10. They left at 6 o'clock for Sunset Rock and every one reported a very good time.

Six couples enjoyed a picnic at Cole's shack Friday evening, April 9. We weren't able to find out much about it, but we suppose everyone had a good time.

AMES HIGH JOINS COUNTY BASE BALL LEAGUE

The Story County League was first organized last year. Only a few of Story County's schools were represented the first year, but almost every school that can get up a team will be represented this year. Ames is one of the new members.

Nevada and Collins were the leading teams last year, but we hope to have Ames High at the head of the list this season.

During past years, A. H. S. students have lacked base-ball pep, but it has been stirred this year and she is going to show Story County that she can play base-ball.

Coach Thompson has his men in severe training and a strong team will be put on the field: one of which we can be proud of before the season is over.

ONLY A BIRD

Yes, it was nice and warm down there in Florida, but, oh, how my fellow friends and I yearned to go northward. One fine day we bade farewell to our friends and after taking one last dip in "The Fountain of Youth" we flew towards the northland.

I arrived in Ames one Saturday morning. I rested most of the day. Along in the evening about time for the campanile to call out nine o'clock I was feeling pretty gay, so for excitement I started towards the busy business district.

Music caught my attention. Not the soft lonesome lullabys of the southland, but, gay dance music, the kind that makes the old folks want to dance the light fantastic once again. It filled the air, it came from every where, from Jameson's, from Olson's, from the Sheldon-Munn, from everywhere. The windows of the Sheldon-Mun were all wide open, much to my delight, and I quietly flew in and became a volunteer chaperone.

I saw some familiar high school students there. Why sure, and there was Joe, of course, I expected to see him dancing some where. Just as I looked at him again to make sure that I was right, he slipped, caught his balance, then slipped again. If I had not known him last year I might have thought that he had been drinking some red lemonade or something.

Helen was there too, and oh! dear! she dropped some poor helpless flowers from

her dress and there! someone stepped on them. I thought how it must have hurt them, for, you know, all flowers are my friends. I felt so sorry until some one said, "They are artificial."

Well, I mustn't make my story too long and we'll just say that I had a delightful time and I think everyone else did.

Oh! Just a minute. I must tell you that the "long and the short" of the whole evening was my old friend, the dandy little "francaise teacher" was there with her six foot man.

There's lots more I could tell you but I must hurry and hunt feathers for my nest that I am building in the "old apple tree" in the school yard and if you'll come to see me there I'll tell you some interesting secrets that only a bird knows about interesting people. —G. E. J.

Lives of editors remind us
That their work is not sublime;
They have to toil both day and nite
To get the paper out on time.

SOPHOMORES

S—Soft—That's us.
O—Old in reality—very young in mind.
P—Politics—Oh! We're past that.
H—Hard Boiled—You tell 'em.
M—Mamma—wipe my nose.
O—Over-worked—Yes, ask Max.
R—Rest—We need it.
E—Entertainment—Lyle H. gives too much
S—Sophomores you bet!

We hear that Ted K. and Arnold L. have tried for places on Miss Foskette's champion Volley Ball team.

Orpheus, of old, could make a tree or a stone move with his music: but there are piano players today that have made whole families move.

The Juniors were called out of Civics class to get their pictures taken. We Seniors were very intent on going out too. Miss Jones said: "I don't think the rest of us have any interest in the Junior class."

"Fat" Thornburg: "Yes, I have." Right you are, Thornburg.

THE BIRTH OF NIGHT

Silent,
Still, breathless, the earth watches,
The death of day;
Watches it pass with a flushed western sky
Slowly, reluctantly it lingers
With a glow of rose,
Then fading,
Dies.
The earth in purple mist,
And dark in shadow mourns.
The trees, mere fantom shapes,
Indistinct and blurred, in silence
Wait.
The reed grown pool is last to show
On its mirror breast
The after-glow of the sinking sun;
And first to sing of the birth of night,
For the shadow ghost of the rising moon,
A silver disk,
Like a fairy ship, is seen upon the pool.
It rises,
Brightens, beams with light and bathes
The earth in milky haze;
While the star jewels float in the azure
deep.
A breath of wind in the upper boughs
A night bird's call,
A moon bathed dell,
A star decked, reed grown pool,
With these another world is made
A world of fancies, fairy-like,
Beautiful,
Enchanted
Night.

1st Prep girl—What date is tomorrow?

2nd Prep girl—Pecky's.

"Talking of hens," remarked the American visitor, "reminds me of the old hen my Dad once had. She would hatch out anything from a tennis ball to a lemon. Why, one day she sat on a piece of ice and hatched out two quarts of hot water."

"That doesn't come up to a club-footed hen my mother once had," remarked the Irishman. "They had been feeding her by mistake on sawdust instead of oatmeal. Well, sir, she laid twelve eggs and sat on them, and when they hatched eleven of the chickens had wooden legs and the twelfth was a woodpecker!"

STUDENT OPINION

STUDENT OPINION

Snobbishness in A. H. S.

Have you ever thought how snobbish the pupils of A. H. S. are? Every one has a few friends and does not care to become friends with anyone else. There are a number of new pupils from other towns lately come to this high school, and very few of them have become acquainted. The boys and girls meet them and say "Hello" or maybe don't speak at all. Just think how lonesome these people must be and they write to their old home town and say, "I don't like A. H. S. Everyone is so snobbish and one cannot get acquainted." Do we want A. H. S. to have this kind of a reputation? Of course, we don't. Then try to be a little more sociable and have fewer cliques.

"I HAVE SUBSCRIBED TO THE ANNUAL, HAVE YOU?"

You no doubt have seen and heard that slogan quite often this week. How do you answer—I have, I'm going to if I get the money, or I am not going to subscribe?

The Annual this year needs the support of every regular "Spirit" subscriber, every member in High School, and even anyone interested in the school, whether parents, alumni or others, to make it a success.

The Annual Staff have worked hard and are working hard to produce an edition that is up to the standard set by other years or other schools, and they are going to "deliver the goods."

The price this year is one dollar to regular "Spirit" subscribers and one twenty-five or non-subscribers. This distinction has been made in former years and holds this year as well. The price is lightly higher this year but what hasn't gone up in price except "Gold Dust?"

It wouldn't be fair to tell all of the contents of the Annual but there will be all

kinds of pictures, class pictures, organization pictures, football and basket ball pictures, and snapshots for instance. Then there will be jokes, a large literary department and lots of other good things. Your money is going to buy a whole lot of "treats" in the Annual.

The subscription campaign is handled this year by the School Affairs Committee. The member of the committee from each class that gets the most subscribers gets his Annual free, so if you have any favorites talk Annual for them and tell people outside of the High School to subscribe from your friend, and subscribe yourself.

STUDENT OPINION

Ames High lacks activities to which every student can take part. The only times in the year that any of the students all get together to enjoy a social evening are our class parties, which are few and far between.

I wonder how many students in A. H. S. know many other students personally except those in "their bunch"? Very few.

Mixers would help solve the clique system in A. H. S. (For it has gotten to be merely a system.)

Why not an All High Mixer every six weeks and perhaps a dance or two for a change?

We are becoming noted as a high school that is hard to become acquainted with. So let's get acquainted with a lot of others besides those in "our bunch."

Nuf sed!

Pupil—(translating Latin) He dropped his gun and fled in all directions.

Norma H. (in history): "Grant wrote a book on himself and got half a million for it and a cancer on his tongue."

THANKS FOR YOUR COOPERATION

As this is the last edition of the "Spirit" for the year 1919-1920 excluding the Senior Annual, the Spirit staff wishes to take this final opportunity to express its appreciation to the student body. Financial and literary co-operation has been unusually successful this year, which, as a rule, enlightened our responsibility and work. Various students have responded to write stories, poetry, student opinions, articles, etc., both in the contests carried on by the Contest Editor and for English credit. However, we know that you were interested in the success of the high school paper more than for the reward which was offered. We did our best to print all worth-while material that you handed in and if for some reason your article was not printed, it was because it was too personal or lacked interest to the readers. Rarely, it was not printed because the paper was full already. We have done our best to make our paper a success as we know you have done. Financially, the "Spirit" has come out on top, so far this year with our Annual yet to go to press.

We make but one more appeal to you. Short-stories, jokes, and poetry are needed by the bookful for our Annual. We want your talent. Get an inspiration. Who is the guilty student who will not contribute to the Annual? Place your material in the hands of any member of the staff and it will have a reserved seat in the Annual. Do that tomorrow and we will thank you again.

A HINT TO THE TEACHERS

There are some teachers in A. H. S. who do not practice what they preach. We are always being talked to about thrift, but we would like to know how we can be thrifty when the teachers won't let us.

Because of the recent paper shortage, and the rather high cost of good paper, we are told to be very careful and save on paper. But we wish to know how we can save paper when the teachers insist on our using but one side of the sheet, so wasting a full page; when they insist on us using whole sheets whether there are two full pages or only two or three short lines and the rest of the large sheet wasted.

Teachers also have the very bad habit

of wanting everything so very neat that many sheets are wasted in re-copying.

Not only in thrift do teachers fail to follow their own teachings, but in other things as well. Teachers, especially English teachers, are fond of handing back papers marked "Very poor penmanship." We would like to suggest that it would be of very great assistance to the students, if the teachers would form a class of penmanship. Very often we feel greatly in need of assistance for the translation of the various hieroglyphics used by those in the teaching profession.

Norman C.: "Let's you and I try out for the bride and groom in the class play."

Lorena C.: "No, let's leave that to Norma and Roy."

Earl E. says that his new history seat is so small he has to stand up to change his mind.

The business Arithmetic teacher received this note: "Dear Madam: Please excuse Albert today. He won't come to school because he is acting as time-keeper for his father, and it is your fault. U gave him a ixample if a field is 6 miles around, how long will it take a man walking $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour to walk $2\frac{1}{4}$ times around it? Albert ain't a man, so we had to send his father. They went early this morning and father wil walk around the field and Albert will time him, but please don't give my boy such ixamples agin, because my husban' must go to work every day to support his family.

The tramp slouched up to the old lady's house and saw her watching him from a window—a benevolent looking old lady with silver hair. So he went on all fours and began to eat the grass on the old lady's lawn. As the tramp expected, the old lady came to the door.

"Why are you doing that?" she asked.

"Because I'm famished," he replied.

"My poor man," cried the benevolent lady "do pray go around the lawn at the back of the house. The grass is so much longer." And she shut the door.



A SUCCESSFUL SEASON TO LOOK BACK TO

Ames Hi during the years 1919 and 1920 turned out the most successful basket ball team in her history, being beaten by only two teams, Boone and La Verne. The first defeated us twice, once on our home floor, and again on the Boone floor, but taking into consideration that the Boon quintet won the state honors, and won several games in the Chicago tourney, and the fact that Ames team held them to a small margin of point over ours, and Ames played two games the day that Lu Verne defeated them at the state tournament the team did exceptionally well.

The team defeated Ogden on our home floor after having had a week of uneven practice but the boys had an easy one to start with so they did their duty there, winning by a score off 55-11.

Then the Story City quintet were whipped to the tune of 35-9 on the home floor. Then came Nevada for their annual thrashing at the hands of the Ames five. Nevada played a fast rough game, as did the Ames team. Nevada had the advantage, playing on their home floor, but the Ames quintet came through with a victory of 30-17.

After playing a hard game Friday at Nevada the team came home and defeated the Jefferson team on Saturday. Although Jefferson's team was inferior to Nevada they succeeded in holding Ames to a victory of 24-14 or 3 points less than Nevada's defeat. Then after a day's rest a return game was played with Story City at Story. Here a

good number of second team men got to play. Story was defeated 29-9.

Boone was next. Both teams were confident of victory, both determined to be victorious, but the Ames forwards lost their horseshoe and the Boone forwards topped the ball almost at will from the center of the field. This game was played on the home floor and before the largest crowd that ever witnessed a game in the A. H. S. gym. The final score was 15-20.

The next Thursday, the team defeated Indianola at Indianola 22-12. Defeated Perry Friday, 22-21, then defeated Valley Junction score 34-15. The next Tuesday the return game with Boone was played at Boone.

The Boone team was much stronger than the first time they played with us, and the Ames five were all tired out having played three games in five days, and Scovel layed up, but Gore who took his place played a fast game, and made our only two field goals while Hoon, and Corneluissen made our free throws. Then Churdan received defeat from Ames by a score of 18-12.

Nevada came back for a second defeat February 29, on the college floor; the game was played as an eye-opener to the Ames-Simpson game, and the score at the end was 28-27. The Nevada team had improved greatly since their first defeat, and were up until the last five minutes leading by six points, then the Ames team didn't see any use for defeat so they ran the score up seven points and held it there.

The first squad then went to Iowa Falls where they were defeated by Lime Springs

16-24. While they were defeated by the Springs the seconds were defeated at Tama and the thirds at Kelley.

Ames trimmed Osage at the High School Tourney 20-19, then turned around and was defeated by Lu Verne 16-20. Both of these games were fast and rough.

BOY'S ATHLETIC ASSEMBLY

Tuesday, April 6, the boys had an athletic assembly in the Auditorium. Here the boys were asked to begin right now to train for next year's foot-ball team—both physically and mentally. They were told that they must get their studies up if they were not already, as every member of the team must have passed in three subjects this semester before he would be eligible to play in any of the games.

Superintendent Bodwell told the boys of the stand which the school takes on cigarette smoking and asked them to refrain from it, if not for their own sake, out of respect for the other students. He also told them that they would have little or no chance to make the squad next fall if they still used cigarettes.

Mr. Bodwell said that every boy should come out for base-ball and track even though he thought that there was no chance for him to make the team, as this year's practice will help next year. Mr. Steffey urged them to talk with their advisors and see what they were failing in and find out how to remedy the cause. Coach Thompson vouched for everything that the others had said and said he would like to see a large group of boys out to all practices for both track and base-ball. He went on to say that "every boy who is up in three studies and is willing to abide by the rules of training set down for the squad to follow is eligible for either or both activities, but if a boy is especially fitted for track he will be asked to leave base-ball alone."

BASEBALL TEAM FOR AMES HIGH

Ames Hi for the first time in years will have a base-ball team. There are a good number of boys out for practice every evening, so it is expected that they will show up well during the season. On account of the weather, there has been no batting practice, only base running, but as soon as the

weather permits Coach Thompson says they will start practice in earnest. Altho there is a good number out there are still some boys who can and like to play base ball, that are not coming out to practice.

The team will confine their playing mostly to county teams but will play a few teams outside the county. The games as much as possible will be played after school so everyone may come and see them.

PLANS FOR TRACK THIS SPRING

Altho the track team last year took very few honors at the meets we entered, we are organizing a stronger and faster team and expect to take our share this year, and more too if we can, to make up for last year.

We are going to enter in a good number of invitational meets so that more boys are needed than have been training regularly. Coach Thompson urges every boy in Ames High to come out for track and see what he can do. Practice is now being carried on at the College Gymnasium where equipment can be secured.

EVERYBODY OUT FOR TRACK AND BASEBALL! !

Miss Kelley in history: "Who is the king of England, Mildred?"

"George is his first name," came the answer. "His last name isn't in the book, but it begins with a V."

Electrocuted

Ida: "Did you hear of the bad accident that occurred at the City Bakery this morning?"

Frank: "No, What was it?"

Ida: "Barbara picked up a bun and the currant ran up her arm."

"Dinah," inquired the mistress suspiciously, "did you wash this fish carefully before you baked it?"

"Law, ma'am," said Dinah, "Wot's de use ob washin' de fish dat's lived all his life in de watah?"

Norman C. was visibly affected in French IV class when Miss Miller told him in French that when he graduated she would shed "beaucoup" tears.

Organizations

SNOW-WHITE

Friday, April 9, the chorus-class gave the cantata, "Little Snow-White". The soloists were Irene Dewey, taking the part of Snow-White, Mildred Persons, the wicked queen, and Helen Rodgers, the mirror. Marjorie Beam told the story in verse between each musical number.

Altho Irene has red hair, and Mildred looked anything but wicked, they certainly did their parts well. All the "little kiddies" eagerly watched for the chorus to stop so "that pretty girl" would speak again. The chorus has certainly showed us that they are a peppy bunch with a peppy leader.

The people followed that time saving slogan "eat while you listen" as they enjoyed the pop-corn sold by the Girl Scouts before and after the entertainment.

The Cantata was quite a success financially as well. \$114.00 dollars were taken in. We certainly have a splendid chorus this year and we are all looking forward to the Operetta that they plan to present in the near future.

IBSEN PRODUCTIONS

"The Master Builder" and "Hedda Gabler"

Ames High School was especially favored with some real high class acting Monday, April 12, when two of Ibsen's plays, "The Master Builder" and "Hedda Gabler" were presented by Madame Borgny Hammer and her company. It is seldom that the people in a town the size of Ames have an opportunity to see anything as fine as this, especially at such a low price.

"The Master Builder" was given in the afternoon and the students were excused from classes, with the exception of those who played "hookie" on March 26, that they might see this production.

According to an old custom, the Master Builder should climb to the top of the new

tower and hang a wreath. Halvard Solness, a great architect, was afraid of the younger generation. He had determined to keep his place in spite of them. To accomplish this end, he refuses to recognize the plans of Brovik, a younger architect. Thru the burning of his home and the death of his two sons, his domestic happiness has been ruined. Now he is building a new home with a tower on it. Madame Borgny Hammer, representing youth, comes and insists that he, the Master Builder, climb to the top and place the wreath. Because of his age, he gets dizzy and falls to the ground and is killed, at last having had to give way to youth.

Hedda Gabler, which was played in the evening, was fine. Hedda and Mr. Tesman had just returned from their honey-moon when Aunt Julia comes to visit her boy. "Can you fancy that, Hedda? Eh?" as Mr. Tesman receives his good old slippers. Hedda wrecks the life of two lovers and Aunt Julia by her remarks and unladylike actions. She is the one who gives the pistol to Eilert Lovberg and tells him "to make it a beautiful ending." A very wonderful manuscript is lost by Elvsted and found by Mr. Tesman, who gives it to Hedda. She immediately burns it. In order to have something left to the deceased, his young lady lover, finds her notes that she took and she, with Mr. Tesman plan to rewrite the book. These two were boy and girl chums, and seeing them working together so happily, Hedda shoots herself. Consternation reigns and Tesman, dropping to his knees by her side says, "Can you fancy that?"

The plays were given under the auspices of the Ames High School Public Speaking Department. Students in these departments with the aid of Mr. Steffey and Miss Hiller took charge of the advertising, ushering, ticket selling and made themselves useful in

other ways. Sad to say, the expenses amounted to \$620.14, while the total receipts were \$584.88, leaving a deficit of \$35.26.

The acting was splendid and the plays so well given that the school is well satisfied in spite of this deficit.

Tri L

April the eighth, the Tri L Musical enter tainers appeared in the High School Auditorium. The company consisted of Mary Marie Leppert, contralto; Charles Emmot Leppert, baritone, and Lora Paige Leaming, violinist, who, because of recent death in her family could not appear. Assisting in the concert were Mr. Orth, violinist, and Margaret Lorraine Brown, accompanist, reader and whistler.

The program held the interest of the audience which was rather small. In the intermission Charmion Dox played two piano numbers and delighted the audience with her own composition "Quacky Doodle."

EXCHANGE

In this last edition of the "Spirit" we feel we should give a final review of the various papers which we have received during this school year. They have been of great benefit to us and we have appreciated their comments and excellent material.

The "Pebbles", edited by the pupils of Marshalltown High School, is one of the papers of high literary spirit and general good construction. High school papers over the state can certainly use it as a model to good advantage. We like their style of magazine and their art editor is to be congratulated for the good plates.

The "Bumble B", of Boone High School, our neighbor and rival, is a paper of almost equal rank with "Pebbles." The two magazines are quite similar in many ways. Both are good models. The art editor of this paper also should be congratulated upon her excellent work. It shows the hand of a true artist.

The "Ah La Ha Sa," published by the Albert Lea, Minnesota, High School, is another paper from which we have gained knowledge. They have put out a very consistently newsy paper this year and we Iowans appreciate their good work.

The "Spectator" of Waterloo is a most

excellent publication. The magazine is certainly of excellent material and we hope to continue our exchange with them next year.

The "F. H. S. Vacuum" of Fairfield is one of the finest, if not the best, newspaper we receive. They put out a four to eight page paper every week or so, and they're not a large city either. Fairfield, you are to be congratulated for putting out one of the snappiest, most lively papers there are. Your jokes are most excellent. Nothing dry about the paper at all.

The "Echo" of Lu Verne, Minnesota, is a very artistic paper. They publish a worthy news sheet and we wish to make our exchange with them permanently.

The "Torch", Daylestown, Pennsylvania, is another eastern paper with whom we enjoy to exchange. The "Torch" is a paper hard to equal and is an all around excellent publication.

The "High School Life", Devil's Lake, North Dakota. Although we have but lately made its acquaintance, is a most worthy paper. It has lively jokes, good literary material, and we hope it will continue to keep its standard. We wish you success, D. L. H. S., in your future work.

The "Habit", Charles City, is a paper that we have lately received and consider a great merit. They have an artistic paper and their advertising sections are to be considered for their neatness and artistic placing. The material in the paper is very worthy of reading.

We have commented above on a few of the papers we have received. We have many others of equal merit, all of which we hope to exchange with next fall. All with whom we have exchanged this year, be sure to come back strong next fall, for we shall feel honored to exchange with you in the future.

Soph—Do you know my brother?

Junior—Sure, we sleep in the same Caesar class.

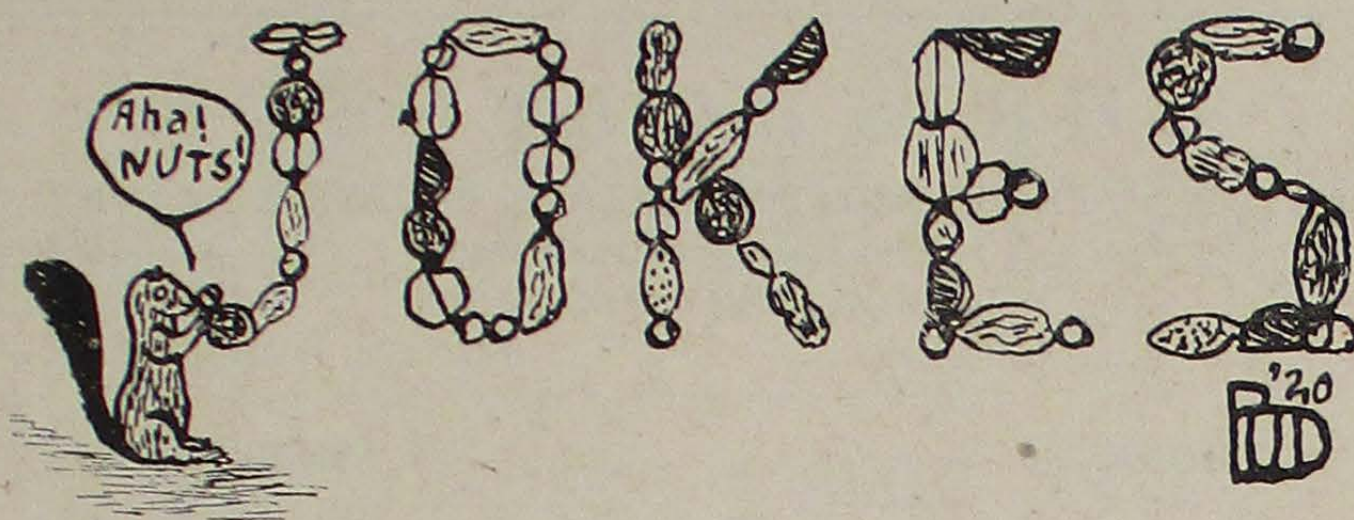
How Johnny recited his piece at school:

Liza Grape men ally mindus

Weaken make Liza Bhine:

Andy Parting Lee B. Hindus

Footbrin Johnny Sands a time. —Ex.



TICKLERS

"Yes," said first Prep, "I want to do my bit, of course, so I thot I'd raise some potatoes."

"Well, I thot I would do that," said second Prep, "but when I looked up the way to do it, I found that potatoes have to be planted in hills, and our yard is perfectly flat."

"What did the Puritans come to this country for?" asked the American history teacher.

"To worship in their own way, and make other people do the same", was the reply.

Norma H. says she is going to resign from the Corridor Club as she gets too much publicity.

"How kind of you," said a Senior girl, "to bring me these lovely flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh. I think there is some dew on them yet."

"Yes," said this Senior boy, in great embarrassment, "but I am going to pay it off tomorrow."

He—Will you be my partner—

She—Oh, this is so sudden. Give me a little time—

He—(continuing) For the next dance?

She—(continuing) To catch my breath. I haven't yet recovered from the last dance yet.

How would you like to be principal? ? ?

"Dear Mr. Steffey: Please excuse Katherine for being absent as she fell into a mud puddle. By doing same you will oblige,

Mrs.

Pecky P.—Why is the water in the Niagara Falls green?

Sid A.—Too deep for me.

Pecky P.—Just came over!

Teacher: "Now, Johnny, can you name a cape in Alaska?"

Johnny: "No'm."

Teacher: "That's right! Cape Nome. Good for you! Next."

Spellbound

"Spell your name!" said the court clerk.

The witness began, "O double T, I, double U, E dougle LL, double U, double O—"

"Wait!" ordered the clerk; "Begin again"

The witness replied: "O, double T, I, double U, E, double L, double U, double O—"

"Your honor", roared the clerk, "I beg that this man be committed for contempt of court."

"What's your name?" asked the judge,

"My name, yer honor, is Ottiwell Wood, and I spell it O, double T, I, double U, E, double L, double U, double O, D."

Guzinta

A member of the School Board trying to be pleasant to a small boy: "What are you studying, my boy?"

"Arithmetic and geography," answered the boy.

"And what are you learning in Arithmetic?"

The boy thot for a minute and then replied: "Guzinta."

"Guzinta?" said the surprised official. "What's that?"

"Why, don't you know?" said the boy. "Two guzinta four, three guzinta six, four guzinta eight, five guzinta ten."

CHRIS SORENSON

FRESH AND SALT MEATS, POULTRY

Fish and Oysters in Season

DELIVERY SERVICE

8:00 a. m. to College

9:00 a. m. North Side

2:30 p. m. South Side and College

PHONE 296

AMES, IOWA

Jack Barrymore, the actor, was in a group who were cracking conundrums, when he asked: "Now, fellows, you seem very clever at such things. So tell me the difference between a mosquito and an elephant?"

"The difference?" asked one.

"Yes," answered Barrymore.

They all gave up, when the actor walking away said, "Their shape."

He—How do you like my mustache?

She—Just between you and me, I like it.

Garretson's Barber Shop

The home of first-class barbers

We solicit your trade sure of satisfying you

218 Main St.

Ames, Iowa

KODOKS and PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIES

Up-to-date toilet articles, stationery
of latest style

BOSWORTH DRUG CO.
134 MAIN ST.

Advertisements are funny things some times, for instance:

"A respectable (?) young prep wants washing."

"I want an overseer who can take care of 5,000 sheep who can speak French fluently."

"Wanted: A girl who can cook. One that will make a good stew."

"I will sell a fiddle of old wood that I made out of my head and have wood left enough for another."

SUBSCRIBE TO THE ANNUAL

350 subscriptions must be secured if the
Annual is to pay out. WILL WE FAIL?

Price: \$1.10 to Regular Subscribers

\$1.35 to Non-subscribers

Laugh! Laugh! Laugh!

"And Home Came Ted"

"Old Mistah Skeet got bit by a bee,
Bee turned around and bited a flea,
Flea bit a gnat, gnat bit a jigger,
Then the whole menagerie done bit a nigger."

This is a high class play. "It has to be high, it takes place on a high mountain." Characters from all parts of the world, the vamp from Hawaii, the cook from South Africa, the sekketery from New York, a Senator from Washington, his daughter from boarding-school, the old maid from—nobody knows where, but she is forty-five and desperate. The hero is such a mystery that you will have to find out for yourself from whence he came.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

MAY 7 and 8

ADMISSION: 50c plus war tax

Seats on sale Monday, May 3rd, at Judischs'

All seats reserved

**A STORE
OF
FRIENDLY SERVICE**

You'll like the friendly atmosphere of this store, the painstaking care in fitting, the gentlemanly salespeople and the pleasant surroundings.

AMES BOOTERY

An Ames street car reminds us of a dress suit; so little room in either.

Shorty Mattox: "I wonder how much money there is in the world."

Miss Kelley: "Try to borrow a dollar and you'll find out."

"The next person who interrupts the proceedings," said the judge sternly, "will be expelled from the court room and ordered home."

"Hurrah!" cried the prisoner.

"C—" whispered the alarmed wife poking her sleeping husband in the ribs. "Wake up C—, there are burglars in the pantry, and they're eating all my pies."

"Well, what do we care M—?" mumbled C—. "So long as they don't die in the house."

Myrl Garretson in American Lit.—When we get to "dust" we come down to the ground pretty quick.

Great Men are Saying:

That we are too extravagant. We can help you to be less so by resoling your old shoes.

A-1 WORK

ROUP'S SHOE SHOP

Agnes Noble—Edgar Allen Poe was abducted to drink.

Mary Reed—He was an extinguished author.

Mary Wasser (In Sunday school)—They drove the parasites out of Egypt:

Father—Doesn't that young fellow know how to say good night?

Daughter—Um-m-m-m, daddy, you bet he does.

Though they had never met be-4

What cause had she 2-care?

She loved him 10-derly—

He was a 1,000,000-aire.

Pat—(to Mike who is shaving on the back porch) Say, how comes it that you are shaving on the outside?

Mike—Gwan, do ye's think om fur-lined?
—Exchange.

MOTHER'S DAY ISN'T FAR AWAY

Remember her with

A DAINY CARD

MAKE YOUR SELECTION EARLY

at

GODARD'S GIFT SHOP

COMPLETE LINE OF
TYPEWRITER PAPER, TABLETS AND SCHOOL
SUPPLIES

AMES NEWS STAND
REYNOLDS & IVERSEN

ENESS MUSIC HOUSE
EVERYTHING IN MUSIC

AMES IOWA

AMES PANTORIUM

Modern Cleaners

Work Called for and Delivered

PHONE 231

AMES, IOWA

OUR VERY BEST IS THE VERY BEST
HAGEN & McCORMAC
HARDWARE, TOOLS and CUTLERY

211 Main

Phone 389



THE SYSTEM CLOTHES

THE CLOTHES THAT SET THE PACE

All that you want in your clothes is here in these. Finely woven fabrics, clever, distinctive designing, bench tailoring; extra good linings. All that a custom tailor could give you.

Here for example are these splendid clothes selling for

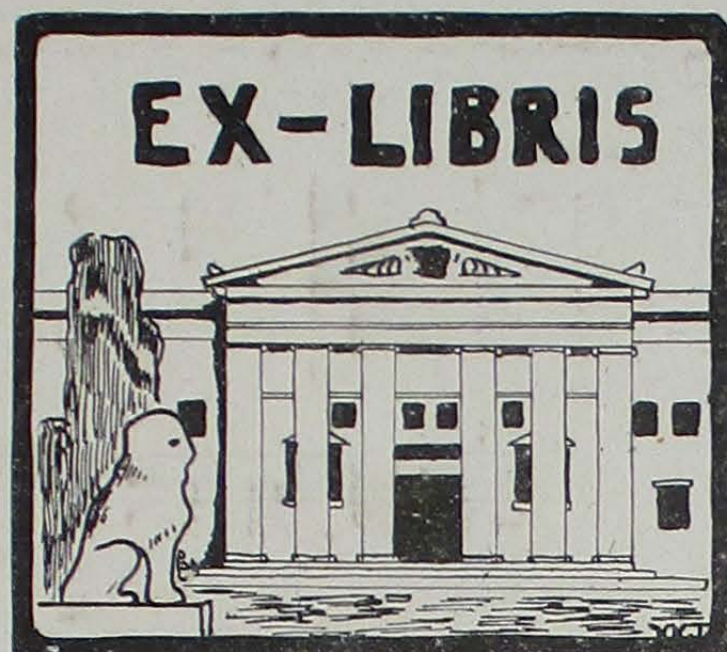
\$35, \$45, \$50, \$55

In models that all young men are wearing; trim, smartly set up in single and double breasteds in one, two or three button styles. Extra fine style, they'll excel in service giving also.

THE TILDEN STORE

THE SPIRIT
SENIOR ANNUAL
1920

THE
GUTHRIE
LIBRARY
1880



Foreword

The Annual Staff wishes to impress upon the minds of the readers of this Senior Annual, that they did not intend to publish this volume as a product of literary genius, but as a mere memorandum of the progress of the activities in Ames High School during the past school year. We hope that it will convey to the readers the happiness and value of our high school life. With the intention that our goal will be reached if this book brings enjoyment to the students in Ames High School now, and delightful memories of old days in years to come, we offer this 1920 Spirit Annual.

In Memoriam

Lisle Miller, '22

Born April 7, 1903

Died September 29, 1919

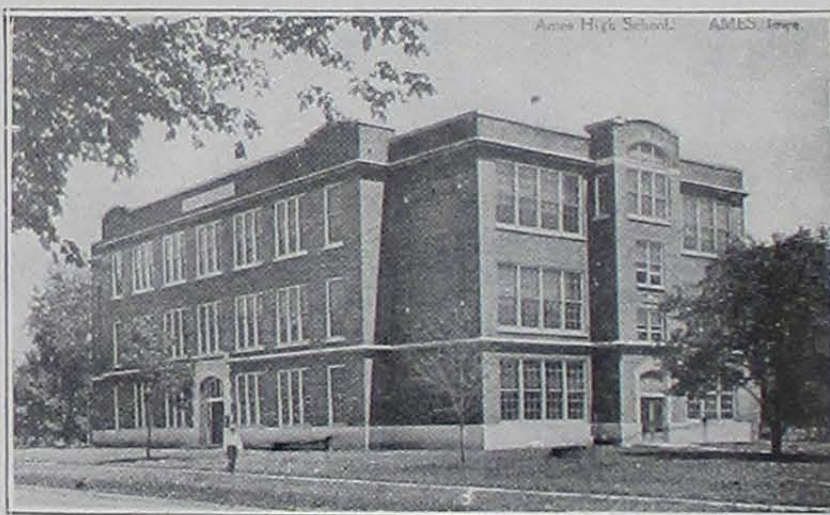
THE SPIRIT ANNUAL

VOL. 9

MAY 26, 1920

NO. 15

MEMORANDUM OF THE CLASS OF 1920



AMES HIGH SCHOOL

Published by the Senior Students of Ames High School
Ames, Iowa

ORDER OF CONTENTS

BOOK ONE
"THE SCHOOL"

BOOK TWO
"STUDENT ACTIVITIES"

BOOK THREE
"HUMOR"

Dedication



PRINCIPAL A. J. STEFFEY

Because we appreciate the four years of faithful service he has given so willingly, we, the Class of 1920, dedicate to him this Senior number of the High School "Spirit".

THE SCHOOL



BOARD OF EDUCATION



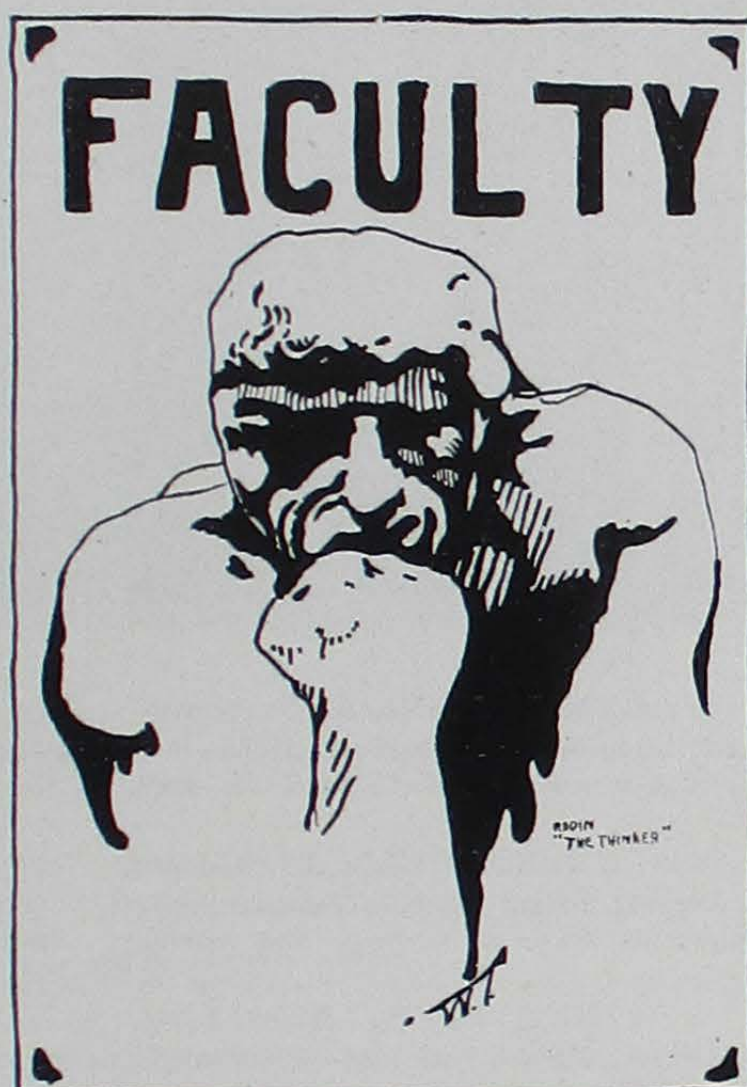
L. C. TILDEN
Member of School Board for Nine
Years.

PROFESSOR A. T. ERWIN
Elected to Board 1919.

PROF. MEEKER—PRESIDENT
Member of School Board for Nine
Years.

MRS. SEMMONS
Elected to Board 1920.

J. M. MUNSINGER
Elected to Board 1919





MISS IDEN, Ames, Iowa.

Graduate Ames High School, 1919; First year here—Secretary to Mr. Bodwell.
"A merry heart doeth good like medicine."

MR. BODWELL, Ames, Iowa.

Dartmouth College, B. S. Degree; Second year here—Superintendent.
"There's nothing so kindly as kindness, and nothing so royal as truth."

MR. STEFFEY, Ames, Iowa.

Northwestern 1914, A. B. Degree; Fourth year here—Principal, Faculty Advisor to business staff of "Spirit", Coach for debating team.
"Every noble life leaves the fiber of it interwoven into the fabric of the world."



MISS BRITTON, Pleasant Hill, Missouri

University of Nebraska; First year here—Civics, Freshman advisor.

"He who cannot laugh is only fit for treason and strategy."

MISS TAYLOR, Timber Lake, South Dakota.

University of North Dakota; First year here—English, Advisor to editorial staff of the "Spirit", Senior advisor.

"Always cheerful, always willing,
Whether the task be pleasing or chilling."

MISS TURNER, Ames, Iowa.

B. S. Degree, Kansas State Agricultural College; Master of Arts, University of Chicago.

"Success comes only to those who lead a life of endeavor."

MISS RAYBURN, Grinnell, Iowa.

Grinnell, 1917, A. B. Degree; Second year here—Latin, Geometry, Advisor to Y. W. C. A.

"He throws away all he has, who neglects the present moment."

MISS JONES, Ames, Iowa.

Northwestern University, B. A. Degree; History and Civics, Sophomore advisor.

"Gifted with a fair countenance and a reasonable understanding."

MISS TENNEY, Ames, Iowa.

A. B. Degree, Greenville College, Illinois; M. A. Degree, Berkeley, California; One semester here—English, Senior advisor, advisor to editorial staff of the "Spirit".

"Kind hearts are more than coronets."



MR. SEEDER, Wassica, Minnesota.

Iowa State College, 1916; Assistant Professor of Agricultural Education; B. S. C. degree; First year here—Agriculture.

"He that is wise in books alone knoweth not the pleasures of life."

MISS COOK, Leominster, Massachusetts.

Teachers' College, New York City; Third year here—Home Economics.

"I have no secret of success but hard labor."

MISS FOSKETTE, Chicago, Illinois.

One year at Northwetsern University; one year at Iowa Wesleyan; B. A., Iowa State Teachers' College; First year here—Physical Training, Freshman advisor.

"Do you not know I am a woman?
When I think—I must speak."

MRS. GERTRUDE CURTISS PAXTON, Nevada, Iowa

Iowa State College, B. S. Degree; Columbia University, M. A. Degree; First year here—Home Economics.

"Aim high and believe yourself capable of great things."

MISS PRENTICE, Pipestone, Minnesota.

Parsons College, Ph. B. Degree; First year here—Mathematics.

"Life's current coin is made of plain sound sense."

MISS NOWELS, Glidden, Iowa

Highland Park College; First year here—English, Sophomore advisor.

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."

MRS. ANDERSON, Ames, Iowa.

Parsons College, B. S. Degree; Post Graduate, Chicago University; First year here—Commercial.

"Those who know her admire her most."



MR. SINGER, Ames, Iowa.

Iowa State College; Fourth year here—Manual Training.

"Great thoughts like great deeds need no trumpet."

MR. THOMPSON, Ames, Iowa.

Drake University; First year here—Physical Training.

"An honest man is the noblest work of God."

MISS CURTIS, Wheatland, Iowa.

Iowa State Teachers' College, one year; Brown's Business College; Sixth year here—Commercial, General Treasurer of High School.

"Friendship, big and long and everlasting."

MISS BOYD, Grand River, Iowa.

Kansas State Teachers' College, Emporia College, 1903; Boyles' Business College, Omaha; Thirteenth year here—Commercial.

"Kindness is catching and if you go around with a thoroughly developed case your neighbor is sure to catch it."

MISS HARPER, Ames, Iowa

Iowa State College, 1918, B. S. Degree; Second year here—Science.

"All hearts did she gain
By gentle actions, patience and peace."

MISS JUNE MILLER, Mediapolis, Iowa.

Parsons College, 1915, A. B. Degree; Third year here—French, Junior advisor, advisor to Y. W. C. A.

"Liked here, liked there, liked everywhere."

MISS KELLEY, Beloit, Wisconsin.

Beloit College, A. B. Degree; First year here—History and English, Senior advisor.

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."



MR. STODDARD, Ames, Iowa.

Studied violin under Joseph Benesch and Carl Steckelberg, cello under Henry Steckelberg, and band instruments with Manard Draper, voice with Mrs. L. P. Main, Delia Davies and T. P. Giddings, Harmony and composition under Mortimer Wilson and Alfred White. Graduate of University of Nebraska in the public school department, studied at the institute of Normal Methods at Northwestern University.

First year here—Music. Director of Chorus, Orchestra and Band.

"Music so softens and disarms the mind
That not an arrow doth resistance find."

MISS HILLER, Des Moines, Iowa.

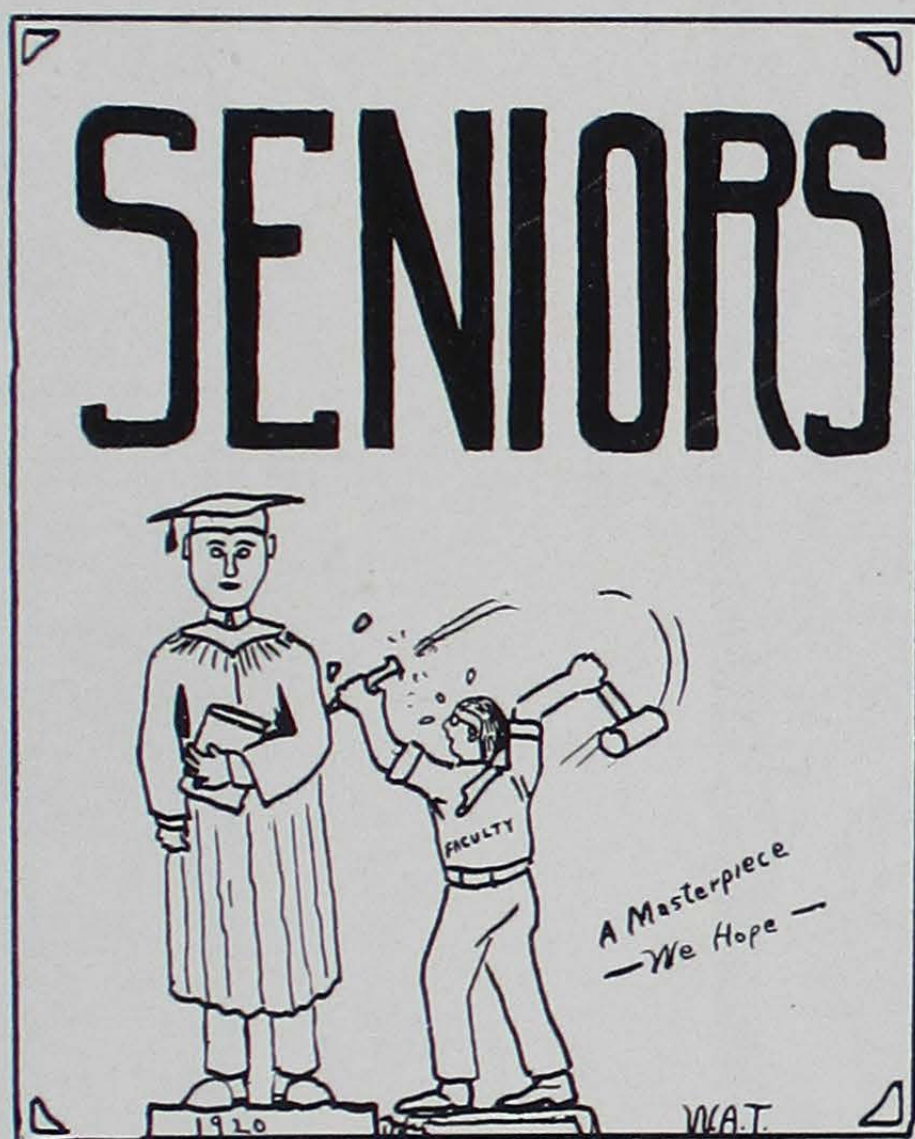
Des Moines College—B. O., A. B. Degree; First year here—English, Junior Advisor; Coach for Declamatory Contest; Coach for Debating Team.

"An aim in life is the only fortune worth the finding."

MR. KENNEY, Omaha, Nebraska.

Macalester College, St. Paul, Minnesota; First year here—Science.

"How sweet and gracious even in common speech is that fine sense which men call courtesy."





CHARLOTTE JUDGE

"Choddie"

Chorus '16; Class Play.

St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Indiana

"Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."

MERNA LEE

Class Prophecy; Dramatic Club, '20; Senior School
Affairs Committee; Y. W. C. A.; Declamatory Con-
test, '17-'20; Diploma Penmanship; Forensic Club;
Class Play.

Denver University

"Meek and mild like a day in March."

DONALD D. DURRELL

"Don"

Basketball '19, '20; Orchestra '19, '20; Band '18,
'19, '20; Y. M. C. A. '20.

"Just a good friend to all."

KENNETH PARRY

"Spic"

Two years at Chariton H. S.

Iowa State College

"Friends, teachers, and janitors, I am no ordinary
man."



NELLIE MARONEY

Penmanship diploma; Underwood diploma; Chorus '17, '20.

"Her ways are ways of cheerfulness
Which make our paths seem bright."

EDWARD RUTHERFORD

"Eddie"

Annual Staff '20.

"I am but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home."

JOSIE WILCOX

Ogden, three years; Glee Club, one year.

"Life is long—but I am short."

GEORGE DUNLAP

Two years in Manchester High School; Football '17, '19; Basketball '17, '18; "A" Club.

Iowa State College

"Sleep is a blessed thing."



LYLA FRENCH

First two years at Paton H. S.; Forensic '19, '20; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '20; Secretary '20; Spirit Staff '20; Class Play; 45 word Underwood award; 62 word Underwood award.

Iowa State College

"True to her work, her word, and her friend."

SAM CARTER

Football '17, '19; Track '19; "A" Club; Class Play.

"I woke up one morning to find myself famous."

HAZEL TAYLOR

"Hick"

Orchestra '19; Declamatory Contest '16; Gold medal, Remington, 69 words; Card case, Underwood.

Grinnell

"There's a maid with the famed Titian hair."

HOWARD McCOLLY

Iowa State College

"One vast substantial smile."



KATHRYN LOGAN

She came to us from Montana.
"Who puzzles when she pleases
And pleases when she puzzles."

DOROTHY MILLER

Chorus '16; Forensic '19; Spirit Staff '20; Annual
Staff '20; Underwood award; Y. W. C. A.; School
Affairs Committee.
"When she has nothing to say, she's saying nothing."

MERRILL HUNTER

Track '19; Football '17.
Iowa State College
"Napoleon was little, so is Merrill."

MARIAN SMITH

"Red"
Spirit Staff '18, '20.
"Of all my father's family, I love myself the best."



LEE STEVENS

"Shorty"

Four years at Hancock H. S.

Iowa State College

"With a smile, always doing something worth while."

HAZEL McKIBBEN

"Red"

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '20; Orchestra '19, '20; High School Senate '20

Iowa State College

"Sunny hair, sunny disposition."

JOE ANDERSON

Football '14, '15, '16, '17, '20; "A" Club; High School Senate '20.

Iowa State Teachers' College

"Here's to the girls! Bless them!
To know them is to love them."

GRACE VICKERY

"Gracious"

Y. W. C. A.; Glee Club '17, '18.

"Good natured, without disguise."



RALPH MAYO

"Jack"

Football '17, '18; Basketball '17; Spirit Staff '19;
Annual Staff '19; "A" Club '18.

"Do for everybody you can, by all the means you can,
and any time you can."

HELEN FREED

"Kitty"

Chorus '16; Literary '16.

Iowa State College

"When will the fellows leave her alone?"

MILDRED JACK

"Polly"

First two years at Jefferson H. S.; Underwood cer-
tificate, 45 words

Drake

"She's always jolly and full of fun,
From start to finish she's made things hum."

MARGUERITE CONNER

First three years in Montrose, Colorado, H. S.

Iowa State College

"Her voice is sweet, her manner kind."



ALFRED CARLETON

Track '18, '19; Debate '18, '19, '20; Forensic Club '19, '20; Dramatic Club '19, '20

Oberlin

"The gentleman is learned, and the most rare speaker"

LILLIAN KELSO

"Lil"

Y. W.; Champion Volley Ball Team '19.

Iowa State College.

"A light heart liveth long."

NORMAN CORNELIUSSEN

"Scoop"

Football '18, '19; Basketball '17, '18, '19, '20; President "A" Club '20; Track '19; High School Senate '20; Class Play.

"No one would suppose it, but I am just naturally bashful."

HOLLYCE WALLICK

"Holly"

Central City High one semester, '17; Class Play.

"When she will, she will—you may depend upon it; But when she won't, she won't—and there's an end on it."



ALVIN THORNBURG

"Fat"

Basketball '17, '20; Football '18, '19; "A" Club.
Iowa State College

"I never felt the kiss of love
Nor maiden's hand in mine"

IRENE DEWEY

First three years Denmark H. S.; Basketball '20;
Volley Ball '20; Y. W. C. A.; Chorus '20; Annual
Staff '20.

Iowa State College

"She's charming and gracious to all,
And plays a good basketball game."

LORENA CURE

First two years Maxwell H. S.; Y. W. C. A. Cab-
inet '20; High School Senate '20; Forensic '20; Dra-
matic Club '20; Spirit and Annual Staffs '20.

Iowa State College

"A drop-rose blushing by the brook,
Ain't modester nor sweeter."

DONALD HUNTER

"Spike"

Perfect attendance record, four years; Y. M. C. A.;
Class Play.

Iowa State College

"I profess not talking, let each man do his best."



ALVIN NELSON

"Jim"

Track '19.

Iowa State College

"Girls don't bother me much."

IDA HARPER

"Ick"

Secretary and Treasurer '19; Forensic '19; Dramatic Club '20; Orchestra '17; Declamatory Contest '17; Y. W. C. A.; Class Play

Iowa State Teachers' College, Summer '20

"Every lassie has her laddie."

EMMETT CARBERRY

Three years at Panora H. S.; Football '19; Annual Staff '20.

Iowa State College

"I am not afraid of my lessons, why, I can go to sleep right beside 'em."

RUTH HALL

Y. W. C. A.

Iowa State College

"Any of her failings leaned toward virtue's side."



MILDRED McCAULEY

"A" in gymnasium; Y. W. C. A.
"And when the Judgment comes
I can say that all my work has been faithfully done."



GLEN DURRELL

Basketball '20; Band '18, '19, '20; Y. M. C. A. '20,
Iowa State College
"Life's current coin is made of plain common sense."



GLADYS ROSS

Y. W. C. A.; 40 word award on Underwood; Im-
provement Certificate in Penmanship.
"In spite of all the learned have said, I still my own
opinion keep."



FERN McCLEARY

First two years at Altoona H. S.; Chorus '19, '20.
"Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace and friends of mankind."



EGBERT STONE

"Eggie"

Vermillion H. S. one year; De Smet H. S. two years; Debate '20; Annual Staff '20; Class Play.

"He would entertain a score or two of tailors to study fashions."

VIOLA RAHE

Basket Ball '19, '20.

Dancing School at Los Angeles

"When you do dance I wish you a wave of the sea,
That you might never do anything but that."

ROY BENNETT

"Goop"

Football '17, '18, '19; Basketball '17, '18, '19, '20;
Track '19; "A" Club '17, '18, '19; High School Senate '18; Class Play.

Iowa State College

"What more hath he to seek,
He hath found him a wife."

ILA FRENCH

First two years at Paton High School. Member of Social Service Committee; Y. W. C. A.; Royal Reward.

Iowa State College

"There lies a great deal of devilry beneath that calm exterior."



BARBARA WENTCH

"Bob"

Spirit and Annual Staffs '20; Y. W. Program Committee '20; School Affairs Committee '20; Gold Medal on Remington.

Iowa State College

"In her very quietness there is a charm."



LOIS ROSS

Y. W. C. A.

College

"May one like her be ever numbered among my friends."



PERCY ADAMS

"Perk"

Annual Staff '20; Spirit Staff '20.

"The man with that newspaper way."



LURA WOODS

"Lu"

Forensic Club '20; Orchestra '17, '18, '19, '20; Declamatory Contest '19; School Senate '20; Class President '19; Class Secretary '17; Annual Staff '20; Y. W. Social Committee '20; Music Board '20; Class Play.

Iowa State College

"If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it."



ETHEL RAYNESS

Y. W. C. A.

Iowa State College

"To be efficient in a quiet way,
Is my aim throughout each day."

EARL NOBLE

Football '18, '19; Orchestra '19, '20; Band '19, '20.

"A modest man am I."

RUTH JOHNSON

Y. W. C. A.; "A" in gymnasium; Improvement
Certificate Penmanship.

College

"Her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her wise as she is fair."

JOAN PARSONS

"Joe"

First two years at Clarinda H. S.; Vice-President
of class '20; Vice-President, Forensic '19; President
Forensic '20; First in oratorical class '19; Y. W. C. A.
Cabinet '20; Senior Affairs Committee '20; Assembly
Board '20; Spirit Staff '20; Annual Staff '20; Carni-
val Queen '20; Basketball '20; Dramatic Club '20.

Iowa State College

"It's grand to love, but I'll swan if it isn't grander
to be loved."



HAROLD GIEBELSTEIN

"Pussy"

Football '17; Track '19; Y. M. C. A. '17, '18, '19, '20; Sec. of Cabinet '20.

"Is often seen, but seldom heard."

EMIL RATHBUN

"Red"

Track '20; Two years at Winner H. S., South Dakota.

Iowa University

"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

BERNICE ELLER

"A" in gymnasium; Y. W. C. A.; 40 word award on Underwood.

"A maiden gifted with plain reasoning and sound sense."

MERNA GRAY

Chorus '16, '17; Y. W. C. A.; 45 word award and 60 word credential certificate on Underwood; Remington 45 word award and gold medal; Spirit Staff '20; Annual Staff '20

"Youth is the proper time for love."



WINNIE HILL

Diploma Typewriting; Certificate, 54 words '19.
"Modesty hides her light under a bushel."

NORMA HAVERLY

Social Committee '17, '18, '19; Operetta '19; Diploma Royal, 55 words; Chorus '17, '18, '19; Spirit Staff '19; Class History; Y W. Membership Committee '19; Y. W. Advertising Committee '18.
"And when a man is in the case
You know all other things give place."

JOHN MYERS

"Windy"
Football '17, '18, '19; "A" Club '19; Basketball '18.
Iowa State College
"Don't worry about your work, do what you can
and let the rest go."

EARL ELLIOT

"String"
Football '16, '17, '18, '19; Basketball '17, '18, '19, '20; Track '17, '18, '19; High School Senate; "A" Club '18, '19, '20; Class Play.
"We hold the child by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."



HARVEY FITCH

Football '19; Debate '15, '16; Y. M. C. A. '19,
Iowa State College

"A staunch, true friend, so tall and fair,
When duty calls, he's always there."

NAOMI EAKER

Two years in Vinton H. S.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

THEODORE BLOOMQUIST

"Ted"

Pand '19, '20.

Iowa State College

"A youth there was of quiet ways,
And thoughtful bearing."

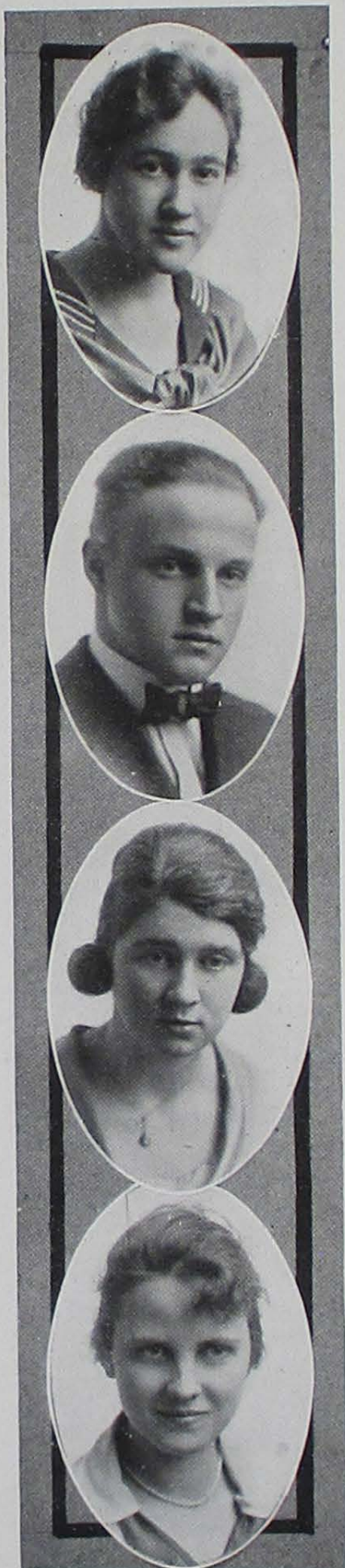
EARL RAYNESS

"Pokey"

Football '16, '17; Debate '19; Forensic Club '19,
'20; Dramatic Club '20; Y M C A

Iowa State College

"My life and all I extend to any girl that asks for it."



IDA THOMAS

"Tommy"

Assembly Board '19; Spirit Staff '20; Annual Staff '20; School Affairs Committee '20; Underwood Certificate; Remington Card Case.

Central Iowa Business College.

CARVEL CAINE

Debate '19, '20; Forensic Club '19, '20; Annual Staff '20; Spirit Staff '20; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '20.

Iowa State College

"An ideal boy—so says Myrna."

NORMA COLE

Y. W. '18, '19, '20.

"Here is a country maid
Who has become a Senior staid."

ESTHER STEVENS

"Shorty"

First year here; Dramatic Club '20.

Iowa State College.

"Her character is moulded from the three words;
happiness, content and good will."



MYRON TEXTRUM

"Tex"

Track '19, '20; Orchestra '20; Band '20; Y. M. C. A.

Iowa State College

"There are two things on this earth that I don't want—a dress suit, and a girl—"

BLANCHE NOBLE

"There's a frankness in her manner that appeals to everyone."

JONAS TESDALL

"Joe"

Tennis '17.

Iowa State College

"Happy am I, from care I'm free;
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

HELENE DEAN

"Weenie"

Y. W. C. A.; "A" in gymnasium '17 and '18; Forensic Club '18, '19, '20; Winner Extemporaneous '17, '18; Dramatic Club '20; Declamatory Contest '18, '19; Debating '19, '20; Spirit Staff '19, '20; Annual Staff '20; 4 awards in typewriting, 45 words, Royal.

Iowa State College.

"Diligent, studious, punctual, and sure,
Is this little maiden small and demure."



HAROLD LOUGHRAN

"H"

Yell leader '17, '20.

"The less I know about a subject the more I can say about it."



ELLIS SCOVEL

"Eli"

Football '16, '18, '19; Basketball '17, '18, '19, '20; Captain basketball '20; Track '19; "A" Club; Athletic Board; High School Senate '20.

"If it isn't a smile it's at least a grin."

CLASS HISTORY

Altho some people think that statues can't talk I seem to be an exception to the rule, and just to prove it I am going to tell you the story of the class of 1920. When they entered High School, of course, everyone expected them to be green as grass because of their motto, "Green by Growing", but they proved to be anything but green. Anyway they weren't backward about showing their pep so they organized as soon as Mr. Steffy would let them and elected these officers:

Roy Bennett, President
Marion Smith, Vice-President
Ted Jones, Secretary-Treasurer

Anxious to get together for a good time they had a picnic in the north woods. Then later in the year they had a Valentine party at Mr. Steffy's. Almost every one was there except the president and someone said they saw him at a girl's dance. After another picnic their first year ended.

Then after a long lonesome summer they came back again and elected the following officers:

Roy Bennett, President
Homer Tostlebe, Vice-President
Leslie Gray, Secretary-Treasurer

Of course, they must have another picnic. If anyone had visited the picnic grounds afterwards they would have thought that it had snowed because of the marshmallow dust. In spite of the fact that most of the cars were disabled the bunch got back alive. Then sometime later they had a party in the gym and everyone had an awfully good time especially the social committee who ate all by themselves. About this time the school was taken out of the State Athletic Association, so, of course, they could not show their ability on the school teams but just on the class teams. Just to prove that they were capable they won the championship in both foot-ball and basket-ball. Then right after all this one of the girls, Dorothy McCarroll won in the popularity contest. Then came the war, and to show that they were brave as well as victorious some of the boys left to join the army and the girls joined the Red Cross.

Again came another long lonesome summer, but in the fall they came back determined to carry off some more honors if they possibly could. They organized and elected:

Lura Woods, President
Robert Watson, Vice-President
Ida Harper, Secretary-Treasurer

About the only thing in the way of something social in the first part of the year was a party in the gymnasium. Naturally they had a good time, and the Seniors who came the latter part of the evening seemed to enjoy the refreshments just as much as the Juniors. Of course, the boys played football and basketball, and one member of the class, Ellis Scovel, was placed on the All-State basketball team. Then to prove what entertainers they really were they gave the Seniors a banquet at the M. E. Church. Great were the preparations and I heard that the Seniors felt honored indeed, so honored that they gave them a picnic.

This fall they came back dignified Seniors. For this year's officers they elected:

Carvel Caine, President
Joan Parsons, Vice-President
Lyla French, Secretary-Treasurer

The first thing they did was to have a masquerade party at Mr. Steffy's. Once more this class had the honor of having one of its girls, Joan Parsons, chosen as Carnival Queen, and one of its boys, Earl Elliot, given a place on the All-State basket ball squad. Now as their fourth year is ending they are working hard to make their last High School days worthy of such a class.

As for me, I hate to see them leave, they have proved themselves so efficient in everything that they have undertaken and the class has been well represented in every activity. Many of those who started with the class have lost out in the race but there are plenty of new ones to fill their places. Tho we will all miss them when they go out as freshmen in the great school of life, I am sure that we will all act contrary to the old saying "Out of sight, out of mind" as no one can or will forget the class of 1920.

MINERVA, Goddess of Wisdom
By Norma Haverly

CLASS SONG

(To the tune of "The Kerry Dance")

I

High School days for us are ended,
Life's great portals are open wide,
Dear Ames High, we now must leave thee—
Class of '20—we're true and tried.
Once we came here to old Ames High
Freshman lad and Freshman lass,
Now we're grand and noble Seniors
Of this wonderful '20 Class.
We all love you—you're name we honor,
Oh, dear old A. H. S.
High School days for us are ended,
Life's great portals are open wide,
Dear Ames High, we now must leave thee—
Class of '20—we're true and tried.

II

Farewell all! We bid you sad adieu!
Our classmates dear—our teachers kind and true;
Out into the big wide world we go
From old Ames High to happiness or woe.
But sweet memories will take us back
To the Orange and the Black.
High School days for us are ended,
Oh, the joy of the years to come;
We will strive to do our duty
To our country, to God, and home.

—Myrna Gray.

CLASS WILL

After spending four years in this great Hall of Fame, struggling under the difficult task of getting thirty-two credits, we the class of 1920, knowing that we are about to breathe our last High School life, feel it our duty to make our last will and testament. We, having spent many hours of toil and hard thinking in this Knowledge Box, feel that we cannot pass on without leaving our valuable possessions gained here. To those who come after us, we will that which caused us much loss of sleep and brain racking moments:

1. To the Juniors we will Miss Kelley and all the books she has required us to study and use.
2. To the Sophomores, who seem to be very much interested in Athletics we will our ability to fight for A. H. S. and for scoring machines and hope they will follow in our footsteps.
3. To the Preps, who need to grow, we will our surplus weight.
4. The Chemistry and Physics classes will Mr. Kenney to Miss Jones.
5. The Senior girls will their flirting ability to the Freshmen girls.
6. To Mr. Steffy, we will a bottle of hair dye, so that he can cover up his gray hair.
6. To the teachers who have been fortunate enough to bribe the men into buying diamonds, we will an honorable discharge, and wish them good luck in the future.
8. To the teachers who want diamonds, we will some of the Senior boys.
9. To Miss Miller we will Ed and John.
10. To Miss Rayburn we will the second corridor, and hope she spends many happy hours there.
11. To Miss Foskett, we will our chorus girls.
12. To Miss Harper, we will the third floor corridor, and we hope she has more trouble chasing the Preps off from it.

Some of our class who think that a general will is not sufficient, desire to make individual wills:

1. Lorena Cure wills her seat in Frank Kulow's Buick to Margaret Adams.
2. Marion Smith wills her vanity case to Aubrey Smart.
3. Norma Haverly and Roy Bennett will their private corner in first floor corridor to Mildred Persons and "Curly" Kingkade.
4. Norma Cole wills her powder puff to Edna Ochampaugh.
5. Miss Hiller wills her frown to Thelma Houghan.
6. Viola Rahe wills her vamping ability to Alice Wilcox.
7. Miss Boyd wills her chamois skin to "Dot" Thompson.
8. Sam Carter wills his nightingale voice to Arnold Livingston.
9. Lyla French wills her efficiency in typewriting to Bertha Lawson.
10. Earl Noble wills his surplus avoirdupois to Wallace Van Oosten.
11. Myrna and Carvel will their noon walk to Margaret Macy and Clinton Adams.
12. Alfred Carleton wills his debating ability to Eugene Nelson.
13. Joe Anderson wills his love to kid the girls to Les Hoon.

14. Ralph Mayo wills all history map books to Bud Coe.
15. Fat Thornburg wills his love for studies to Ted Kooser.
16. Hollyce Wallick wills her height to Edith Petty.
17. Earl Elliot wills his basket ball ability to Ralph Thomas.
18. Kathryn Logan wills her curls to Cleo Lockwood.

To all lower classmen, and to all who will in later years be so fortunate as to attend Ames High, the Senior class of 1920 wills the Opportunity to spend four of their best and happiest years of their life in Ames High School.

Witnesses:
Hazel McKibben, Egbert Stone

Signed,
Ida Harper, Ralph Mayo

THE A. H. S. CLASS OF '20

Ah, it is our turn to leave
These dear old halls and rooms.
Never again will we belong to them
For our years here are through.

But dear old school, please don't forget us
As we turn from your stately wall,
Although we may go far and wide,
We cannot forget your call.

Perhaps some day, in the future years,
We will return to you again—
And wander once more through your corridors
As when there, our knowledge to gain.

And now, dear Ames High, farewell,
We turn to wave a last adieu,
For we are going away, dear school,
But with many a pang of rue.—H. B. M. '20.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

Class 1920

Senior Class Play	Friday and Saturday Evenings, May 7th and 8th
	"And Home Came Ted."
Junior Senior Reception	Saturday Evening, May 15
Kid Day	Wednesday, all day, May 19
Class Day Program	Friday Evening, May 21
Baccalaureate	Sunday Evening, May 23
	Rev. F. C. Edwards
Commencement Program	Wednesday Evening, May 26
	Rev. N. Osborne, Burlington, Iowa

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY—1920.—By Merna Lee.

PROPHETIC VISIONS

Scene: The Oracle of Delphi.

I, the daughter of Mirza, the prophet of Delphi, the priestess of the sacred spring, have been entrusted with the secrets of the future. To me, to me alone has been revealed the destiny of the class of 1920. To me, to me alone, has the bright fabric of the days to come, been unrolled before my eyes.

As in a dream I see them—the companions of my youth, playing their part in the larger school of life; playing their little parts on the stage of world events.

Ah, I see her now, the companion of my school days—Hollyce—what is the part she plays? Behold the dignity and grace of a woman in the official position of Dean of Women in Iowa State College.

The pageant unrolls itself before my eyes. Now I see a group of them—there is Hazel Taylor, Ida Thomas, Earl Elliot, Donald Durrell, Norman Corneliussen, Kathryn Logan, and Josie Wilcox, they talk of unfamiliar things, passports, Panama, Rio de Janeiro. I hear distinctly now—they plan of establishing a colony on the banks of the Amazon to export the luscious meat of the Boa Constrictor.

The picture fades before my eyes, the smoke is thicker. It thins. I see them again. It is not those I saw before. The scene has changed. The footlights of the Metropolitan theatre of New York flash on; a vast audience waits expectantly. The music of the Symphony Orchestra falls upon my ear. That inspired baton and portly form of the leader who conducts the orchestral company can belong to none other than Carvel Caine; and looking down in the audience I see the leader's famous wife, Myrna Gray, who still dimples and smiles. Whom do I spy in the box on the right? The familiar face of the well-known Wall Street broker, Alvin Thornburg, together with his beautiful and charming wife, Irene Dewey, of whom he is justly proud.

Whose diamonds are those that sparkle in the dress circle? 'Tis Helen Freed, a celebrated modiste on Fifth Avenue, whose gowns rival those of Madeleine. The success of her famous establishment is due largely to the business ability of her head clerk, Percy Adams.

In the upper gallery I see a pale countenance that seems familiar. Yes, 'tis Myron Textrum who still is striving for recognition as a true artist on the violin. He has come to look upon the success of his old classmate, Sam Carter, whose opening night it is in the grand opera. The lights are dimmed, the curtain rises—there in the brilliance of the spot light, amid the applause of thousands, stands our hero, Sam, the same old Sam. His voice rings out and then dies away in the strains of —DARDANELLA! ! !—His voice is now blended with those of the chorus, a chorus of his own selection. But can I believe my eyes, can it be true that that is Howard McColly, Esther Stevens, Fern McCleary, Naomi Eaker, Merrill Hunter, Lois Ross, Ruth Johnson, Ruth Hall, and there in front row are John Myers, Emmett Carberry, Blanche Noble, Winnie Hill, Ethel Rayness, Alvin Nelson, Marion Smith, and Viola Rahe.

The audience fades away, and now the footlights are as sunbeams, the spot light becomes the sun. A panorama of happy homes passes across my vision. As mistress of a lovely home in New Orleans I see Marguerite Conner whose husband, Lee Stevens, has a monopoly on the cotton textile trade for the Fair Store. In a little cottage on the banks of the Susquehanna amid roses and chickens is Gladys Ross who is now known to her neighbors and friends as

Mrs. Edward Rutherford. And now 'tis an old New England farm house that comes before my vision, and there assisting her husband, Roy Bennett, is the former Charlotte Judge. And now I see a beautiful little cottage down in the Hawaiian Islands. The mistress of this lovely home is Joan Parsons, who with her husband is enjoying happy married life.

Ah, I am surprised, but, yes, 'tis true, here in Washington doing clerical work and living the life of old maids are Mildred Jack, Nelly Maroney, Lyla French, Norma Haverly, Grace Vickery, Norma Cole, and Ida Harper. My vision seems to linger in Washington, there must be someone else there, ah, now I see, they are growing more vivid now, they are sitting in the halls of legislature and on the judicial bench. There is Lorena Cure, a modern Portia, pleading the cause of Alfred Carleton, a criminal, before the bars of justice.

Congress is in session and there in the Senate chamber, praying a most forceful prayer is Kenneth Parry, now Chaplain of the Senate.

Among that honored body of representatives of the people, with bowed heads, I see Ralph Mayo, Joe Anderson, Ila French, Hazel McKibben, Lura Woods, and Harold Loughran. Woman suffrage is in full sway.

Donald Hunter and Earl Rayness are the janitors that take care of the building.

The smoke is rolling furiously! 'Tis thinning some—My visions are coming in rapid succession. I see in the world's busy marts of trade and commerce Emil Rathbun, a pineapple merchant in San Francisco. Ellis Scovel is at the head of the largest department store in Huxley.

In the cloistered halls of learning I see Glenn Durrell, Lillian Kelso, George Dunlap, Mildred McCauley, Barbara Wentch, and Helene Dean, all holding positions as professors in the largest Universities throughout this country and Europe.

Foremost among the world's scientists and inventors stands forth Earl Noble the writer of a book on the 4th dimension.

Dorothy Miller, the famous musician of North America, I see travelling with her husband, Harold Giebelstein, the noted tenor singer.

'Tis a red-headed person I see now, very tall and stately, ah, now I see, 'tis Harvey Fitch, he is the genius whose conclusions and theories have supported Darwin's old theory of man's evolution from monkey.

A picture of a chum is now revealed for me, she is working in a large chemical laboratory. She is experimenting with a high school student. Her face brightens, ah, she has attained her goal. Berneice has composed a compound which enables the dumbest person to understand and remember American History providing they eat this slowly but constantly while studying for three hours every night.

I see two now, 'tis dim, very dim, but now my vision is stronger. There are Theodore Bloomquist and Jonas Tesdall who have perfected a piping system for utilizing the earth's heat that is shut up within the center of the earth.

I almost lost this one but now the smoke is thickening and I see a learned rhetorician and grammarian—'tis Egbert Stone who has reduced the science of English and Grammar to its simplest elements so that a child of ten can understand and apply freely.

The visions fade—I feel a faintness coming o'er my senses. Mirza, my mother of visions, bids me stop. Friends and classmates of 1920—may we meet again in the land of reality. And now I bid thee farewell in the land of dreams.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY CAST



Top Row—French, Rayness, Lee.
Middle Row—Woods, Carleton, Judge.
Seated—Stone, Wallick, D. Hunter, Mayo.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

The Senior Class play this year was a three act Comedy, "And Home Came Ted." The cast composed of twelve characters was as follows: (coming in the order of their appearance)

Skeet Kelley (Earl Elliot)		The Clerk
Diana Garwood (Ida Harper)		The Heiress
Miss Loganberry (Lura Woods)		The Spinster
Ira Stone (Norman Corneliussen)		The Villian
Aunt Jubilee (Merna Lee)		The Cook
Mr. Man (Egbert Stone)		The Mystery
Jim Ryker (Sam Carter)		The Lawyer
Mollie Macklin (Lyla French)		The Housekeeper
Henrietta Darby (Hollyce Wallick)		The Widow
Ted (Roy Bennett)		The Groom
Elsie (Charlotte Judge)		The Bride
Senator M'Corkle (Donald Hunter)		The Father

Earl Elliot as Skeet Kelley, the witty, slangy boy from New York East Side, Egbert Stone as the Mystery man, but whom we find out later is the real Ted, and Lyla French, Mollie Macklin, the brave little housekeeper, were really the main characters of the play, and their rendition of their parts certainly left nothing to be desired. Aunt Jubilee, the negro cook with her fear of the "Spooks and ghostesses down in dat basement", was worth the price of admission all by herself.

Miss Loganberry, the kittenish old maid, forty three and desperate, who was in love with Ted, proved the old saying "There's no fool like an old fool."

Norman Corneliussen, in the part of Ira Stone, "the bold, bad villian" stirred up the anger of everyone in his shameful treatment of little Mollie.

And then that Honolulu widow with the flirtatious eyes and the ukulele would almost make one wonder why Jim Ryker, that deceitful lawyer, made such haste to get himself drowned just to get rid of her.

We mustn't forget Elsie, the dear little bride, who was so "M-m-miserable" because "Papa was so impetuous" and she never was going to elope again as long as she lived. Even Teddy, her newly-made husband, couldn't comfort her, but when Senator McCorkle arrives and finds who is his new son-in-law is, things are nicely straightened out.

CLASS DAY

Program

Music—High School Orchestra

Farce—"A Little Fowl Play"

Mr. Warren (a literary man)Carvel Caine

Sybil Warren (his wife)Lorena Cure

Mary (the maid)Kathryn Logan

Mr. Tolbooth (to whom the fowl belongs)Lee Stevens

Butcher BoyEdward Rutherford

Class History.....Norma Haverly

Class PoemHazel B. McKibben

Violin SoloLura Woods

Class Will—Written by Ida Harper and Ralph Mayo

Class Prophecy—Written by Merna Lee.

Music—High School Orchestra

Farce—"Gettin' Acquainted"

Jane Stewart (a spinster)Ida Thomas

Priscilla Stewart (her sister, a spinster)Barbara Wentch

John Purdy (their beau for fifteen years)Emmet Carberry

Music—H. S. Orchestra

Class Song—Senior Class—Written by Myrna Gray

Music—High School Orchestra

"A Little Fowl Play" was a very amusing comedy. Mr. Tolbooth, the owner of the fowl, is hospitably invited to share dinner with the Warrens. Here, unawares, he eats the fowl he had bought for his own dinner.

Oh! the destiny of the Seniors. Everybody knew they would play a great part in the world. They were such a wonderful class; and what valuable things they left behind for those who follow in their stead.

"Gettin' Acquainted" is a farce in which Jane decides that fifteen years is long enough for John Purdy to become sufficiently acquainted with her and her sister, so that he can decide whether or not he wants to marry either of them.

"You're goin' to marry me! You hear?"

"Oh, John, this is so sudden."

"'Taint neither sudden! It's been comin' on for fifteen years!"

The class day program was a very fitting ending for the class of '20, by revealing the past, the present and the future, and also demonstrating the talent of the Class.



JUNIOR CLASS



CLASS OFFICERS

Fred Stoddard	President
Eva Hoffman	Vice-President
Robert Murray	Secretary and Treasurer

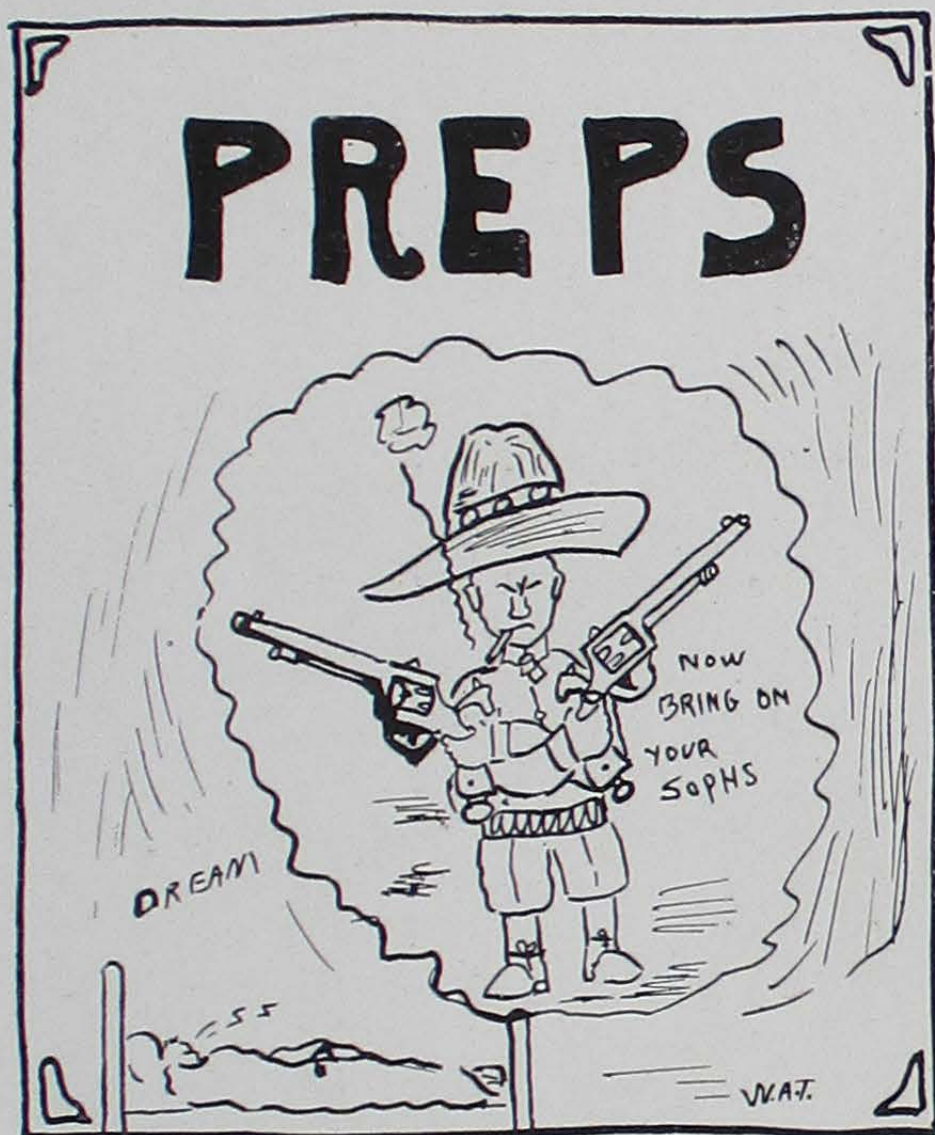


SOPHOMORE CLASS



CLASS OFFICERS

June Bishop	President
Blanche Belknap	Vice-President
Ralph Dove	Secretary and Treasurer



FRESHMAN CLASS



CLASS OFFICERS

Eben Howell	President
Marybelle Cure	Vice-President
Dorothy Bullock	Secretary and Treasurer

LOOKING BACK WITH THE LOWER CLASSMEN

THE JUNIOR CLASS

Having completed two years of the prescribed academic course of the public High School of Ames, the class of 1921 has received the right to be designated under that long-hoped-for and noble title of the Junior Class. Our class, according to authorities on the subject, has (justly) been classed as "the peppiest class in school."

On Tuesday, September 9th, 1919, a class meeting was held at which the following officers were elected:

Fred Stoddard, President
Eva Hoffman, Vice-President
Robert Murray, Secretary-Treasurer

The first social event of the year was a class party, held in the gymnasium. The Junior-Senior reception was held on May 15.

SOPHOMORE HISTORY

We entered the second year of our High School life with the carefree spirit that characterizes the Sophomores. Altho but a short time had elapsed since our Freshie days, we were very willing to laugh at our inferiors, the new Freshies. This year, at last, we have had our parties and plenty of sport. The first party was held in the Gym and was a very successful Hallowe'en party.

This year, for our class officers, we chose:

June Bishop, President
Blanche Belknap, Vice-President
Ralph Dove, Secretary-Treasurer
Miss Jones and Miss Knowles, Advisors

June has been elected as assistant editor for the "Spirit" for next year and Burton Olson as advertising manager.

Our class is making a good showing in other things besides social affairs. In basket-ball we have representatives in both the girls' and boys' teams. A number of our class were also in the declamatory contest, while others are in the Glee Clubs, Orchestra and Band.

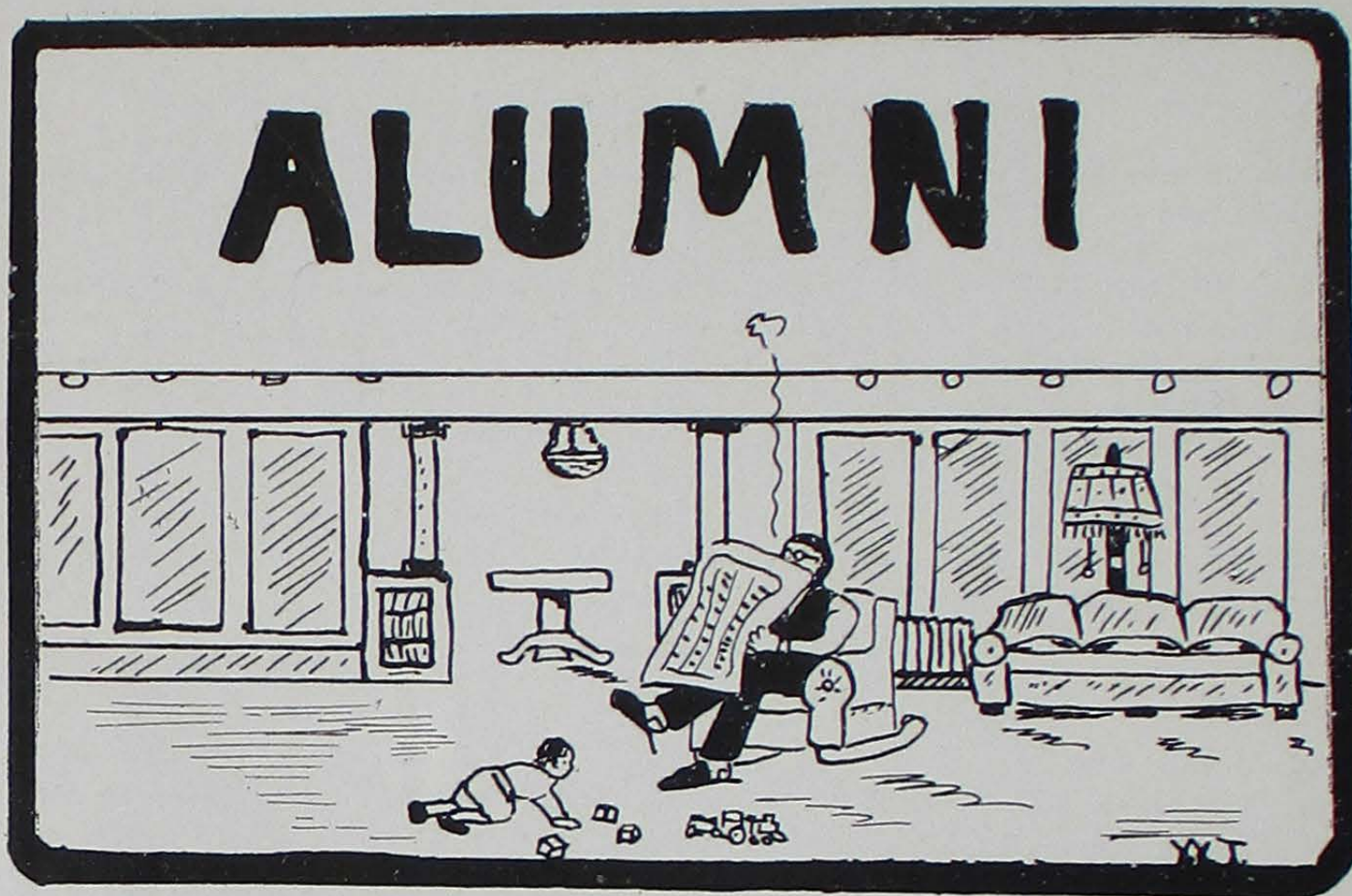
FRESHMAN ! ! !

The first meeting of the Freshman Class for the purpose of organization and election of officers was called to order by our monitor Miss Britton. Miss Foskette was elected as the other monitor. Class officers chosen were: President, Eben Howell; Vice-President, Mary Bell Cure; Secretary, Dorothy Bullock; Treasurer, Herbert Paulson.

The first convenient Friday night afterwards we had a party in the gymnasium, with all kinds of games and jokes. Talk about fun! We had it!

And don't forget our part in the Carnival. "Hot Dogs", dill pickles, cream pie, n'everything, helped to bring in the "mun" for our A. H. S.

The Freshman class has talent too. In athletics several of our Freshman boys showed promise enough to be allowed to play in match games, and one girl won her B. B. In scholarship one of our number made the highest average in High School for the first semester. In other school activities we are taking an active part, and always "forever and aye", are we loyal to A. H. S.



WHAT THE CLASS OF 1919 HAS BEEN DOING

- Russell Barker—Journalistic work at Northwestern University.
- Wayne Cupps—Riding around in his "Hup".
- Zoe Van Meter—Stenographer for Blair-Harper.
- Marie Mortenson—Grinnell.
- Ivadel Elwood—Teaching "young ideas."
- Minna Lindauer — Stenographer, Registrar's Office, Central Bldg.
- "Ted" Jones—Kidding the girls at I. S. C.
- Julia Arrasmith—Stenographer, Tilden Manufacturing Company.
- Lyle Griffith—Selling movie magazines at News Stand and attending I. S. C.
- Naomi Britton—Working at College Gym.
- Lucille Nickels—Always running on errands. Stenographer Ag. Hall.
- Veronica Morrissey—Putting it over the Sisters at Mt. St. Joseph's Boarding School.
- Nordica Stokka—Stenographer at Ag Hall.
- Roy Hess—Still tugging at I. S. C.
- Donald Crooks—Travelling salesman, working for Telephone Company.
- Grace Iden—Issuing excuses to the boys from Supt. Bodwell's office.
- Carolyn Crosby—Playing with money at Story County Bank.
- Margaret Sloss—Attending I. S. C.
- Jennie McCuskey—Baptist Training School.
- Florence Snook—Stenographer for Dr. Bush.
- Manning Howell—Driving a mail truck and learning to be undertaker.
- Fern Grover—Attending school at Oberlin, Ohio.
- Florence Goddard—Cornell.
- Gertrude Reis—Trying to get thin at Grinnell.
- Verna Clark—Attending I. S. C.
- Harriet Tilden—Attended Grinnell until February. Made trip to California, and is now attending I. S. C.
- Eleanor Murray—Making pies at I. S. C.

Lydia Tilden—Attending Monticello boarding school.
 Estella Sill—Stenographer at Ag. Hall.
 Dorothy Gruwell—Attending I. S. C.
 Ruth Prall—Trying to find a good looking man at I. S. C.
 Lillian Brendeland—Stenographer.
 Dorothy Oliver—Nurses' assistant at Mary Greeley Hospital. Looking for twelve inches of height at I. S. C.
 Loraine Caul—Attending Denison University in Ohio.
 Myrtle McCannon—Stenographer
 George Puffet—Working for Madison, the plumber.
 Goldie Jacobson—Stenographer at Ag. Hall.
 Robert Potter—Attending Grinnell.
 Neva Snook—Planning her wedding trousseau.
 Harry Williams—Attending I. S. C.
 Myrtle Johnson—Bookkeeper at S. Hanson Lumber Company.

Dan McCarthy—Traveling salesman
 Ermina Beman—Helping "Bill" at Olsan's.
 Richard Beckman—Attending I. S. C.
 Laurence Holsinger—Studying Dairying at I. S. C.
 Gordon Pohlman—Attending I. S. C.
 John Marsh—Helping run the farm.
 Olive Husted—Attending I. S. C.
 Priscilla Dodds—Attending I. S. C.
 Edna Dressler—Stenographer for Dean Curtiss.
 Grace Pohlman—Attending I. S. C. and looking after the Pohlman family.
 Elizabeth Gleason—Attending I. S. C.
 Edith Sunderlin—Attending I. S. C.
 Raymond Brynes—Working at Jamesson's.
 Waldo McDowell—Attending I. S. C.
 Gladys Myers—Still looking for "Him."
 Chevalier Adams—Attending I. S. C.

THE ORANGE AND BLACK 1919-20 CALENDAR

Oh dear, this is due March 26, the editor
 Says the Annual is to tell
 What we do, so I
 Will tell what we have
 Done. The nice new teachers said
 To get our gray matter to work
 Was a hard task
 For Emily to forget
 Allen Jackson
 Played fine at the
 Webster City game;
 "Les" made
 A swell touchdown
 Was pulled off at nearly every game except
 Cedar Rapids
 Held us to 0
 And we held them to
 Zero
 Was very seldom a grade of
 The football squad
 Wiped everyone off the map

So Mr. Pepper gave them a
 Big feed and when
 The All-High Picture was taken
 Fat made use of his football training
 And got his "mug" in
 Twice
 Emily has into love fallen
 Down on second floor corridor
 Miss Rayburn chases
 The students
 Were glad for two days at Thanksgiving for
 Vacation
 From Dec. 1-29 because no coal was found by
 The Y. M. boys went to
 Cedar Rapids
 Was a rainy place
 For Carvel
 Was mad at
 Myrna
 Had other
 Dates

Are liked by the High School Students
 Organized the
 H. S. Senate
 Elected as president of the student
 body,
 Homer T.
 Likes beaucoup a certain
 Lover of Hawaii who is one of
 The Juniors, won
 The girls B. B. tournament
 Sure was exciting when
 Thompson presented the monograms
 to
 Most of the football boys
 Have mysteriously lost their
 Little gold footballs
 Are on ribbons around the necks of
 Some of the girls
 Were glad when
 Leap Year came and
 The Basket Ball games
 Were played fine by our
 First team lost
 Scovel got
 The "flu"
 Couldn't find enough students so
 It attacked
 Six perfectly innocent teachers at
 once and
 The result was no school
 For several days of
 Vacation, forced or otherwise
 Were enjoyed by many students in

His little trundle bed so
 The musical was late but
 It was a grand success
 Was the Carnival
 Vaudeville show, with
 Its chorus beauties and
 Swinging scene, was
 Greatly enjoyed by
 The audience and
 The minstrel show and
 "Dem niggers" were very
 Entertaining
 Is the word
 For the Declamatory Contest
 Was grand, and
 Talk about laughing
 At "The Rivals" we nearly
 Died from
 Fright at the I. S. C. tournament
 When Ames played Osage
 Got beat by
 Our five
 Were barely conquered by Lu Verne
 and
 Boone won
 The tournament
 Would have ended differently if
 Scovel could have played, but
 Our team did fine
 Any way
 One got farther than last year, and
 I think this is all so
 I thank you.

—H. B. M. '20

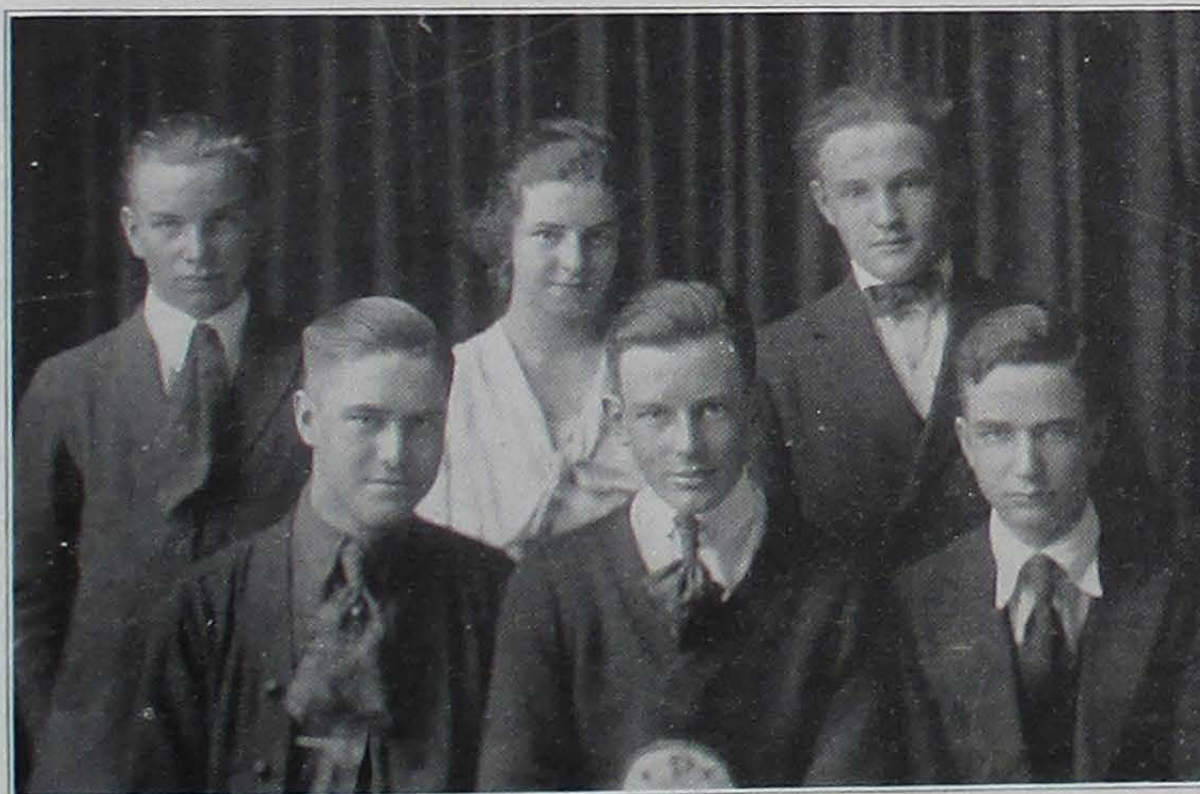
A RAINY DAY

It is so cool and damp and dull
 Outside my darkened window panes,
 I yearn to rest, like the tired sun
 That sinks into the heavy clouds
 And sleeps and drowzes, when it
 rains.

It seems to me, when dreary days
 Envelop our heated brows in mist
 That we, in accord with nature, ought
 Relax our tightened nerves complete
 From life's unceasing, endless rush,
 And breathe and dream, and sleep
 and sleep.



LITERARY BOARD



Standing—E. Howell, Bishop, Caine.
Seated—Tostlebe, F. Stoddard, Murray.

SISTERLY ASSISTANCE

"Now, see here," said Betty emphatically, "Edward has simply got to ask a girl to the Junior party. All the other boys are doing it and now that he's wearing long trousers there's no reason why he shouldn't. I'm just sick of going with him—he dances like a kangaroo—besides I'd like to go with someone else for a change. He just has to, that's all!"

Father and Mother had gone out for the evening and we three were sitting around the fire. Betty and I were sewing. As for Ed, well—he thot he was studying but from appearances he was eating with one hand and cuffing Spotty with the other.

When Betty spoke I pricked up my ears. Having been looking for something of this kind, I was not much surprised. You know, it is rather hard to hear other girls discussing this party or that dance and then for you to have to go to everything with a kid brother! Altho well enough in his place as brother, he is not much of a thriller as a social escort. Secretly, I had wondered how Betty had ever stood it but judging from the determined look on her face I decided she had played the martyr as long as she intended to.

"I think so too," said I. "We'll choose a girl for him while I'm home."

"Choose who a girl?" demanded Ed, suddenly becoming interested. That's the way he always does, pays no attention to our conversation whatsoever, then demands to hear all about it when he hears some interesting remark.

"You, for the Junior party," said Betty briefly. Ed looked dazed. "Aw go on," he said, "I don't want a girl—why I never asked a girl anywhere in my life. What's the big idea?"

"I wont go with you and that's all there is to it. You've got to ask some one else," snapped Betty. "I'd be ashamed, a great big boy like you." It always sounds as tho Ed might be a five-year-old, the way Betty addresses him.

"Well, I'm not going then," replied our young gentleman very loftily, whereupon he returned to his book.

Thinking my hand in the matter was needed, I remonstrated, "Now, Edward, we've talked this all over. Betty and I will choose you a nice girl and all you will have to do is ask her."

"Thanks awfully," from the depths of the book.

"Now, you needn't get sassy," I said icily. "For my part, I think you are very lucky to have two nice sisters to help you out. Betty, whom do you suggest?"

"Well, let me see," began Betty thoughtfully. "I think Constance Bright would be nice."

"Huh," snorted Edward, "that thing? Why say—why—"

"Now, be calm, Augustus," said Betty smoothly. "Excitement is bad for your nerves. (You see Augustus is Edward's middle name after Grandfather Merrick, and whenever we want to be patronizing, we always call him that.)

"Then there is Elsie Carson," resumed Betty. "She's awfully pretty."

"Nothing doin'," from the arm chair. "Teachers pet, Mama's angel child, gee, I'd as lief take Miss Pratt. (Miss Pratt is Ed's history teacher with whom he is not very much in love.)

"How about Gladys Walker?" I asked hopefully.

"Oh mercy," gasped Betty. "She wouldn't go with him. She's out of the question. (Silence from the arm chair) What's the matter with Mollie Wilson?"

Up jumped Edward. "Good night" very disgustedly. "That snub-nosed—"

"That will do, Edward," I said. "It's enough to insult your sisters with out firing it at others."

"A thousand pardons, madam," said our brother, "and if I may seek the retirement of my chamber—" he slammed the door and we could hear him mount the stairs.

"Oh, Peg," said Betty tragically, "we can't do a thing with him and I simply won't go with him again—I'd rather stay home. He dances, you know how, just like a mechanical toy or something. Besides Ruth told me that Bert Fenwicke was going to ask me. What can I do?"

Suddenly I had a bright idea. "He'll never do the asking himself altho he might go if we asked a girl for him. Why not do it, Bess?"

"How could we do it tho?" questioned Betty.

"Well, you could tell her that Ed is busy or something or other and had asked you to deliver the message. Then you see, after she has accepted Ed can't do anything else but go."

I'll have to admit that I was rather puffed up that I had at last hit the exact thing. Yet it was simple. Why hadn't we thot of it before?

"Now, whom shall we choose?" I asked. "We want some one that will be sure to accept and, Bess, you'd better ask her tomorrow if the party is Friday."

"I think Elsie Carson is best," announced Betty. "She is kind of a prig but respectable and I'm sure she'd go, even with him."

So it was settled that Elsie was to be the accepted martyr. Betty rehearsed just what she was to say—that Ed was not very well acquainted with Elsie but would feel very highly honored, etc.—and Bess hurried off to school next morning feeling very important.

She was in very high spirits when she returned that afternoon. Everything has worked out splendidly. Elsie had seemed real pleased and had suspected nothing saying that she had always thot Edward a nice boy. Then Bert had proven his word good and what should she wear—altogether it was very satisfactory to all—so much so that we patted each other on the back. The only thing left out to do was to tell Ed. It must be done right away so as not to have any embarrassing occurrences arise

Accordingly we sent Mother and Father to make a neighborly call that evening because Mother always sticks by Ed not seeming to understand that brothers aren't quite as nice as other boys.

We brought our fancy work in that evening and Ed appeared with a history and slumped into a chair. He seemed to be quite pre-occupied for he was not eating as usual.

Betty finally took the plunge. "Oh, Edward," in a very ladylike voice, "about the Junior party."

Edward looked up and as he met our gaze he blushed to the roots of his hair. "Oh, I say," he said sheepishly, "can't a fellow ask a girl to go anywhere without being kidded about it all the time?"

We sure stared at him then, "What are you driving at?" asked Betty. "We mean about taking a girl to the party Friday. We spoke about it last night you know."

"Sure, I know," said Edward, "I've done it, what more do you want? Why, what's up?" he asked in surprise as he saw our horrified faces.

"Edward Augustus Merrick!" said Betty solemnly, "You don't mean to say that you've asked a girl?"

"Well, I like that! Of course, I mean it. Believe me, she's some girl too," and he actually beamed on our dismay.

"But, Edward, you can't," I cried hysterically. "We've already asked a girl for you. Bess did it today. Why, Edward, you've simply got to take Elsie Carson."

"Say, whose girl is this?" roared Edward. "No one told you to ask a girl for me, did they? You got into this mess, so get out of it. I've asked Gladys Walker, and I'll take no other one, so there." He got up and glared at us. "You've nagged me so that I finally did it. Elsie Carson! why that—"

Well, you can just imagine how pleasant it was around our house for the next few days with Ed as cross as a bear and we simply could'nt tell Mother. Betty was in tears most of the time and the party only three days off. We finally decided that Betty would just have to apologize and say that she had made a mistake in the dates—at least do the best she could. Woe betide us for Betty came home with the news that Elsie had been absent from school that day and that she had no telephone.

On the day before the party we finally appealed to Ed once more.

Secretly we had been proud that Ed had asked such a popular girl—if only he hadn't gotten us in such a mess.

He listened to us for awhile, then yawned and started to bed but stopped at the door.

"Well" he said, "I might as well tell you that I got a note from Elsie three days ago. Her grandmother is sick so she won't be back from Lancaster for a week." And as we gasped he added, "and by the way take to heart a few words of wisdom, 'When in doubt mind your own business—'" and he slammed the door.

Aren't brothers the meanest things?

THE IDEAL TEACHER

Ideal teachers are very rare in the United States. In fact, there are only three living today and these are in captivity in the National Zoological Garden.

They have characteristics very peculiar and surprising for a teacher. One of these is that they never flunk a pupil, under any circumstances. This, of course, is a very helpful factor—to the pupil. Moreover, when a rather deliberate scholar hands in a paper a few days or a few weeks late, she only smiles and says she is glad they have spent so much time and so much thought on it.

Another very wonderful characteristic is that she always assigns very brief lessons, which sometimes require only a few moments in preparation. Then, too, every Monday all books are laid aside and she reads several chapters of some romantic up-to-date novel in place of the regular first-period lesson. This does away completely with the half-prepared Monday morning lessons, and of course greatly simplifies matters for both the teacher and the pupil.

She has a great sympathy and regard for her pupils at all times, and would not, for all the world, awaken a tired slumbering one who has been fortunate enough to have been out late the night before. Nor would she even think of being so cruel and heartless as to compel anyone to dispose of a wad of gum which had not yet even lost its delicious flavor.

An ideal teacher rarely gives an examination. Once a year she will give a written lesson, allowing each individual to choose some interesting subject and write one page upon it. In this way there are no nervous break-downs which are the usual result of the ordinary "examination."

One of these three Ideal Teachers now in the Zoo is an American History teacher. This is the only one the world has ever known and was captured in the suburbs of Ontario only last November. I believe she needs especial here, for she has never required of her classes either special reports or special readings, which is indeed a most wonderful accomplishment.

A SENIOR STORY

You all have heard how Winnie fell down a "hill"
 She tripped o'er a "stone" that Egbert set.
 Lorena was summoned and hastened to "cure"
 Along came Carvel who brought a "caine"
 They hailed a flivver that was driven by Emmett
 But soon the "car got buried" to the door
 Little Letha then cried till she could "see no more"
 Along came Lyla and Ila, the twins from "France"
 They ran for aid and found it by chance
 Joan, the "parson's" daughter, and Earle, the "noble" lad,
 Passed on to others the story sad
 Viola was like a sunshine "ray" when she and Helen
 "Freed" the ford with their big Packard "ten"
 And Charlotte it was who "judged" the bill.
 —K. L. '20.

'TIS ALWAYS SO

A One Act Play

Characters

Mrs. Elton—A small rather quiet woman with a tired voice.

Mr. Elton—A large, robust man, hair greying around temples.

Eugenia—A tall, slender, brown haired girl, about sixteen, of rather a dreamy nature yet with quick hot temper.

Jack—About the size of Eugenia, dark hair and eyes.

Rich Goodrich—Tall, dark, of athletic build. Rather plain featured.

SCENE ONE

(Mrs. Elton is sitting by the hearth mending. Several doors bang. Enter, left, Eugenia. Closes door with a bang, slams books on the table and sits down quite hard—on window seat.)

Mrs. Elton: Why, Jeanie dear, you've been crying.

Eugenia, searching for handkerchief: Yes, I have and I'll cry some more too. (sobs, sniffles.)

Mrs. Elton, laying her mending on the table: Tell me about it, dear.

Eugenia, kneeling by Mrs. E's chair putting her head in her lap: Oh, mother, (sob-sniffle-sob) I'll never, never, NEVER go out of this house again. I never can look any one in the face again. Oh, I've been such a fool. (sobs bitterly.)

Mrs. Elton: Can't I help you? Tell me what you've done.

(Eugenia forgets her grief as she remembers the cause of it.) Eugenia, springing up and pacing the floor: Oh, I do think boys are the most disgusting animals that ever lived. They're stubborn and unreasonable, and jealous and silly and hateful and — Oh, I hate them.

Mrs. Elton: Dear, what has happened to change your views? I thought you liked most boys.

Eugenia: Oh, I used to like boys. That was before I knew how silly they are.

Mrs. Elton: I'm sorry, dear. Who has been telling my little girl unreasonable things?

Eugenia, sitting on windowseat: No one told me anything. I wish some one had. It's the way Rich Goodrich acts that shows me what boys really are. Rich was always my ideal until he acted so silly about Jimmy Norton and I. If all boys are as silly as my ideal, I'm doomed to the life of an old maid. (she sighs heart rendingly)

Mrs. Elton: I thought Rich and you were inseparable.

Eugenia: We were until my hair caught on Jimmy Norton's coat button.

Mrs. Elton: You didn't tell me about that.

Eugenia: It just happened this afternoon. In chemistry I dropped my pencil and Jimmy stooped to pick it up at the same time I did. My hair caught on his coat button. He had to cut off a little bit extra to keep. (pulls curl over her shoulder and examines it) Rich saw him do it. He's a jealous old pig, so he is. We quarreled all the way home and I'll never speak to him again.

Mrs. Elton: Why, you silly child, you'll— (voice outside window) Jeanie, oh Jeanie!

Eugenia, (joyfully): Maybe that's him. Maybe he has decided to apologize for being so jealous. (goes to window) Yes?

Voice outside window: Will you get my ball mitt out of the coat closet and throw it to me. Please, that's a good sis.

Eugenia (disappointedly): No, I won't get your old ball mitt, Jack Elton.

Jack: Please Jeanie—all right, I'll tell Rich Goodrich that you said you wished he'd come over so you could make up.

Eugenia (stamping her foot): You just dare. (Exit Eugenia, left)

Mrs. Elton, (sighing and resuming her mending) I hoped it wouldn't happen to Jeanie. She takes things so seriously. (Enter Eugenia, left).

Eugenia: Here's your old mitt. (Throws it out of window with all her force) telephone rings.

Eugenia (joyfully): Oh, I know that is Rich. (crosses to phone) Hello—yes, this is Eugenia. What, Jimmy, you, Oh, (disappointedly) No, Jimmy, you mustn't come over. No, you've caused me enough trouble (chokes back a sob) No, I don't want you to come over, No (angrily) No, I don't ever want to see you again and please return my hair in the morning mail.

(Bangs receiver on the hook) He makes (sob) me so (sob) darn mad (sob).

(Exit Eugenia, right.)

(Mrs. Elton sighs deeply.)

CURTAIN

SCENE TWO

Setting—Same as Scene One

(Mr. Elton is sitting in easy chair smoking. Mrs. Elton is mending in chair by hearth.)

Mr. E.: You say Jeanie's had a fuss with that young Goodrich?

Mrs. E.: Yes, poor child, she takes it so hard.

Mr. E.: She's just like her mother used to be.

Mrs. E. (indignantly): I don't get your meaning.

Mr. E. (goes to her and pats her shoulder): Yes you do, dear, don't you remember that time Alec Johnson persuaded you to sit out a dance with him and made me miss mine. You apologized right proper that time, didn't you? Ha-ha.

Mrs. E.: I don't remember any thing of the kind, but do you remember the time John Graham took me home from the taffy-pull and you got left out? You were green-eyed that night.

Mr. E. (resuming his seat): Yes, but you apologized for it.

Mrs. E.: I didn't do—

Enter Eugenia: I don't feel like studying tonight for some reason. (goes to window and looks out. A whistle is heard. Eugenia hums loudly "I'm sorry, dear, etc.") An answer outside window in masculine voice) It's never too late to be sorry. I'm sorry I made you cry.

Mrs. E.: My eyes hurt dreadfully. I think I'd better go to bed.

Exit Mrs. E. right.

Eugenia, sitting on the arm of Mr. E's chair: You look so tired, Daddy. You've had a hard day, haven't you? You'd better not wait up for me. I've lots of studying to do. Good night.

Mr. E. taking hint: Good night, my dear. (Exit right.)

Eugenia crosses to the window and whistles: Rich. Oh, Rich, come in.

Voice: Can't.

Eugenia: Please do come. I've got something awfully important to tell you.

Voice: You don't want me to, I know. You said this afternoon that you never wanted to see me again, so I came in the dark tonite and was going to ask you to throw me my ring.

Eugenia (looks at ring): I won't give you your ring unless you come in for it. I'll keep it until you do.

Voice: I'm coming.

Eugenia hurries about putting the room in order. A knock is heard at the left door. Eugenia crosses room and opens door. Enter Rich Goodrich.

Eugenia (in tears): Oh, Rich, you were so silly about it. Why couldn't you act sensible?

Rich, (extremely fussed): Well listen, Jean, I-- you-- he--oh, hang it all, you know why I acted that way.

Eugenia (indignantly): I do not.

Rich: Well, don't get any madder. You know you never gave me any lock of hair and I want it worse than Jim Norton did.

Eugenia: Well, I said you could have one. Take one now if you want it. She searches in the sewing basket for scissors. Gives them to Rich. Rich starts to cut off a lock of hair. A noise is heard at right. Voice at right, "Where the dickens is my pipe?"

Eugenia, excitedly: Oh hurry, Rich. Dad's coming. (Pushes him out of the door).

Rich: You're sure you're sorry?

Eugenia: Oh, yes, I'm sorry, Rich.

Closes door.

Enter Mr. E. right: What's that you said? You're sorry, Rich?

Eugenia: Oh, I was just practicing my part in a play the dramatic club is going to give. I'm a rich girl and I'm sorry I'm so rich because I can't marry the man I love because he's poor and—oh, I guess I'll go to bed. (Exit hurriedly at right.)

Mr. E. searching on the table for his pipe: Funny she never mentioned that play before. She is usually so enthusiastic about those dramatic stunts. (Finds a green cap with red checks) H'm—where have I seen this before? Jack's cap is brown. (thinks hard) Um-oh-oh yes. I've seen it on that Goodrich boy. (Chuckles) She's sorry, Rich, eh? Ha-ha, oh, well (yawns) 'Tis always so.

CURTAIN

—By Neva Gilbert

A VISION

I saw a white cloud floating by
 So softly, lightly, silently—
 It seemed to know not its course.
 And then, as if by magic hand,
 And yielding to the gentle breeze,
 It gaily sailed 'neath smiling skies
 To beautify some distant land.

I saw a young and lovely life
 Down the river of time go sailing by
 Its course was aimless, lingering,
 slow.

And then it yielded to the stream,
 It yielded to that Stronger Hand,
 It started—and with resolute air
 It wove of life a richer theme.

—M. M. G. '20

THE TIME HAS COME

Again, the time has almost come,
 When the proud Seniors go their way
 But with us still there will be some,
 Who did not make the needed grade.

They do not hate in the least to go,
 And we are not the least bit sad,
 For Juniors then will Seniors be, you
 know,

So their going does not make us mad.

After school, each Senior goes his
 way,

Some North, some East, some South,
 some West,

But where'er the roads they travel
 lie,

Be it always known they'll do their
 best. —Arnold Livingston '21

JUST A BEAR STORY

OR

THE BARE FACTS OF A BEAR STORY

It was early in June when "Jack", "Bob", "Dick", "Bill" and "Tom" left Missoula for the Rattlesnake Valley. These names are all nicknames, as for instance, "Dick's" real name is Dickenson. They were equipped with five pack horses. The reason for so many pack animals was (according to them) to carry home the game. I forgot to tell you that they were going bear hunting.

It was fifteen miles to "Grizzley Bill's Cabin". This cabin was at the end of the road and a trail took up the course from there on. The men stopped about twenty-five miles from town, and camped on Burnt Flat.

Early the next morning, "Oh, I want some warm water to wash with" came Jack's voice. His brother Bob seconded the plea. They got no warm water however, and had to wash in the cold creek the same as the rest. It seemed a dreadful hardship but they endured it.

They hunted all day but couldn't get close enough to a bear for a shot. Bob and Jack became discouraged and left camp for Missoula the next morning. Dick and Bill hunted together while Tom hunted alone. The former sat on a side hill to eat their lunch.

"Dick, what are you watching?" queried Bill. Dick said nothing but slowly raised his rifle and aimed. Bang! Crash! A bear was dashing down the hill with a broken back. Bill had an Airedale pup with him that he wished to train to hunt bear. "Don't shoot again, Dick, we'll let Heck have some fun. I can beat that bear down hill anyway." Heck was already in close pursuit and Bill followed. He tumbled and his rifle went one way and he the other. He still had a six-shooter so he went on. When he reached the bottom of the hill, Heck had caught the bear and was teasing it between two trees. Bill went around in front and shot him with the six-shooter. They went back to camp for a horse. Tom had already returned with "another luckless day."

Dick burst into camp with an air of conquest.

"What's the excitement? Where's your hat?"

"Oh, I guess I must have lost it. Heck, man, what's a hat when you've shot a bear? Did you hear that? I got a bear."

"You don't need to go wild, just because you killed a bear," answered Tom.

The next day Bill and Tom went out together. Before noon they separated. Tom sat on a big rock to rest. His little water Spaniel cocked his head on one side, "Woof!"

"What's the matter, Touser? Come here!" He came, but presently, "Woof!"

"Sit down and be quiet. I don't see anything." Tom was beginning to get excited. "Come on, let's start on." He went along an old trail for a quarter of a mile or so before he happened to glance down into a grassy meadow on the right. Four bears were leisurely overturning rocks hunting for ants and grubs. One of them was climbing over two crossed logs. The dog was running around excitedly and perching his head first on one side and then the other. Tom collected his wits (which were pretty much scattered by this time) enough to shoot. One of the bears fell back. Another one disappeared. Scratch! The cubs were going up into trees. The first bear was trying to climb over the logs. Tom emptied his rifle at her, waiting after each shot. Finally she fell behind the log and he couldn't see her. He walked around to the other side making a wide circle so as not to get too close to the bear. Scratch! The smaller cub came down the tree and escaped amid the thick underbrush. Then the second cub started down. Tom stopped this one, and again turned his attention to the old bear. During all of this he was watching behind him for the bear that had disappeared. The other old bear was still moving. Tom shot a couple more times with the rifle, and several times with the six-shooter. He wanted to be very sure that the bear was dead. He took his hunting knife and blazed trees back to the trail and started for camp. Dick and Bill had both come in without success.

"I got a bear! Some one get a horse in and go with me, and help me bring it in. Hurry up!"

"Oh, go on, don't feed us that dope. Of course I got a little excited when I got a bear, but you mustn't let a little thing like a bear excite you. You haven't changed your mind, have you?"

"No, I didn't kill a bear, I killed two."

The horse was saddled. "All right! Lead us to the slaughter house," they said. When they got there the little cub was sitting beside the dead one. Bill shot it, so they each had at least one bear.

—Kathryn Logan '20.

THE OVERWORKED NOUN—CALL IT A DAY

Breakfasted at 7:45, footed to school, study-halled fifteen minutes, general-assembled and watched the boys slide. Then formula-formulaed and participated awhile. Back to assembly and penciled algebra; also Library-passed to Encyclopedia and magazined for English. Homed to beefsteak and onions; side walked and schooled again. Watched basket-balling and unlockeded my books; stairwayed, corridored to History and Civil warred awhile; constructed and study perioded again. Watched Miss Kelley Literary Digesting. Doorwayed when the clock belled.—Exchange.

THE GOLDEN TOMBS

—A Sketch

Thus the legend ran:

Far to the south there lies a small, rock headed island, with a high mountain peak rising in the center; so that it can easily be seen from far out at sea. This island was the old tomb of the native kings who were carried there from the distant main land to be lain in state in the royal sepulcher. With gold collected from the pure deposits that were found in the mountain top, the Indians had lined the walls, floor and ceiling of the stone structure that served as the tomb. Here upon a bed of pearls the remains of each king lay.

Vainly had hardy explorers endeavored again and again to find this island of golden tombs. Altho many were the eager, greedy eyes that searched the horizon for the rock piled, mountain island, yet no one had ever been rewarded by even so much as a glimpse of its blue peak in the horizon's mist.

And so in the year 1513, Vasco Nunez, a greedy, selfish, bold hearted old seaman—half pirate and half king's explorer, gathered together a small group of men, as greedy, as selfish, as bold hearted as himself and embarked in his old dilapidated ship, in quest of the legendary isle. Roaming leisurely about through the southern seas, between the tropical islands, they preyed upon the defenseless Indian villages and plundered small ships that came in their way. And thus one day, when the deep blue water lay as motionless as the clear hot sky above, they saw the solitary peak of a rocky island rise above the grey rock and stand clearly outlined against the scorching sky. It was the island of buried kings—of the golden tombs—gold, that was it, the island of gold.

Quickly Nunez brought his old ship toward the little, almost inclosed bay that lay at the mountain's foot. Swiftly, with sails set and the eager crew lining the deck and singing the song of gold, the ancient ship rounded the rocky promontory and sailed directly into—a great seething, boiling whirlpool. Frantically the gold seekers tried to turn it back but it was too late. So with one accord they jumped from its pitching deck and swam toward the shore, toward life, and gold. With a great hissing sound the ship was drawn down into its sea floor grave, while the crew (with a few exceptions of those who had drowned while calling for help) lay upon the bright golden sandy beach, panting for breath.

Then there was a great rush for the tombs, each man endeavoring to be first, so that if there was not enough gold for all, that he would have some at any rate. Through a maze of rock formations they ran blindly, some this way, some that, all searching for the fabled tombs. Then there came a shout from up on the mountain, for the sacred graves had been found at last. Fighting like animals they crowded in through the narrow door way of the low walled tomb. All was dark within and it seemed cold and dead. Then a torch flared up to find all the seekers standing in a circle staring with glittering eyes and toothless mouths open, at a room lined with dull gold and in the center of which some twelve human skeletons rested upon a great bed of pearls. With a savage cry they broke the silence of the tomb and rushed to the pearly bed. Roughly the skeletons were thrown aside and the half crazed men grasped handfuls of the jewels and let them fall through their fingers—gold, pearls—treasure.

Days passed and weeks passed, days and weeks of scorching sun by day and swarms of insects by night. Very few birds, or even reptiles inhabited this barren isle, and those few were soon disposed of in the first few days. Then followed days of despair and of dying men, and of hopeless watching on the clear blue sea, where the horizon was never flecked by a sail. All lost hope. It had been nothing more than the miserable gold that had caused these bold

hearted men to wander aimlessly about the rock piles with hanging heads and finally to lie down in the exhaustion of death.

Slowly, painfully time dragged on. More weeks passed and still no friendly ship in sight. One by one the men sighed hopelessly and closed their dull eyes forever, or having gone mad cast themselves into the sea. Of all the seekers only one remained, alone upon that isle of death—and gold. It was Vasco Nunez. The last man had died in a fit of madness. Nunez looked slowly at this still, half-starved body and absently wondered if he too would go mad. All day he roamed about the rock piles of the island, his heart becoming heavier and heavier, alone—alone upon a barren isle with the dead bodies of his comrades, with his own hopelessness, alone with the royal skeletons and the treasure.

The night was black and when the rising sun lighted the mountain peak, it found a raving, emaciated figure watching it with mad eyes. His strength had gone, but by a supreme effort he dragged himself up, up the mountain wall, until he came upon the tombs, cold and silent as ever. He crawled painfully in, through the narrow doorway, his glittering eyes constantly shifting like a wild thing of the forest. There upon the bed of pearls he sat erect among the royal bones. Hours passed and still he sat there like a Budha watching the bright blue sea with fixed eyes.

Then from this high view point he saw a tiny sail form itself, as it were, from the horizon's mist and slowly, slowly it grew larger. The hull gradually formed itself and the ship came on toward the island. Nunez struggled to rise but could not. Now the ship was nearer, more distinct and the men on board could be seen. Still he could not rise to signal to them. For an instant his reason returned, hope was born again—here was good, life, freedom. Screaming, frantically struggling to rise he saw it come nearer, and nearer, then as if warned by some evil omen, it turned and sailed away, away toward the horizon, from which it had come bearing hope, reason, and life, and again disappeared bearing its cargo of those gifts of the gods away with it. The eager figure swayed dizzily, its eyes burning with the fires of insanity and fell heavily back among the bones and jewels. Slowly he lifted his long bony arm above him and let the pearls fall one by one through his fingers and the cold, gold-lined tomb rang with his demoniacal laughter.

AN IDEAL PUPIL

Are there ideal pupils in Ames High School? Entirely; "nothing else of but" as a southern mammy once said. Our girls are the prettiest, bestest, most ideal representatives of the female branch of mankind on this terrestrial ball. Our boys are the most manly, handsomest and richest of the human race and both are ideal pupils. Now, of course, the above isn't sarcasm at all; nothing but much deserved praise, even if we do say it.

Now, the better to help you understand, oh, gentle reader, let us take a representative pupil of our High School; a boy and a girl. We will investigate their conduct and character and draw our conclusions.

First, let us take one of our blossoming young men. Any one, they are all alike. He is dressed in stain trousers and a Prince Albert with diamond studded shirt and monacle. He wears a sleek, well-oiled pompadour, which he endeavors to smooth down an atom more every seven minutes. Our young man has such a stylish manner of walking also. One of these kind of Charlie Chaplin—Kaiser Bill ambles, assisted by a natty cane. His facial expression

is a combination of the pensive dreamer and the ponderous thinker broken now and then by a smile.

Enough of description. Let us examine his conduct in school and towards school affairs. Upon reaching school in the morning he removes his silk hat out of doors and hangs it up on his own hook when he reaches the interior. His friends and schoolmates jovially pat each other on the back and converse a wee before going to their classes. Perhaps they might fraternize with the young ladies a bit by saluting them in the conventional way. To come back to our boy, he walks up the stairs at 8:10 and cordially bows to Miss Rayburn and then enters the study hall to brush up his lessons a bit before class. Our boy has never ceased one minute since coming to high school to study and fill his mind with knowledge, not at all. Our ideal boys pass every test and recitation at 103%, three per cent extra for good behavior is given in our school to all. Our classrooms are most quiet because of the lovely attitude typified by our young men.

Now that you know our young man, let us take one of our beautiful young ladies. She is dressed always in silk and her jewelry is hardly less brilliant than our boy's but of course she is much more modest in dress and demeanor. As a pupil, she is a marvel. She also gets an average of at least 99 and sometimes reaches the coveted 103%. In H. Ec. she is able to cook and sew to perfection and the H. Ec. building is used as a school to teach the young women from I. S. C., who come in great numbers to learn of the marvelous work of our ideal girls.

Of course, our young lady never chews gum or uses the ordinary vile cosmetics for the complexion. She has a wondrous face and roses in her cheeks, at all times and it is all just natural, too.

On the whole, everything is model in A. H. S. on account of our wonderful student body and Faculty. Ah, 'tis a pity other schools cannot follow in our steps, but 'tis impossible.

JUST A SUGGESTION

Oh say, but wouldn't it be great
If they'd fix the Study Hall
With Persian rugs upon the floor
And pictures on the wall—

With lots of easy chairs around
All lined with silk and satin
For the use of those hard-working
ones
Who love to study Latin?

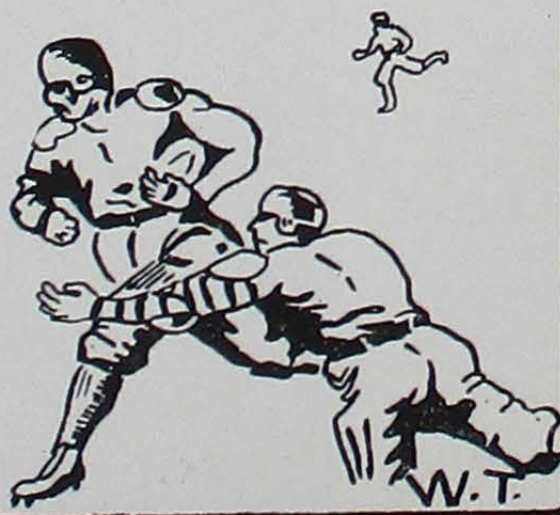
Of course we'd want some magazines,
And books and papers plenty
For those who haven't much to do,
(Especially those of '20)

If this could only be arranged
'Twould be—oh, so much nicer,
And, I think, in years to come
The students would be wiser.

—M. M. G. '20.



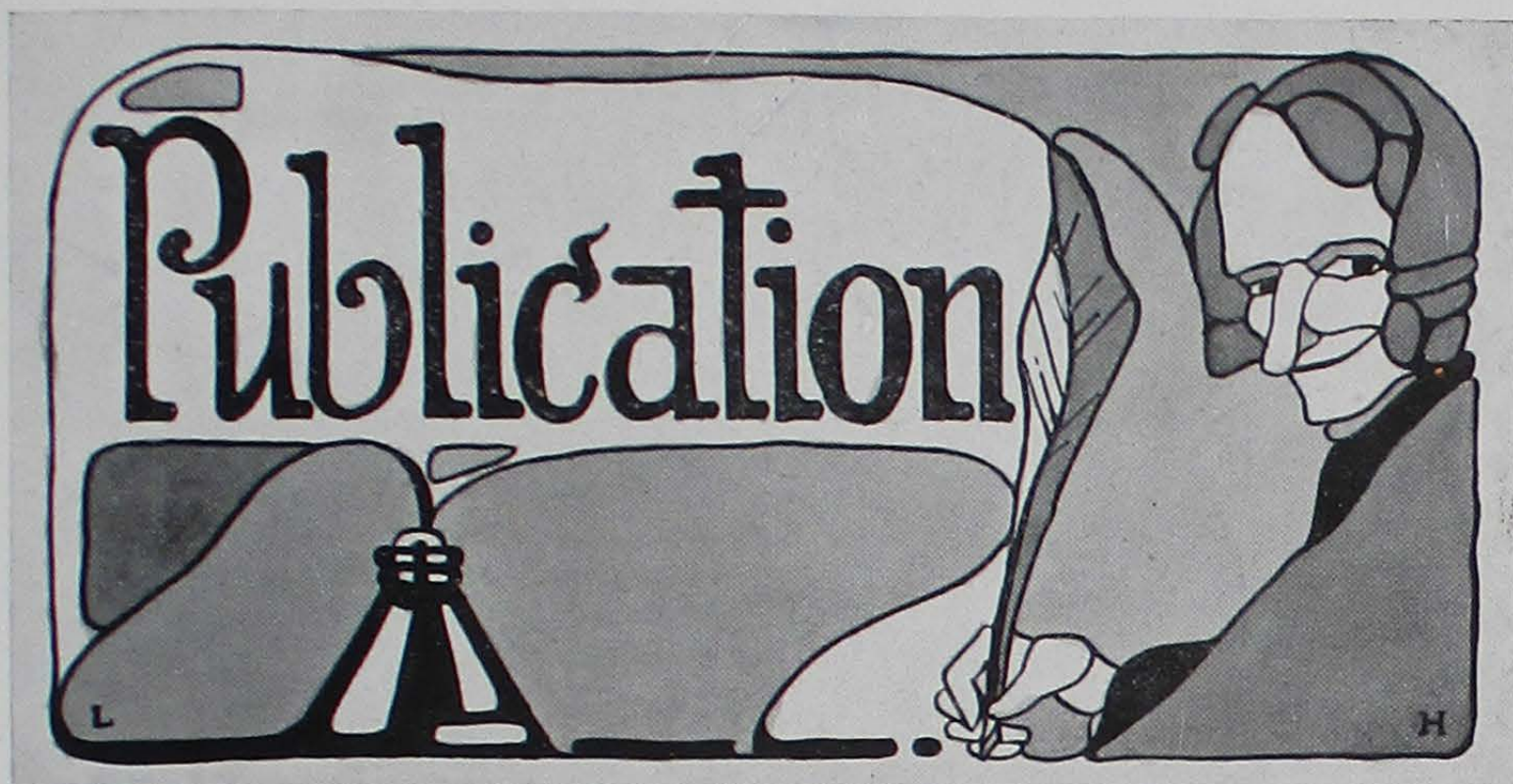
STUDENT ACTIVITIES



ANNUAL STAFF



Top Row—Carberry, Seniors; Wentch, Proof-reader; Dewey, Girls' Athletics; Woods, Seniors; J. Parsons, Snapshots.
 Middle Row—Thomas, Steno.; Dean, Organizations; Smith, Alumni; L. Cure Seniors; L. French, Literary; Rutherford, Humor.
 Seated—Adams, Bus. Mgr.; W. Tanner, Art; Tostlebe, Editor; Stone, Humor; Murray, Asst. Editor.



AN APPRECIATION

The "Spirit" feels greatly indebted to those who so earnestly took an interest in making a success of this publication. The "Spirit" extends its most grateful thanks to its printers, "The Tribune Printing Company", to its engravers, "The Jahn and Ollier Engraving Company", to our photographer, Mr. Quade, to our subscribers and to our advertisers, who have financially aided, to our advisors who so willingly gave their advise and time in making a fine book and to everyone who contributed to the contents of this Annual.



PROGRESS OF THE "SPIRIT"

With a deficit of about two hundred dollars staring them in the face from the work of the "Spirit" staff of 1919, the staff this year worked hard to bring the "Spirit" out of the darkness. They have practically succeeded in spite of the odds being against them. By such financial saving as lack of new art, with the slight increase in subscription rates, and with the unusual co-operation of the high school students here this year, the Staff has managed to publish ten news sheets and three literary editions, besides this Annual. Twenty-five per cent of the proceeds from the Carnival were also added to the "Spirit" fund.

The "Spirit" Staff has tried to make the "Spirit" as interesting and as newsy as possible. As it publishes this as its final issue it sincerely hopes that the staffs of future years will take up their work with marked enthusiasm and keep on publishing a better and more representative "Spirit" of Ames High School.

SPIRIT STAFF FOR BI-WEEKLY ISSUE



Top Row—Spence, Humor; Morrison, Freshman Reporter; J. Parsons, Contest Editor; Murray, Asst. Editor; Houghan, Junior Reporter; Gernes, Sophomore Reporter.
 Middle Row—Dean, Organizations; Adams, Business Mgr.; M. Smith, Society News; B. Morrissey, Athletics; L. French, Literary Editor.
 Seated—Thomas, Steno.; W. Tanner, Art; Wentch, Proof-reader; Tostlebe, Editor in Chief; L. Cure, News.



FORENSIC CLUB

First Semester
Robert Murray
Joan Parsons
Clarence Goddard
Miss Hiller

President
Vice-President
Secretary-Treasurer
Advisor

Second Semester
Joan Parsons
Marjorie Beam
Lowell Houser
Miss Hiller

Two years old! And we can talk quite well too!

The Forensic Club in our High School is only two years old. It is made up of students who have tried out for some form of public speaking or by recommendation of their English teacher. Its purpose is to develop the powers of talking, that is, speaking before an audience.

To develop our aim we meet together during the third period on Fridays and either watch some member go through the ordeal of telling us who the next president is going to be, or why some man or woman is or was great and about his or her life. Or, maybe, we ourselves have to tell the rest of the club an interesting story, an anecdote, or what's happening in the world today. Sometimes we have informal debates on important questions such as "Dancing in Ames High School," or "Woman Suffrage."

Sometimes the Forensic Club does something else. One night in February a good old-fashioned party was held at Mr. Steffy's home. Everyone had such a good time. Even Mr. Steffy said it reminded him of some of the parties he and Mrs. Steffy used to go to.

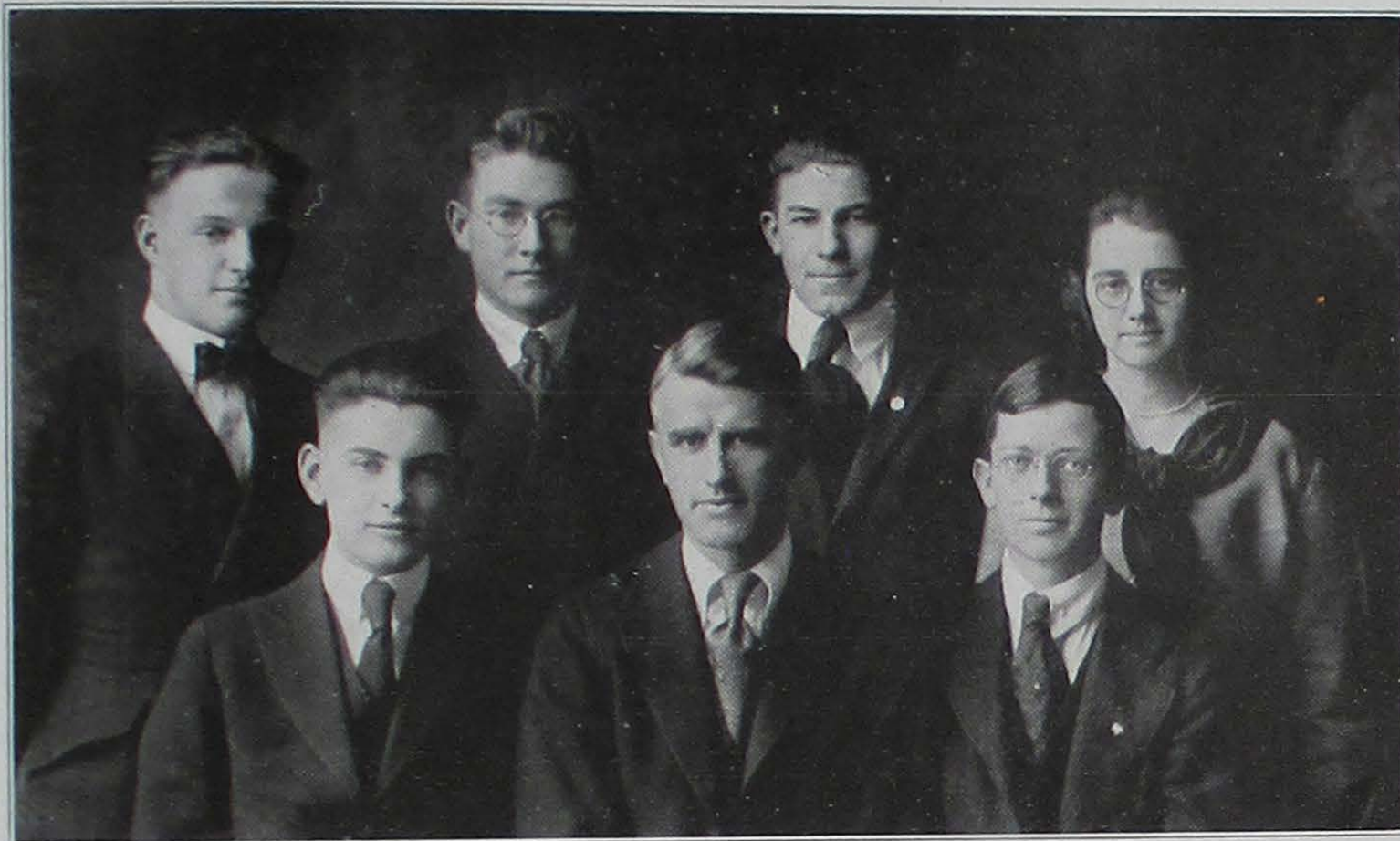
So you see the club is developing along many lines and what's more it is going to continue. Next year is going to be better yet—if that is possible.

FORENSIC CLUB



Top Row—Dean, J. Parsons, A. Noble, Nunamaker, L. French, Ghrist.
Middle Row—Marston, Caine, Rayness, Miss Hiller, Scarborough, Goddard.
Seated—F. Griffith, L. Cure, E. Armstrong, Lee, R. Parsons, Woods.

DEBATING TEAM



Standing—Caine, Marston, Dove, Dean.
Seated—Stone, Principal Steffey, Carleton.

DEBATE

Affirmative Team

Ralph Dove
Carvel Caine
Egbert Stone

Negative Team

Anson Marston
Helene Dean
Alford Carleton

COACHES

Mr. Steffey

Miss Hiller

Debating this year started early in October when we received the state question, Resolved: "That Congress should enact Legislation Providing for a System of Compulsory Military Training for all Able-Bodied Men before they reach Twenty-one years of age."

About a dozen students signed up for the work but several of them dropped out before the tryouts which were held November 25th. At that time a first team and sub-team were chosen but later it was decided to have two teams and the best six were divided negatively and affirmatively according to their convictions. The teams were then as they stand now, with the exception of Maurice Smith, Egbert Stone taking his place.

The Negative Team worked at the Steffey home during the coal shortage. Their first debate was on December 18. Since it was only for practice no decision was given.

Ames did not pair for the first round of State League debates but came in on the second round, the Negative team debating Ireton on January 30. Ames lost with a decision of 3-0, and this dropped us out of the race. However, we felt quite encouraged when later we found that Ireton had again

received the Northwest district championship or in other words was one of the four best teams in the state.

Later a triangle was formed between Marshalltown, West Waterloo and Ames, which is to be continued from year to year. The Affirmative team now renewed their efforts and started to work in earnest.

The two teams held several practice debates and on March 24 met their opponents. The Affirmative teams were the visiting teams. Ames Affirmative team lost at Waterloo with a 3-0 decision, and the Negative team won unanimously over Marshalltown.

It seems 3-0 decisions were most popular this year. All of our debates were won or lost by this vote and so were all of the triangular debates. Waterloo came out entirely victorious winning from both Ames and Marshalltown.

Later on in the year the debaters were presented with medals as a reward for their work.

While four of our debaters will leave High School this year, we have some excellent material left and they are going to do their best to have all of the decisions 3-0 in favor of Ames next year.

CARNIVAL

The biggest All-High School event this year was the Carnival, put on by the student body and enjoyed by everyone. Of course, the purpose of it was not entirely enjoyment, although that was an important factor. We needed money. And was it raised by the Carnival? It sure was. The proceeds amounted to \$460.95, with a net profit of \$270.00, which is an increase of \$44 over last year. This money was divided among the "Spirit", to make up last year's deficit, the Y. M. C. A., and Y. W. C. A., for support of three little war orphans in France and the remainder toward a moving picture machine.

During the first part of the evening the school house was in total darkness but when the lights came on about 9:30, everybody made up for lost time.

The first feature in the Auditorium was the Vaudeville, varied and lively, followed by the Senior Stunt, "Wild Nell", the Junior Stunt, the Minstrel Show, by camouflaged cons, the Movie, the Crowning of the Carnival Queen, and the Sophomore Stunt.

But the Auditorium wasn't the only interesting place. The Preps, in their Dutch Kabibble Kabaray, served hot dogs and pie. In a dark foreboding room on third floor fortunes were told, and down in the gym, elephants, clowns and other animals performed marvelous acts.

However, the greatest feature was the Crowning of the Carnival Queen. Joan Parsons, the most popular girl in High School, was chosen by the "Spirit" subscribers for this honor. A dainty dance by maidens clad in white accompanied the simple but beautiful ceremony.

As stated above, everyone enjoyed the Carnival from beginning to end, for at the late hour of Midnight, hundreds were still in the school building.

While the Carnival was very successful in its two-fold purpose this year, next year it is going to be better yet.

DECLAMATORY CONTESTANTS



Top Row—Lee, Nunamaker, Caul, Mettlin.
Middle Row—Miller, Wagner, Spence, D. Gray.
Seated—Reed, Miss Hiller, A. Noble, Ericson.

DECLAMATORY CONTEST

We had an unusually good contest this year. Through Miss Hiller's efforts over thirty expressed their interest in this activity, and went in for it strong. After they selected their reading, work started in earnest.

In January and February, three preliminaries were held. Eleven of the twenty-five trying out were selected for the Final Contest held on March 4th. Of these eleven Ben Wagner won first in Oratorical, Faye Caul in Dramatic, and Mary Reed in Humorous. Mary also received the honor of winning first over all and Geverna Erickson that of second over all.

Miss Helen Marr Smith of Des Moines acted as judge in the Final again this year. She presented the winners in each class with a five dollar gold piece given by the Tilden Manufacturing Company, Gus Martin and the Fair Store. We were very proud of our contestants and our judge said we had reason to be. Another thing we are proud of, is the way in which the business men of Ames back up our activities.

The district contest was held at Glidden March 12. Mary was unable to go so Ben Wagner took her place, and we know he represented us well for he took second place in his class.

Ten more students were benefited from the contest this year than were last year and it is hoped that still more will reap this benefit next year.

DRAMATIC CLUB



Top Row—Robinson, Smutz, Beam, Nelson, Sloss, A. Noble, E. Armstrong, Griffith
 Third Row—Dean, Miller, Johnson, Ethel Armstrong, Tripp, M. Rayness, E. Stevens.
 Second Row—Meller, Macy, L. Cure, Harper, J. Parsons, Lee, Murray McCarthy, Confare.
 Seated—Burton, Reed, Ericson, Rayness, Miss Hiller, Carleton, Ghrist, R. Parsons.

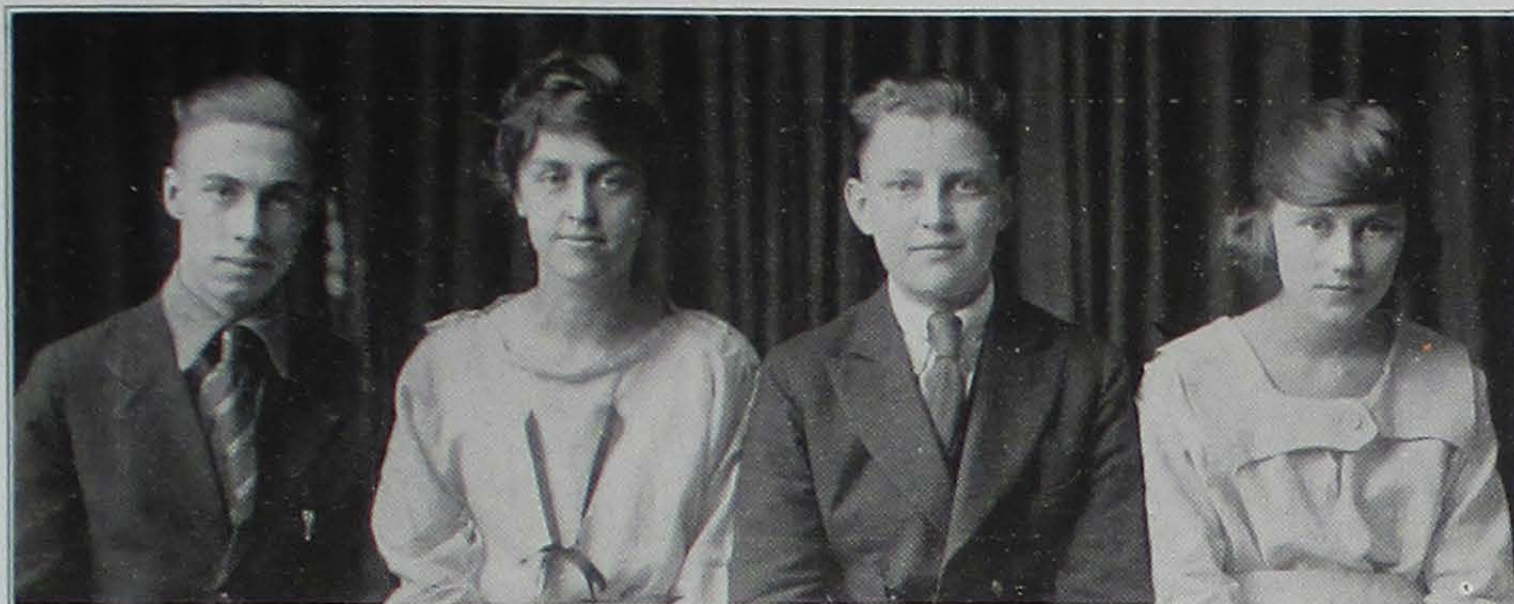
SENIOR HONOR STUDENTS

The following students have achieved an average grade of 85% and above during their first three and one-half years in High School and are eligible to the Honorary Scholarship Club.

Donald Hunter
 Hazel McKibben
 Mildred McCauley
 Grace Vickery
 Percy Adams
 Homer Tostlebe
 Ralph Mayo
 Carvel Caine
 Ida Harper
 Naomi Eaker
 Esther Stevens
 Gladys Ross
 Ida Thomas
 Ruth Johnson
 Hollyce Wallick
 Barbara Wentch
 Marguerite Conner
 Irene Dewey

Myrna Gray
 Blanche Noble
 Lyla French
 Ila French
 Alford Carleton
 Harvey Fitch
 Emmett Carberry
 Norman Corneliusen
 Lee Stevens
 Marion Smith
 Edward Rutherford
 Kathryn Logan
 Josie Wilcox
 Egbert Stone
 Lorena Cure
 Lura Woods
 Nelly Maroney
 Dorothy Miller

ASSEMBLY BOARD



Houser, Miss Harper, Hibner, M. Rayness.

ASSEMBLIES

The Assembly Board deserves a great deal of credit, and the student body thank them for their good work. It has been thru the efforts of this board that everyone has looked forward to the third period Wednesday. The programs were varied and interesting as the following list will show.

- October 1—Program, Senior History Class.
- October 8—Pantomime, Public Speaking Class.
- October 15—Professor W. H. Lancelot, Vocational Education Department, I. S. C.
- October 22—Mr. Carl Schmolke, South Africa.
- October 29—Folk Dancing.
- November 6—Miscellaneous Program.
- November 13—Mrs. Hillis, Vice-President State Parent-Teachers' Ass'n.
- November 20—Drama, "Everyman".
- November 27—Thanksgiving Program.
- December 31—Rev. O. D. Lee, pastor of Ames Church of Christ.
- January 7—Movie, "How Life Begins".
- January 14—Awarding of Athletic Emblems.
- January 21—Farce, Public Speaking Department.
- February 3—Freshman Class Program.
- February 10—Mr. Fred Hanson, Secretary College Y. M. C. A.
- February 17—Sophomore Class Program.
- February 24—Mr. Leema, Brazil; Mr. Cooper, Hawaii.
- March 3—Musical Program.
- March 10—Miss Harwood, Dean of Women, I. S. C.
- March 17—Junior Class Program.
- March 24—Prof. Ruth O'Brien, Chemistry Department, I. S. C.
- April 7—Gifford Terry, former Ames High student.
- April 14—Latin-French Program.
- April 21—Prof. F. W. Beckman, Dept. of Journalism, I. S. C.
- April 28—Recital, Prof. Fredricka Shattuck, Public Speaking Dept, I. S. C.
- May 5—Miss Muriel Day, Nat. Field Sec'y, M. E. Missionary Society.
- May 12—Senior Class Program.
- May 19—Commercial Department.

JUNIOR CAST



Top Row—Spring, Murray, A. Tesdall, Livingston, Houser, Kooser, E. Downey.
 Middle Row—Goddard, M. Rayness, Sloss, Smutz, Stanton, A. Noble, Porter, O'Brien.
 Seated—Beam, Wasser, Houghan, Spence, Ghrist, Macy, Scovel.

CLEOPATRA AND SAINT PATRICK

On March 7th, the Junior class presented a one-act musical comedy for the other three classes of the High School and the faculty. As it was Saint Patrick's Day, it was thought that it would be proper to have a Saint Patrick play. As a suitable one could not be found, Lowell Houser, a member of the Junior class, wrote the play of "Cleopatra and Saint Patrick" which took place in Cleopatra's garden court. Neva Spence acted as Cleopatra and Arnold Livingston as Saint Patrick. Other members of the class gave solo dances and other special numbers.

JUNIOR SENIOR RECEPTION

The Junior-Senior reception on May 15 was a very enjoyable affair. The Juniors departed from the usual method of entertainment by having it out of doors, and Professor and Mrs. Noble kindly lent their beautiful big lawn for the occasion. Japanese lanterns lighted up a scene of many juniors and seniors, very busily engaged in having a good time. Music from the Stoddard orchestra filled the air all the time. Then Bob Murray, Violet Tripp and Clarence Goddard presented a very amusing little farce, followed by Reading and a Farewell Talk by Miss Hiller.

The boys then picked out their favorite girl and "Une Marche Magnifique", led by the Class Presidents, wound around, in and out thru the bushes and trees. As a fitting ending, ice-cream and angel food cake were served in a most dainty, leafy and flowery bower.

The Juniors sure know how to entertain! !



REVIEW OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1919

With our record showing 252 points for Ames and a goose egg "0" for our opponents, we may well say that we have had a very successful football season.

To start out the season we only had five men who had had a full year's experience in football. The rest of the team was green and inexperienced but by hard work, good coaching, and natural football brains combined, Ames High turned out a team which beyond a doubt was the best in the state.

Although the members of the team worked hard and gave their best to the credit is not all due them, but a great deal of it must go to our coach "Bob" Thompson for his consistency in sticking by the team. This is his fifth year here and every year he has turned out a winning team; and this year one more successful than ever before.

With all this to be proud of and to leave in the history of Ames High, we had only one thing to regret, and that was that Fort Dodge was unable to meet us either here or at Fort Dodge in a post season game. Fort Dodge, Ames, and North Des Moines High were considered the three best teams in the state but the State Athletic Board did not pick any one as state champions. Ames High claims the undisputed title as its eleven were not scored on in any game.

A short history of the games follows:

Ames, 51—Webster City, 0

In the first game of the season the Ames High Football team showed that they had the football brains and coaching of a championship team by trouncing the Webster City eleven by a score of 51-0. The team that was sent on the field was inexperienced and the absence of Captain Anderson and Rufe Hoon was strongly felt. However, it was our luck to meet a weaker team and the Ames men broke through the Webster line at will making several long runs. Les Hoon and Elliot gained much ground for Ames by their wide end runs.

Ames, 13—Marshalltown, 0.

At Marshalltown the next Saturday the Ames players did not play together, but we managed to walk away with the long end of the score. At one time when Marshalltown had the ball almost on top of our goal line, the Ames men showed that they knew real football by holding them for downs. At no other

CHAMPIONSHIP FOOTBALL SQUAD



Top Row—L. Hoon, Corneliussen, Brooks, Fitch, Carey, Thornburg, Carter.
 Middle Row—Dunlap, Kingkade, Van Epps, Carberry, Coe, Gore, Posegate, Jackson.
 Lower Row—Corbin, Bennett, Elliot, Coach Thompson, Captain Anderson, Griffith, R. Hoon, Scovel.
 Below—Meyers, Smart.

time during the entire game was our goal in danger. Several punts were exchanged—Hoon outkicking his man every time.

Ames, 3—Denison, 0

Although Denison was outplayed all through the game they were strong enough to keep Ames from crossing their goal. The game was a fight to the last whistle and "Les" Hoon's drop kick was all that saved it from being a 0-0 tie. Both teams had chances for kicks before but both missed them, and the crowd held their breath when they saw the ball sailing between the posts from the 45-yard line. Denison had a good team and put up a fight that would do any school credit.

Ames, 0—Cedar Rapids, 0.

Both the Ames and the Cedar Rapids elevens were satisfied with the scoreless tie which resulted from a hard fought game. This left both teams in the race for the state title, upsetting all the dope. The Ames team was given a shade over Cedar Rapids because of the individual playing of every man on the team. Just before the game ended the Ames backs were making 8 and 10 yards on straight line plunges and Cedar Rapids can be glad that the game ended when it did.

Ames, 28—Indianola, 0

Although Indianola outweighed the Ames players more than ten pounds to the man they were rather doubtful, after the first half whether or not they had a football team. They could not stand the hard blocking which they received from the Ames men, and were forced to make several substitutions.

Ames, 42—Iowa Falls, 0

This was another easy victory for Ames as they were playing against a light and inexperienced team. Ames was not once held for downs while the visitors made their yards only a few times during the game. The second team played half of the game and but for that, there would probably have been a still larger score.

Ames, 43—Boone, 0.

By playing a straight plunging game of football, Ames High was able to run up a large score against the Boone eleven. Boone had several shift formations but by accurate sizing up of the plays we were able to break them up. The usual good work of Hoon, Scovel, Elliot and Anderson surprised the Boone players. Both teams tried several passes and long end runs, but with Corneliusen and Bennett playing our ends, Boone was generally thrown for a loss.

Ames, 72—West High, 0.

The Ames High Championship Football eleven trounced the West High squad in the last game of the season by the score of 72-0. This game was a series of touchdowns and they all happened to count for Ames. The first one of these was made in but four plays after the game started. In the last quarter Ames made 35 points all of which were made either by long end runs or intercepted passes. Ames really woke up in this game and cleared any doubt which might have been in the mind of West High and of everybody who saw the game as to what school had the best team in the state.

ABILITIES OF FOOTBALL (A) MEN

By J. M. '20

BENNETT (L. E.)

Roy played one of the two half-backs last year, but this year he played mostly at end, occasionally playing the position of quarter-back. We must admit that he was a valuable man at either position if he didn't have an off-day.

CAREY (L. T.)

Percy was a new man this year but experience was the only thing that he lacked. He had the necessary weight but not the ability. He moved away after the season closed.

POSEGATE (L. G.)

"Pecky" may be short but that doesn't apply to football ability because precious things are done up in small packages. He was pretty hard on the beef trusts this year and it took a good man to get thru him. He seldom allowed his opponent to move him to the rear of the line of scrimmage.

THORNBURG (C)

"Fat" filled his position ably last year. And this year he put the old pep into the bunch. He was the only one who was kept out more than one game on account of bruises. He unluckily had the ligaments in his arm torn. He was sure glad with the rest of the bunch when he felt he had done his best in whipping the West High squad.

SCOVEL (R. T.)

Ellis was one of our "All-State" men this year. He played full back last year but starred at guard this season. He got his man every time and sometimes two or three of them. He had more nerve, endurance and ability than any one of the squad possibly with the exception of L. Hoon.

GRIFFITH (F. B.)

"Dutch" filled his position this year with the ability of a veteran. With his experience this year he will be an "All-State" man next year. When he got started it took two to stop him. He was an important yard gainer, usually by smashing the line.

R. HOON (F. B.)

"Ruf" did not play the game he did in '16 but he played a good game this year anyway. He was always cool-headed and did a great part to pull the team together. He is another clean fighter that A. H. S. will miss next fall.

CAPTAIN ANDERSON (Q.)

Joe played football for Ames in years gone by. He sure has football ability as he displayed in his piloting the teams thru such a successful season. He never lost his head in a pinch and was always looking out for a square deal.

L. HOON (L. H.)

"Les" was the other one of our "All-State" men this year. If there were any yards gained, he always had a great part in the work. He made the gains whether he had interference or not. He was a player that never gave up, always encouraging his team mates. It took "Les" to open holes in the enemies' line on the offense.

ELLIOT (R. H.)

"String" played for the school last year and he was a good open field runner and you had to get him down and lay on him before he would cease struggling. He was fast on his feet and was the one man on the team who could always pick holes and make a gain by twisting and dodging.

CORNELIUSSEN (R. E.)

"Scoop" was a good end and never let anyone get past him if he could help it. His spectacular playing was made especially in sifting through the interference and hooking the man with the ball.

DUNLAP (L. T.)

George, when he played, played for all he had in him. He is one that puts the pep into the bunch. George was the man for tackle and he surely made them fall hard.

CARTER (R. G.)

Sam was a good guard this year, being this was the first year on the squad and he surely filled Scovel's

place with the ability of a veteran. He was a guard that carried out his man the way he should leaving holes for the backfield to shoot through.

JACKSON (R. G.)

Allen was a new man on the Ames squad. Although he had played at Fort Dodge, he was a fighter and sure made holes for our backfield to dodge through. He was a valuable addition to the line.

MYERS (C.)

This was "Windy's" first year on the team enough to get a sweater. He filled "Fat's" place well while he was out of the game. You must hand it to him for his clean but hard fighting.

WINNERS OF THE "A"

FOOTBALL

Joe Anderson, Capt.
Lester Hoon
Earl Elliot
George Dunlap
John Myers
Rufus Hoon
Bernice Posegate
Norman Corneliussen
Sam Carter
Allen Jackson
Ellis Scovel
Percy Carey
Harold Griffith
Alvin Thornburg
Roy Bennett

BASKETBALL

Ellis Scovel, Capt.
Lester Hoon
Earl Elliot
Norman Corneliussen
Roy Bennett
George Dunlap
Howard Gore
Aubrey Smart

ALL-STATE MEN

Football

Lester Hoon
Scovel
Anderson
Honorable mention
Corneliussen
Posegate
Jackson
Elliot
R. Hoon

Basketball

Elliot

BASKETBALL SQUAD



Standing—Elliot, Armstrong, Coach Thompson, Corneliussen, L. Hoon.
Seated—Bennett, Tostlebe, Smart, Coe, Gore.

SUMMARY OF BASKET BALL SEASON OF 1919-20

Basketball was taken up immediately after the successful football season with marked pep and enthusiasm. Coach Thompson put out a fine team which well represented the high school, being defeated during the season by only three teams, two of which eliminated the Ames five from the two tournaments which they entered. Boone defeated us twice but we take this as no disgrace as they had a team worthy of victory. All the players fitted well in their places and were seldom put out of their places because of unworthy playing. Capt. Scovel had the misfortune to get injured in scrimmage just before the Perry game and was confined to his bed at the hospital for the remainder of the season. His defensive work and leadership was noticeably lost by his teammates. However, valuable substitutes were inserted and the record and standing of the squad was maintained through a most successful season. A condensed review of each game of the basketball season follows:

Ames, 53—Ogden, 11.

In their first game the Ames five outclassed their opponents and sent them home with the small end of a 53 to 11 score. The team had only been practicing about two weeks and they showed up well especially in basket caging. Smart and Elliot had exceptional luck.

Ames, 33—Story City, 9.

By good guarding and fast floor work the Ames team added another bead to their string when they defeated the Story City five on the home floor. The Ames men must have carried a horse shoe for they played around the Story guards and made most of their baskets from a short distance from the ring.

Ames, 30—Nevada, 17.

The ability of the Ames players was put to test when they went in against the fast Nevada team on the Nevada court. The whole team was fighting their best and were lucky. Les Hoon's ability at handling the ball surprised the Nevada boys while the rest of the team showed them how real basket ball should be played, and especially Scovel at standing guard. The defeat dampened Nevada's hopes for a state title.

Ames, 23—Jefferson, 14.

In spite of the conditions of the members of the team after the hard scrap with Nevada the night before they were able to down Jefferson by a score of 23 to 14. Scovel played his guard well and did much to keep down the score, and by playing in spurts the floor men were able to register a few long shots which won us the game.

Ames, 29—Story City, 9.

On Story City's small floor Ames High outplayed the Story men for the second time this year. Several substitutions were made during the game but the one which attracted most attention was Scovel's spat with Moseland which resulted in both men leaving the floor. The hardest part of the game was the long wait for a train in the S. C. depot.

Ames, 15—Boone, 20.

In a hard fought game Boone handed Ames her first defeat of the season. The gym was crowded to the extent of covering up the corners of the court thus handicapping both teams. Moran of Boone had exceptional luck with long shots while Hoon and Corneliussen starred for Ames. We were in the lead at one time but Boone forged ahead again before the final whistle.

Ames, 22—Indianola, 12.

On a much larger floor than they were used to the Ames five played a fast game and succeeded in trimming Indianola 22-12.

The game was played clean and very few fouls were made. Scovel and Elliot played their usual good games but Elliot was guarded so closely that he was able to make only two field goals.

Ames, 29—Perry, 27.

In a "cracker box" gym which was packed with people the Perry High five was defeated with the small margin of 2 points. It was a ragged game thruout but in spite of the handicap of a small floor and a low ceiling the Ames men did their best which was enough to win. The absence of Capt. Scovel from the lineup was seriously felt.

Ames, 34—Valley Junction, 9.

Not once was the Ames team in danger of defeat after the first ten minutes, and although the game was fast and hard they finished the first half with a lead of 18 to 6. The Valley team was considerable stronger the second half but could not keep up with their opponents. Lester Hoon, who acted as Captain during the rest of the season on account of our Captain having received injuries in practice, led in making points, having six field goals marked to his credit.

Ames, 6—Boone, 29.

Ames took their second defeat at the hands of Boone in a slow ragged game on the Boone floor. The game was slow except when, by occasional spurts, Ames

would work the ball down under the basket only to lose it before they had a chance to shoot. Everyone seemed to have lost his horseshoe except Gore who twice went down and put the ball through the ring.

Ames, 28—Nevada, 27.

In the return game with Nevada played at the college gym it was doubtful who the winners would be until the last minute. At the end of the first half, Nevada had a 12-11 lead. They kept on scoring until the last seven minutes Ames stepped out from behind and worked the score up to 28 to 27 in their favor.

Ames seconds, 17—Toledo, 23.

Ames seconds, 11—Tama 27.

While the first squad were away tangling with Indianola and were at the C. F. tournament the second team had a chance to show their fight. They met Toledo on the home floor, and made a fine showing, leading at several different times in the tussel. At Tama the seconds met stiffer opposition while they were weakened by the loss of several valuable players. The score was close the first half but Tama got an upper hand in the latter stage of the game. However, these second team games gave many new players valuable experience, the profit of which may be shown next season.

TOURNAMENTS

Cedar Falls—Ames was eliminated from the State Teachers' tourney at Cedar Falls by Lime Springs, in the first round. It was a good scrap as both teams were confident of victory but owing to the condition of the Ames men after their long ride on the train, they were unable to play their best.

County Tourney—Our first team being at Cedar Falls and our second team at Tama, it was necessary to send a bunch of third string men to Kelley to represent Ames in the County Tournament. They were eliminated in the first round by Gilbert. It was a hard game and our "thirds" held them to a score of 22-9.

State Tournament—We had better luck in the tournament held at Iowa State College on March 12, reaching the second round before we were beaten.

Ames—Osage—In the first round Ames drew Osage and after a hard game pulled thru with a small lead. The Ames men guarded well but were unlucky when it came to caging baskets.

Ames—Luverne—In the second round, however, the Ames squad was eliminated by the Luverne High team. Ames outplayed Luverne thru most of the game having the ball in their hands most of the time. We had the game cinched until the last few minutes when the Luverne forwards tossed in several baskets before the Ames men could stop them.

PERSONEL OF BASKETBALL (A) MEN

By J. M. '20

L. HOON (F.)

"Les" always played with all he had and kept the gang cool. He was a good man at basket-shooting from every point of the floor, and it took a good guard to stop him. He acted as captain during Scovel's illness.

CORNELIUSSEN (C.)

"Scoop" out-jumped his opponent every time and was always right where he was needed. He was a good basket-shooter and was always on the job. We'll miss him in the lineup next season.

SMART (F.) (R. G.)

Aubrey was a good man at all positions on the team. He was the only freshman who made his letter, which he deserves from his basketball ability. We hope to see him on the squad next year.

BENNETT (F.)

Roy was a good, clean player, a sure shot on short baskets. This is his third year on the school squad and he has done his part every year.

ELLIOT (R. G.)

"String" has a style of basketball all by himself and on account of his excellent playing he was our only All State man this year. It took a good man to keep him down.

GORE (S. G.)

Howard filled "Eli's" place very well always being on the job and using his head. He was small but swift and had a remarkable ability in handling the ball.

DUNLAP (S. G.)

George played his best whenever the opportunity was his. He had the nerve and pep but not the ability of the first string guards.

CAPTAIN SCOVEL (S. G.)

"Eli" was the right man for his position because he could figure the opponent and stop and break up the play. He was a great loss to his team-mates on account of his injuries that have kept him out of school the greater part of this season for which we can all sympathize with him.

1920 TRACK EVENTS

Track this spring took its usual place in the high school athletics. Very few at first took interest in the work. Gradually, however, as the season progressed and the need of material for a team grew, more urgently, the boys began to train.

The first clash was with Marshalltown at Marshalltown on May 5th. The teams were fairly evenly matched and it looked as though Ames High might bring home a victory, but unluckily, they were defeated by a small margin of nine points. Marshalltown starred in the dashes while Ames' firsts were secured in the field events and long runs. Hoon and Elliot with their usual caliber won two firsts apiece. Brooks and Giebelstein were likewise important point winners.

The Ames runners also were entered in the invitation meet at Iowa State College on May 15th. They made a fair showing, considering the scant training which many had had. Elliot, however, won fourth in the broad jump and second in the low hurdles.

In all, the opinion is that the team was a success, although they made no noticeable showing against the larger schools within the state.

CLASS BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS



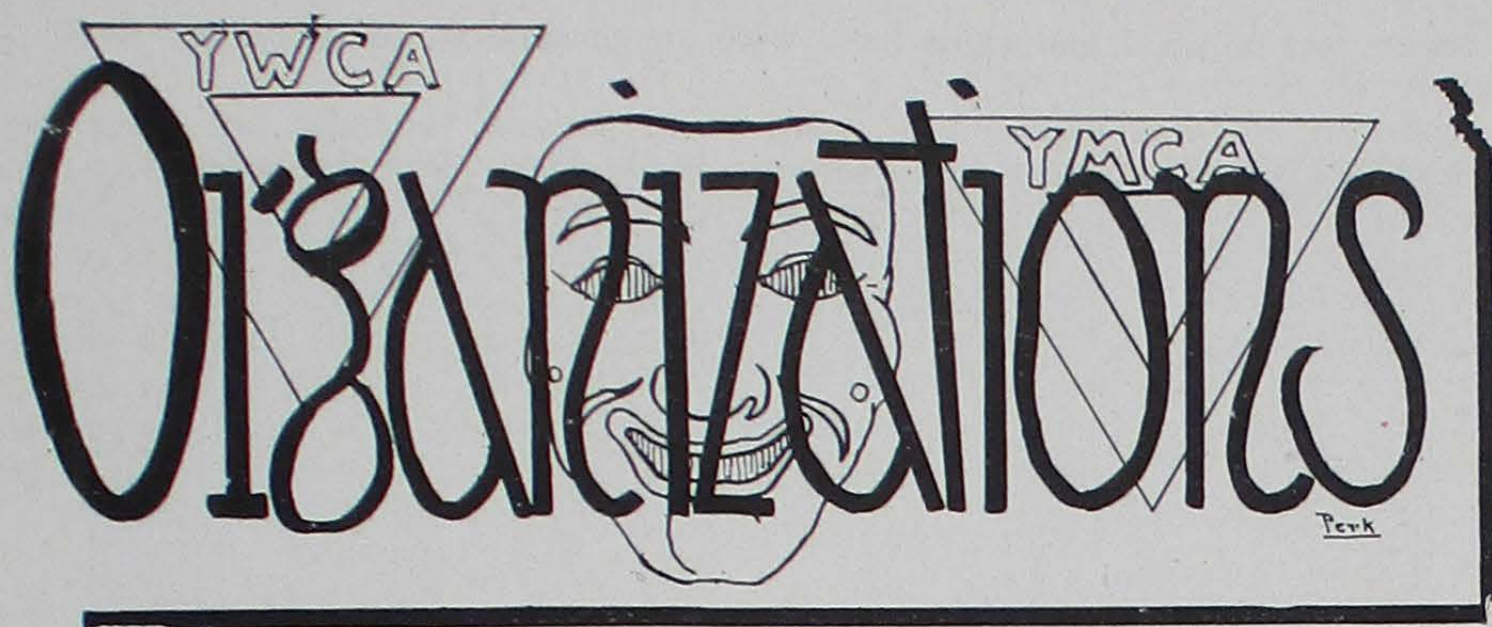
Coach Foskette, Harris, Maroney, Smutz, Wasser, Fields, Confare.

GIRLS ATHLETICS

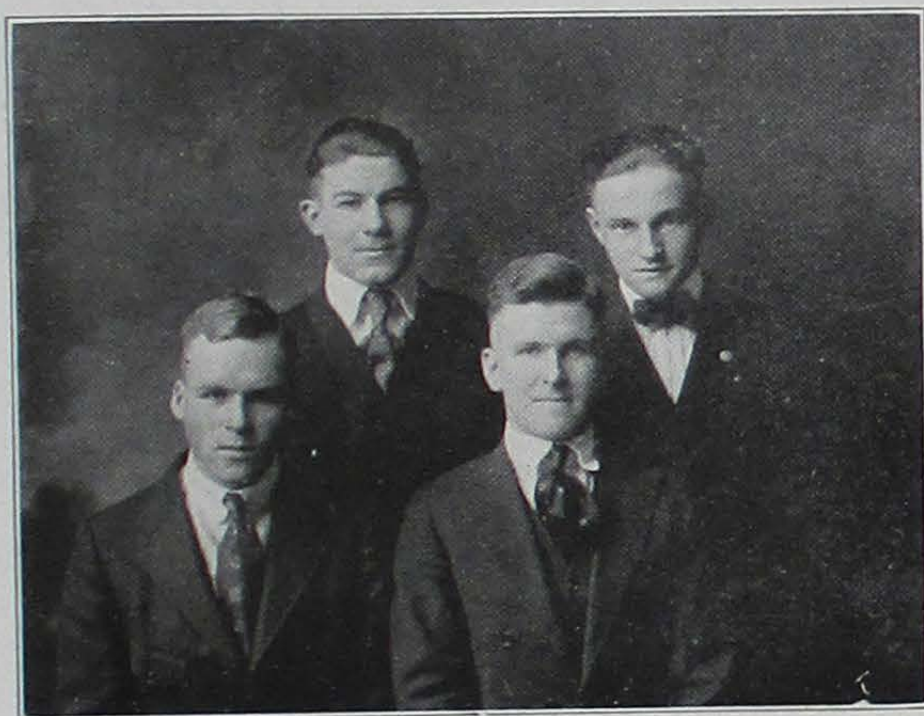
Soon after school began basketball practice started for the girls. In each class teams were chosen from the girls that signed up. In the tournament that followed, the Sophomores won the game with the Freshmen, and the Juniors defeated the Seniors, so the championship game was played between the Sophomores and the Juniors. It was an exciting game with the result that the Juniors became champions. As a reward, a "21" seal was placed on a blanket which hung in the auditorium. A committee of teachers who had witnessed all of these games chose six all-star players who were to represent the high school. Those who were chosen were Irene Dewey, jumping center; Jeanette Kheul, side center; Ruth Confare and Blanche Belknap, forwards; and Ruth Walker and Kathryn Smutz, guards. These girls were rewarded with handsome black and orange B. B.'s to wear on their sweaters. A substitute team consisting of Naomi Carpenter, Margaret Van Patten, Joan Parsons, Alice Wilcox, Josephine Maroney and Garnet Ellet was chosen.

When Nevada challenged the girls for a game, both the first and second teams were very glad and faithfully practiced until the game. Altho the girls met defeat they put up a good fight considering that it was the first time they had ever played with another high school, and the small amount of practice they had had compared with that of the Nevada team. The return game was played a few weeks later and the girls again were defeated but with a better score than they had before.

Soon after this the girls started practicing volley ball in the gymnasium. A tournament was then held between the different period teams and the seventh period class became champions. The final volley ball tourney was held March 25. Baseball ended the year's athletic activities.



Y. M. C. A. CABINET



Dove, Caine.
Giebelstein, Clark.

Y. M. C. A.

On the whole, the "Hi-Y" work this year has been a success. It was started off with enthusiasm by the two boys who attended the "Y" Conference at Camp Foster, Lake Okoboji, in August. These boys were Parker Meltzer and the treasurer, Carvel Caine. The other officers are Tom Clark, President, Sam Battell succeeded by Harold Giebelstein, Vice-President, and Ralph Dove, Secretary.

The principal features of the meetings during the first part of the year were talks by various men interested in the welfare of the boys. In general, the plan of the meetings was: Songs, Sentence Prayers, Speaker or Bible Study, Discussion, Benediction. After the programs the boys gathered around the piano to sing, but they always missed Mr. Pollard. Occasionally the boys held a social evening in the gym with games, boxing and eats.

One of the big events of the year was the "Older Boys' Conference" held at Cedar Rapids November 28-29-30. The ten boys who attended this received

a great deal of good and came back with enthusiasm to carry on the work in our A. H. S.

The work was interrupted soon, however, by the coal shortage, but when they came back again, an interesting course in Bible Study was started. They took up Peter's impression of Christ as told in the Book of Mark. These meetings were led by Victor Rompel, a college student.

While the work has not reached as many as might be desired, it has been an inspiration to those who attended. During the year this organization has supported a war orphan in France, part of the money being raised by the Carnival.

Next year should be still more successful. The officers will be: Ralph Dove, President; Tom Clark, Vice-President; Ben Wagner, Secretary; and Fred Stoddard, Treasurer.

Y. W. C. A. 1919-1920

This is the third year of the Y. W. C. A. in the Ames High School, and this year has been a great success.

The purpose of the Y. W. C. A. is to create a spirit of friendliness among the girls, and to try to help them lead better Christian lives.

A party for the Freshmen girls was given at the first of the year at which all the Freshmen came dressed as small children and the upper classmen as nurse-maids. The party was a great success and our association started out with a "boom" for the rest of the year.

Y. W. C. A. meetings were held every two weeks on Thursday in the Auditorium. These meetings were of various kinds—some discussional, some devotional, and some of entertainment.

The Y. W. C. A. with the Y. M. C. A. is helping to support two French war orphans.

Their share of the proceeds of the Carnival was nearly \$67.00 which will be used for the Conference fund, and also for a missionary fund.

A bake-sale was held Saturday, March 13, at Tarman's Meat Market. More of these bake-sales are being planned, the proceeds from them being used for missionary work.

The Y. W. C. A. conference this year will be held at Lake Okoboji, and since it is so near it is hoped that a good number of our organization will attend.

A missionary meeting was held March 25 at which every girl was given the privilege of pledging something for the Conference in China.

The officers of the year 1919-1920 were:

Lorena Cure	President
Marjorie Beam	Vice-President
Lyla French	Chairman of Membership Committee
Joan Parsons	Secretary
Hazel McKibben	Treasurer
Neva Gilbert	Chairman of Program Committee
Edna Armstrong	Chairman of Social Committee
Miss Miller, Miss Rayburn	Chairman of Social Service Comm.
	Advisors

The cabinet wishes to thank all of the girls who have taken part in the meetings and helped to make the Y. W. C. A. a success. We also want to thank our advisors who have worked with us so faithfully. —E. A. '21.

Y. W. C. A. CABINET



Standing—L. French, L. Cure, Pres. Gilbert, Beam, Miss Miller
Seated—McKibben, Miss Rayburn, Edna Armstrong, J. Parsons.

SOCIAL BOARD



Spence, McKibben, Caul, Bullock.

HIGH SCHOOL SENATE



Top Row—Caine, Miss Miller, Miss Taylor, Murray.
 Middle Row—Bullock, L. Cure, Caul, M. Rayness, Spence.
 Seated—Stoddard, McKibben, Tostlebe, Pres. Woods.

THE HIGH SCHOOL SENATE

The School Senate is a new organization this year which has taken hold of the work for the benefit of Ames High School and has done it well.

The Senate is composed of four boards, the Literary, the Social and Moral, the Music and the Athletic.

The Literary Board is composed of the president of each class, the editor-in-chief of the "Spirit", the presidents of the Dramatic and Forensic Clubs and a teacher who acts as an advisor.

The Social and Moral Board consists of the presidents of both the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., the chairman of the Social Committee of each class and an advisor.

The Music Board is made up of the president of the Band, the president of the Chorus, the president of the Orchestra and a supervisor.

The Athletic Board consists of the president of the "A" association, the captains of both the football and basketball teams and an advisor.

The Senate meets the second Monday of each Calendar month but the president or principal may call a special meeting at any time. At the first meeting the officers are elected.

The purpose of the Senate is to discuss matters of general interest to the school and also act as an advisor to the principal whenever he wishes to cooperate with the student body.

The Senate directed the Carnival this year thru a committee appointed by the president.

The officers and members for the year 1920 are as follows:

Homer Tostlebe, President of Senate and Student body; Norman Corneliussen, Secretary.



CHORUS

There are seventy-five members in the chorus, and nine of these are boys. There are many more students, both boys and girls, too, in High School who can sing and next year it is hoped that they will join as there are several seniors who will not be here then.

Several times the chorus has given numbers in assembly and different individuals or groups have favored the student body with their musical talent.

The first big thing the chorus attempted during the year was the School Concert on January 21, in which the Chorus, Orchestra and grades were represented.

The Minstrel show for the Carnival, so enjoyed by everyone, was given by members of this organization.

April 9th, "Snow White", a very clever little cantatta was presented. Marjorie Beam told the story and the special parts were taken by Irene Devey, Mildred Persons and Agnes Noble, while the Chorus came in with the choruses.

This year at last the High School Chorus gave the special music for baccalaureate. As a wind-up of all the musical affairs an operetta "Princess Crysanthemum" was given. It was a Japanese comic operetta by Practer. There were eleven main characters, besides the H. S. Chorus together with the grade boys and girls.

Elaborate costumes were hired from Omaha and the stage was beautifully decorated with Japanese lanterns and other Japanese things. This operetta was the climax of the year's work in music and showed the ability of Mr. Stoddard and the chorus, to make musical entertainments a success.

ORCHESTRA

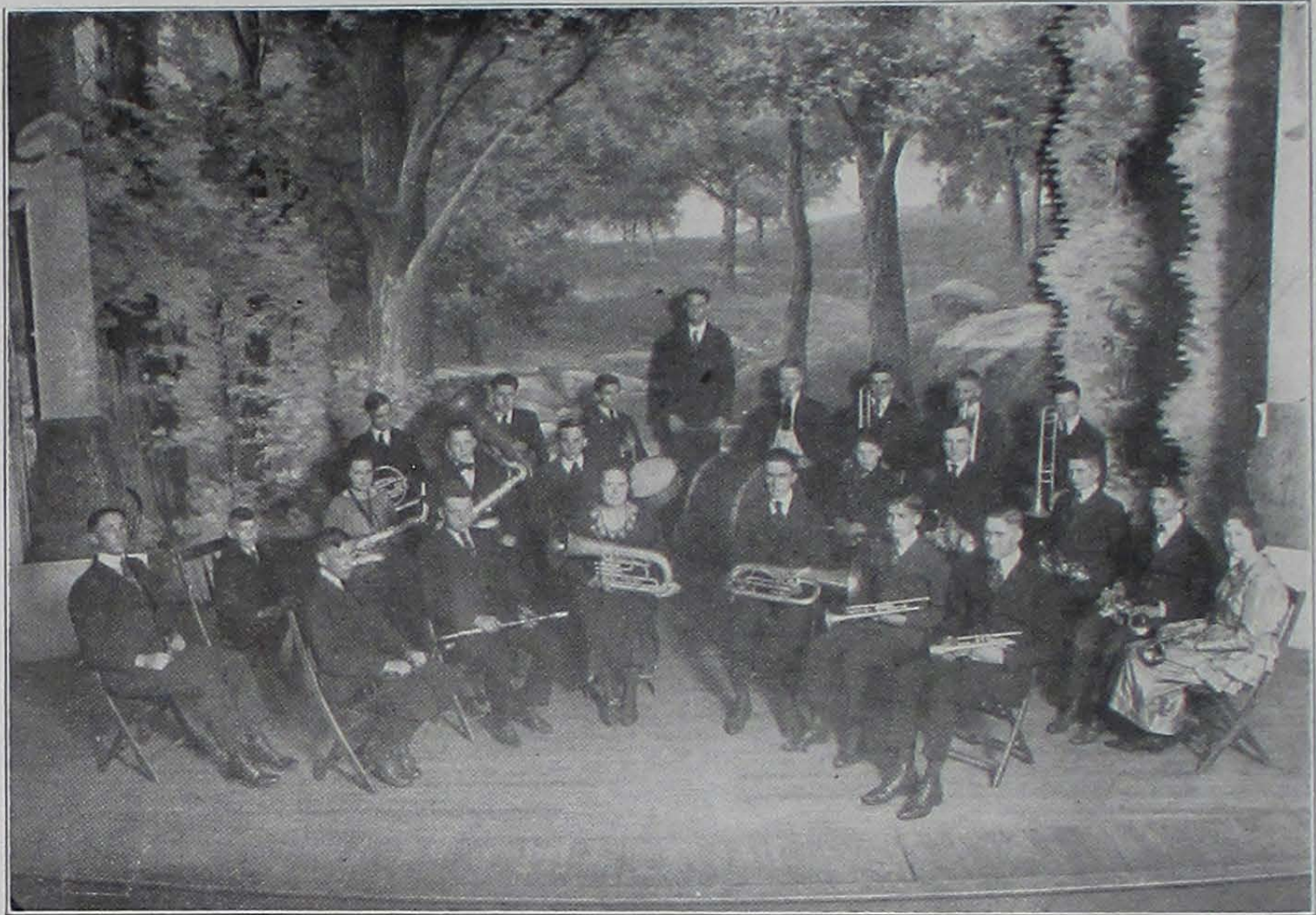
Our High School Orchestra has been very fine this year and has brought forth much favorable comment from those who have heard it. It is probably the best organization of its kind in the history of the Ames High School. At the opening of school last fall there were about twenty-five members but more have joined until the present membership is thirty-five. The instrumentation is fairly well balanced and is as follows: Eight first violins, ten second violins, one cello, one flute, one clarinet, two saxophones, one mellaphone, one bass, one piano, five cornets, one trombone, one baritone and two drums and bells.

Rehearsals have been held once a week during the third period on Tuesday mornings. This is a great improvement over the former plan of having the orchestra meet after school hours, as it insures a full attendance at practice and for this reason stimulates interest and greatly improves the work.

The orchestra has been active in school affairs during the year. In addition to playing for assembly it has appeared as a whole or in part in numerous concerts and entertainments.

Although some of the members are seniors and will leave us this year, there are other players coming into the high school and it is planned to make the orchestra still larger and better for next year.

BAND



Rear—D. Durrell, Noble, Roup, Prof. Stoddard, Sprnig, M. Textum, D. Erickson, F. Stoddard.
 Middle—White, Stoddard, Spence, Hibner, Blc̄anquist, Elliot, Suesmilch, Wagner, Sheehey, Shepard.
 Front—D. Stoddard S. Davis, Persons, G. Durrell, M. Smith, Tostlebe.

THE BAND

The band deserves a very lengthy and flowery write-up for they have improved so much over last year. But they can't have too much space for paper is quite scarce.

There were only a few pieces in the band last year but look at it now! Twenty good musicians, and all anxious for Friday mornings to come so they can exercise their lungs. Some are so anxious that they start practice as soon as they get into the auditorium. This must give Prof. Stoddard much grief, we should think.

When the band started out in September, they had only two or three pieces that were "play-able" and we students smiled among ourselves at their attempts to play in public. We judged them too hastily, however, for now we are terribly puffed up about them and couldn't make fun of them if we tried.

They played at nearly all the foot ball games and left the band in a city north of Ames quite in the shade. Oh!! We are proud of them!! They advertised the Carnival, too, and played at "pep" meetings and made themselves prominent 'most everywhere.

Besides having such a good instructor, the band boasts of three girls. That is something that every high school should be proud of—and we are proud.

The players have improved wonderfully, and what is more important they have made the prospects for next year look very bright, although a few are Seniors and will be minus.

ORCHESTRA



Rear—McKibben Knight, Morrissey, Spence, H. bner, D Durrell, Noble, Garretson, Prof Stoddard, Spring, M. Textrum, Persons, Walker, Adams, Barr, Elliot.
 Middle—Grogan, Nunamaker, White, F. Stoddard, Sheehey, M. Smith, Tostlebe, Miller, D. Gray, Goodwin, Parsons.
 Front—Woods Houghan, D. Stoddard, Cole, Allen.





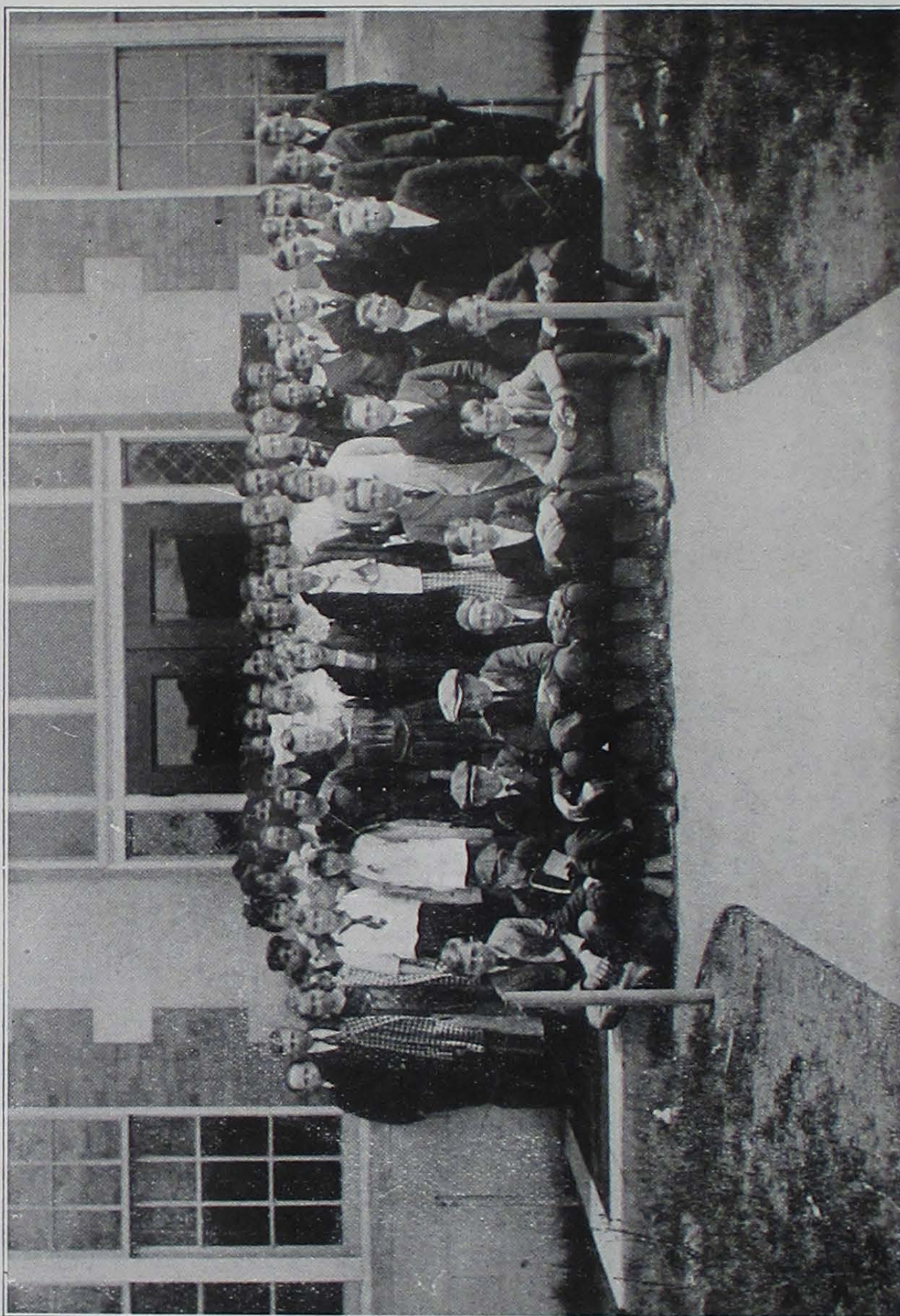
Look further in the book for interesting snapshots

HUMOR



W.A.T.

SENIOR CLASS AS FRESHMEN



THE SENIOR WHO'S WHO

LOIS ROSS

"I Used to Call Her Baby", but we say she must have grown some since. Wouldn't Lois make a nice angel? Something seems to snicker that Fat is ticklish! anybody know anything about it?

ESTHER STEVENS

Her heart is miles and miles away
Her body—it is here.
She's wishing that—well, someone
Were only—you know—near.
(If you wish to know his name,
ask her!)

EMIL RATHBUN

Deep in the heart of Rathbun
Dwells his own fair one;
Who she is, and where she is,
Someone might insist.
(You might ask him, for he surely
couldn't resist.)

EARL RAYNESS

There is a young gentleman named
Earl
Who is always in a continual whirl
To make some kind of a date,
No matter with whom,
But he finds he is always too late.

WINNIE HILL

One of our Kelley students, is
Winnie. She's quiet and unobtrusive,
but when you know her, she's
a good scout.

IDA THOMAS

Ida could just as well travel this year
if she only would
But she and Frank have not decided
whether or not she should
She told me this just this morning, I
thought it would be just swell,
But she says they think they should
wait awhile—Oh, perhaps I wasn't
to tell.

ALFORD CARLETON

Can you imagine our Alford so dear,
With ideals so sweetly divine,
With on his lips a tune like this
Oh, Helene, do be mine.

LURA WOODS

Lura's singing—always singing
From the dawn until the dark.
In her heart these words are ringing,
Just this dear song, "Lend me Jim."

BERNIECE ELLER

So quiet we hardly know her—but
sure she's a pal, true blue—ask Mer-
na, if you don't think so.

NELLY MARONEY

There is a young lady, Maroney,
At times she becomes rather phoney.
But she has lots of pep,
And gained a good rep,
And she is a Senior, you bet!

MARIAN SMITH

We suggest the expedient of a private
mirror in the Rest Room for
Marian. What do the rest of you
think? and say—we ignorant folk
would like to get the idea of that
dinner pail thing she always has with
her. Quite necessary, we take it!

EMMET CARBERRY

Expects to be a famous football
player and follow his brother's tracks
but he will have to have more experience.
He expects to be the owner
of a large moving picture house.

RALPH MAYO

Listen, my classmates and you can
hear,
As you pass on an evening so calm
and so clear,
Ralph singing his song that always
seems new,
"When I'm looking at you." (Edna)

EGBERT STONE

Egbert must have a heart of "Stone" to resist all those melting glances so generously bestowed upon him this year. No hopes, girls, he's too loyal to his little "Ruth" or "Helen"; no one can find out which it is. But he is surely loyal to A. H. S. even if he does come from South Dakota to attend it.

DOROTHY MILLER

Dorothy is a Girl Scout and a good scout, at that. Her only weaknesses are red hair and tall boys. Why is it? There's more under that quiet exterior than can be imagined.

ETHEL RAYNESS

How could anyone help but go slow and easy with Ethel? You couldn't hurry her if you tried. But she has a sense of humor, and that counts for a lot in this world.

GLADYS ROSS

"Go Slow and Easy, if you Want to Get Along with Me", says Gladys. But, oh man! Can't she and "Heavy" Kelso camel walk? It's queer but she has an awful mania for Sigma Sigmas.

DONALD DURRELL

Expects to be president of the U. S. and is famous for having his lessons and talking to all the girls.

GLEN DURRELL

Expected to take John D. Rockefeller's place at one time, but he expects to be Scout Master of a bunch at Ames.

NORMAN CORNELIUSSEN

Could be the most popular boy in school if he wasn't so faithful to his girl in Story City. But we don't think "Norm" made a good villain in the Class Play because he is not that kind.

KENNETH PARRY

Kenneth hails from Cheridan but mostly from Montana where the girls are wild and wooly. He likes to stay up pretty late and his favorite song is "Take Me to the Land of Jazz."

HOLLYCE WALLICK

She is a pretty good scout, if you don't believe me, ask Paul, but I think she ought to be a school teacher.

PERCY ADAMS

Posts bills while he sings his favorite little song called "Take your Girlie to the Movies."

HAROLD GEIBELSTEIN

Expects to be the foreman of a forest reserve but the boys used to call him "Pussy". He is good at delivering special delivery letters.

CHARLOTTE JUDGE

Merna Lee (writes the Prophecy of the class) "What shall I prophesy for you, Charlotte?"

Charlotte: "Prophecy that I'll get a man."

MARGUERITE CONNER

She always has her lessons and it is heard that she has somebody in Colorado.

RUTH HALL

Late to history class nearly every day. One day when late the class was talking about the Panama canal.

Miss Kelley: Ruth, where is the Panama Canal?

Ruth: Between England and America.

FERN McCLEARY

Small but mighty on the B. B. Team. She doesn't look as if she would be a Senior, does she? Her highest ambition is to be a stenographer for Montgomery Ward & Co.

EARL NOBLE

Earl has big ambitions but most of all he would like to be a tailor.

NORMA COLE

Member of the Powder Club that was organized a few years ago. She expects to take Miss Boyd's place in the Typewriting Department.

ELLIS SCOVEL

Is going to try to beat Venus out of her place in the world, which is having the most perfect form, but he is a little bit bashful around the girls.

DONALD HUNTER

Is our famous Rip Van Winkle who has high ambitions, but if he stays on the farm he will be able to take a stride about two yards long.

LEE STEVENS

Fond of the girls. Especially of one in his old home town. He expects to be a preacher in the future. We wish him success.

HELEN FREED

"You Cannot Shake that Shimmie Here", is Helen all over. She comes from the large town of Kelley—due south of here. She belonged to the first Corridor Club that was organized in September.

KATHRYN LOGAN

She came to us from Montana and she's "Sweet an' Pretty". She's too young to think of marriage but she will make a fine partner for someone sometime.

ALVIN NELSON

Alvin is one of the loud talkers in our midst. He lives up to the ideals of the Senior Class—sometimes; that is being dignified. Miss Kelley doesn't think so though.

SAM CARTER

His ambitions are to be the traffic cop of Ames and Sam believes in "Keep Your Eye on the Girlie You Love." But he is going to enter the vaudeville world if he doesn't make a success of traffic cop.

HELENE DEAN

She is a very good debater and promises to be one of tomorrow's influential members of the President's Cabinet. She doesn't like to be teased about Alford. We wonder why?

JONAS TESDALL

"You'd be Surprised" at Jonas. Even though he is a farmer lad he can wear just as bright colored ties as the "city fellers" and drive a car just as fast (providing the car is willing). His highest ambition is to be a Congressman.

HOWARD McCOLLY

His ambitions turn to the farm life but he would like to be a motorcycle rider or dare devil.

THEODORE BLOOMQUIST

Although he has been a carpenter ever since childhood he is going to be an engineer if his train stays on the track.

ALVIN THORNBURG

Will always be remembered by "Those Who Chew are Those Who Do."

EDWARD RUTHERFORD

"Pretty Baby"

This young gentleman so slick and slim

Knows just how to act to make girls fall for him.

His hope and desire is that some future day

The world shall see his name in lights on Broadway.

ILA FRENCH

Have any of you ever happened by French's about 10:30 in the evening? You want to do it and "listen and you will hear" a sweet gentle tenor singing, "Ila, My Golden Dream" in accents so soft you'd wish they'd left the shades up.

LYLA FRENCH

Lyla is some shark—French shark, Shorthand shark, and Carpenter shark. Does anyone know where Lyla got her sailor middy, and the pictures in her locket. \$50 reward for the capture of Carpenter.

IDA HARPER

Ida's laying 'em low, especially "Les" Hoon. Her grown up air seems to lift her way above us common folks. "Tell Me Why"

NAOMI EAKER

You were always and ever the same to me,
And never a mistake of mine did you see.

HAZEL McKIBBEN

As modest as the violet
As blushing as the rose:
Oh where, oh where is her powder puff
She keeps to powder her nose?

MILDRED McCAULEY

Can you imagine Mildred "fussed" or in a hurry? It's hard, but maybe possible. We wonder how soon Mildred will follow her sister's footsteps.

HARVEY FITCH

Don't you think Harvey made a good looking sailor? I can just see him on some good ship pulling the "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest
Yo-ho-ho- and a bottle of rum—
Dorothy I love the best
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"

JOAN PARSONS

"All Hail the Queen" — of his heart. Joan ought to be a missionary—she'd sure bring all the heathens to their knees. She's got one now—I beg your pardon, Joan — not a heathen. "You know what I mean!"

BLANCHE NOBLE

I'm tired of my shorthand class
And tired of typewriting, too;
I'm tired of going to school
And I don't know what to do.

JOHN MYERS

Did anyone ever see John Myers without a smile? If so, when? John always has a smile for everyone. If he was ever discouraged, no one would know it by looking at his face!

MILDRED JACK

Fat and sweet, hard to beat,
But has lost her heart complete,
Now, who can this "one" be?
George, of course, you plainly see.

MERNA LEE

A chubby form, and a face that smirks,
Black eyes in which the devil lurks,
She doth talk, and bluff some too,
But this doth not always do.

BARBARA WENTCH

"You'd Be Surprised" if you knew the things I do about "Babs". Did you know her favorite occupation is playing "fox and geese" with a certain guy and at night? "And That Ain't All!"

MYRNA GRAY

There is a young lady named Myrna Marie,
Who constantly persists to go off on a spree,
She continues to smile and dimple the while,
For she is with Carvel, you see.

NORMA HAVERLY

There is a young lady called Norma
Who dotes on brown curly hair,
She simpers and smiles
And tries all her wiles
Does this young lady called Norma.

HAROLD LOUGHRAN

This tall young man with cheery
smile,
Will talk and laugh across the aisle;
Until he catches teacher's eyes,
And then he promptly looks most
wise.

GEORGE DUNLAP

He does all kinds of work and gets
in at various hours of the morning;
his greatest ambition is to be a sec-
tion boss.

ROY BENNETT

Roy's wish is to be a flirter and
so he sings his little ditty entitled
"I Ain't Got Weary Yet." Altho
Roy is a sleeping beauty, he is still a
real boy.

JOE ANDERSON

Wishes to be a bar tender so he
can have all he wants. His favorite
song is "I Drink to Thee only With
Mine Eyes."

MERRILL HUNTER

He expects to become famous in
some Olympia meet, but he don't
know whether to try the mile or 880.

IRENE DEWEY

Irene is one of our most dignified
Seniors. Can't you just tell it by her
bright red hair and that grin? But
say, she's a good Scout. Ask Arthur.

EARL ELLIOT

Earl expects to be a great athlete
without training and practicing
when convenient, but he always sings
"Long Live the Ladies."

LORENA CURE

Her highest ambition is to become
a foreign missionary and her song is
"Sweet An' Pretty."

JOSIE WILCOX

Is a good "Hello Girl" when some
young man calls up and says "Hello
Central, Give me Heaven."

CARVEL CAINE

Now, Sir Carvel Caine, our debater
of fame,
Has somewhat of a serious way
For his choice of all music is that
Old air, "My Darling Nellie?
Gray."

RUTH JOHNSON

Don't you think Ruth would make
a good chorus girl? She's so loud,
you now.—Oh, my, yes!

HAZEL TAYLOR

She was the kindest friend I knew,
And she will not betray that trust in
you.

MYRON TEXTRUM

Is going to be a minister but he
don't like the wages.

JOKES

Russell Thompson (translating in
French): I took my bald head to the
druggist.

Edna Armstrong: Ornamental
trees grew on the sidewalk.

"Shorty" Mattox graduated quite
recently from the front seat in Solid
Geometry and is now located in the
last seat near a window. He says
the new place is quite agreeable as
he can see the girls go by.

Did your daughter get a bachelor's
degree at college?

No, but she got his diamond ring.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

In A. H. S. once on a time
Was a bunch which suited each other fine,
Picnics and parties we had galore,
But still we wanted more and more.
To Sis's shack we went in high glee
Having in mind one jamboree.
George and "Les", faithful children that they are,
Opened the gates and pushed down the bar.
Then through the fields in state we did ride,
As "Red" and "Dutch" the Fords did drive.
And, Oh, Boy! when it was time to eat,
We had a bonfire and did things up neat.
Soon just lots and lots of excitement we saw
For Mildred tipped "Red", and then oh! La! La!
Next, "Dutch" thought on a chair he would sit
But when 'twas the floor, he 'bout had a fit.
Why, he just raved! and tore his blonde hair
And cried angrily, "I tell you that wasn't fair."
We all so very sorry did feel
For when he landed, the walls did reel.

Now a little about this bunch I will tell you—
To begin with Marian, I suppose will do.
She is a great big girl, about six feet two,
Taller than her, there are but few.
While "Dutch", a delicate little boy is he,
Really, more slender he could hardly be.
Ida seems so chubby and so short
But "Les" says she is a mighty good sport.
Lester does always look so pale
And he is almost as slim as a rail.
Norm's one pride is her luxurious curls
For they are the envy of all other girls.
A contrast they are to Roy's straight hair;
He'd like to curl his, but doesn't dare.
Mildred Jack, a very slender maid,
Never giggles or laughs either night or day.
And George, so very sedate is he,
But so small that he is quite hard to see.
"Sis", one of those sweet maidens rare,
Would surely be shocked to hear you swear.
Although very bashful is "Les" O'brien,
His music sure does keep us sighin'!
And "Red", because of his six feet eight,
Is always on time, and never is late.
Now this is "some bunch", which I have described—
But with better tales you may be supplied.

WE understand that a record breaking class will graduate from Ames High this spring. We offer you our heartiest congratulations and thank you for your patronage thru high school days.

Our stocks are most complete in the line of Commencement Clothing for the young ladies and men.

We are making some very attractive prices during these May Sales now in progress.

You are invited to take advantage of them.



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THE **L**SYSTEM CLOTHES

THE TILDEN STORE

EF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT!

When you're loafin' in the hall, havin' pecks of fun,
A laughin' and a talkin' and a makin' all things hum,
You'd better be a listenen', and a sorter lookin' out,
Er Rayburn's gwine ter nab you, ef you don't watch out.

When you're stayin' out of Chorus, not exactly just for fun,
But to copy up a notebook that had orter long been done,
You'd better eye the door, and be kinder lookin' out,
Er Mr. Stoddard'll get you ef you don't watch out.

When you're actin' like you owned the earth, just cause you got a beau,
A flirtin' and a cuttin' up and a carryin' on so,
You'd better act more ladylike, and be sorter lookin' out,
Er the Faculty'll jerk you up, ef you don't watch out.

When you haven't got your lessons and a cuttin' every class,
And a dodgin' all the teachers, and yet expectin' to pass,
You'd better lay dead low and kinda keep a watchin'
Er the office will ask you to explain, ef you don't watch out.

When you're in a dreadful hurry, and you know you're awful late,
And go cuttin' cross the school ground, in a crowd of six or eight,
You better step right lively and be sorter lookin' out,
Er Mr. Zentmire's gwine to get you, ef you don't watch out.

When you're askin' lots of questions, and bluffin' lots in class,
A plannin' and a schemin' more'n any soul alive,
You'd better watch your corners and be sorter lookin' out,
Er Miss Kelley'll disappoint you ef you don't watch out.

Mary Reed: I've looked high and low for my keys and can't find them.

Stoddard: Have you looked on the piano? There are keys high and low there.

Why are the Juniors' heads like a soaked bean?

Because they are swelled twice the usual size.

Miss Kelly: We will have a full moon tonite.

Earl E. How come? Thot this was a prohibition place.

High School days
Have their delights
But they don't compare
To High School nights.

Peck's foot is a little sore as he stepped on the spur of the moment and hurt it.

Bennett: Why didn't you shoot the whole flock that was right over you?

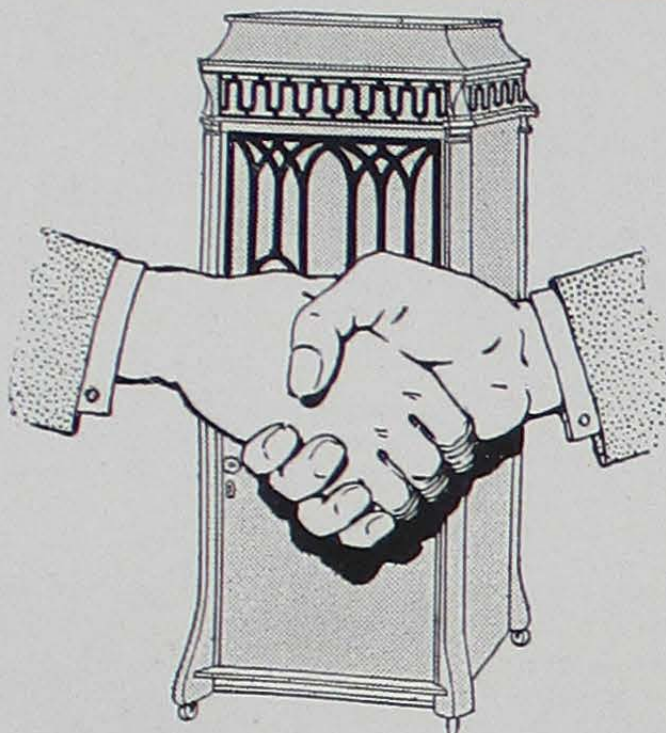
"Les" Hoon: Well, every time I got a bead on one of them, another got in the way.

Dot Dragoun: How long can a person live without brains?

Lardy Griffith: I don't know, how old are you?

Earl Rayness: I can go with any girl I please.

Kenneth Parry: Yes, but you don't please any of them.



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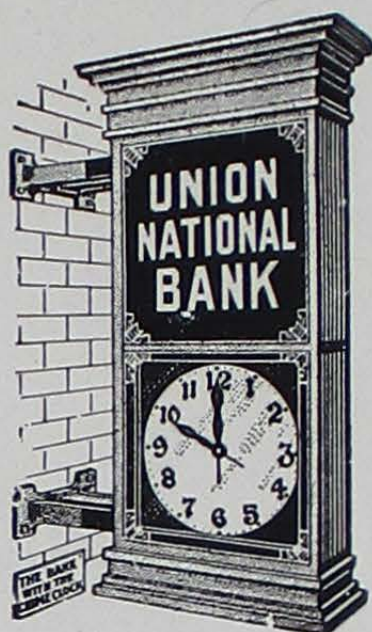
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Norma H. (when a small girl as she gazed at a bald headed man) Why, mamma, you said I shouldn't say anything about that man's hair. How can I when he hasn't any to say anything about?

Miss Flirt: I'm older than you think.
Old bachelor: I doubt it.

Les Hoon: Once and for all, I ask, who is boss? You or me.

"Ick" Harper: You'll be happier if you don't find out.

Kate Steele: We have an auction piano.

Pauline: What kind is that?

K. S.: Oh, it's going, going, going all the time.

Boost "The Spirit" with the proper spirit—TWIN STAR

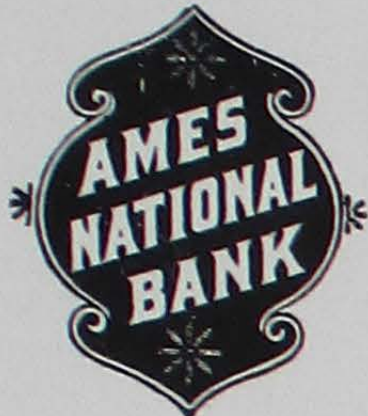
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Many of them during their school days, as well as during the days which follow assist us directly or indirectly in the manufacture of products which assist materially in making school days pleasant and profitable.



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See pages 94, 106 and 116 for more interesting jokes

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Yes, Aubrey, the Lord loves every living creature.

Aubrey Smart: Well, I bet my bank account he was never stung by a bee.

Alvin Thornburg: Yes, someday my son will come to me with an old forgotten corkscrew and ask what the queer thing was used for.

Received by Mr. Steffy: "Please excuse Johnny for being absent. I kneaded him at home."

Miss Prentice: What would you get if you cut a piece off of this cone?

Paul B., Brightly: A piece of wood.

Miss P.: Yes, you might get a splinter in your finger, too.

The TWIN STAR will supply you just what you lack. Try it

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Godard's Gift Shop

is THE place
to buy

Graduation Gifts

We advise that you
make your selection
early.

QUALITY AND PRICES TO
SUIT

Johnny, coming in from the garden: Oh, mother, the maid is in the garden and a gentleman is sitting on her lap.

Mother: A gentleman!

Johnny: Yes.

Mother: I must see about this.

Johnny: April fool, mamma, it ain't no gentleman, it's only papa.

I almost changed countenance when I heard it.

What a pity you lost such a chance.

A. T. LERDALL

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Have an object—a business—a home—an edu-
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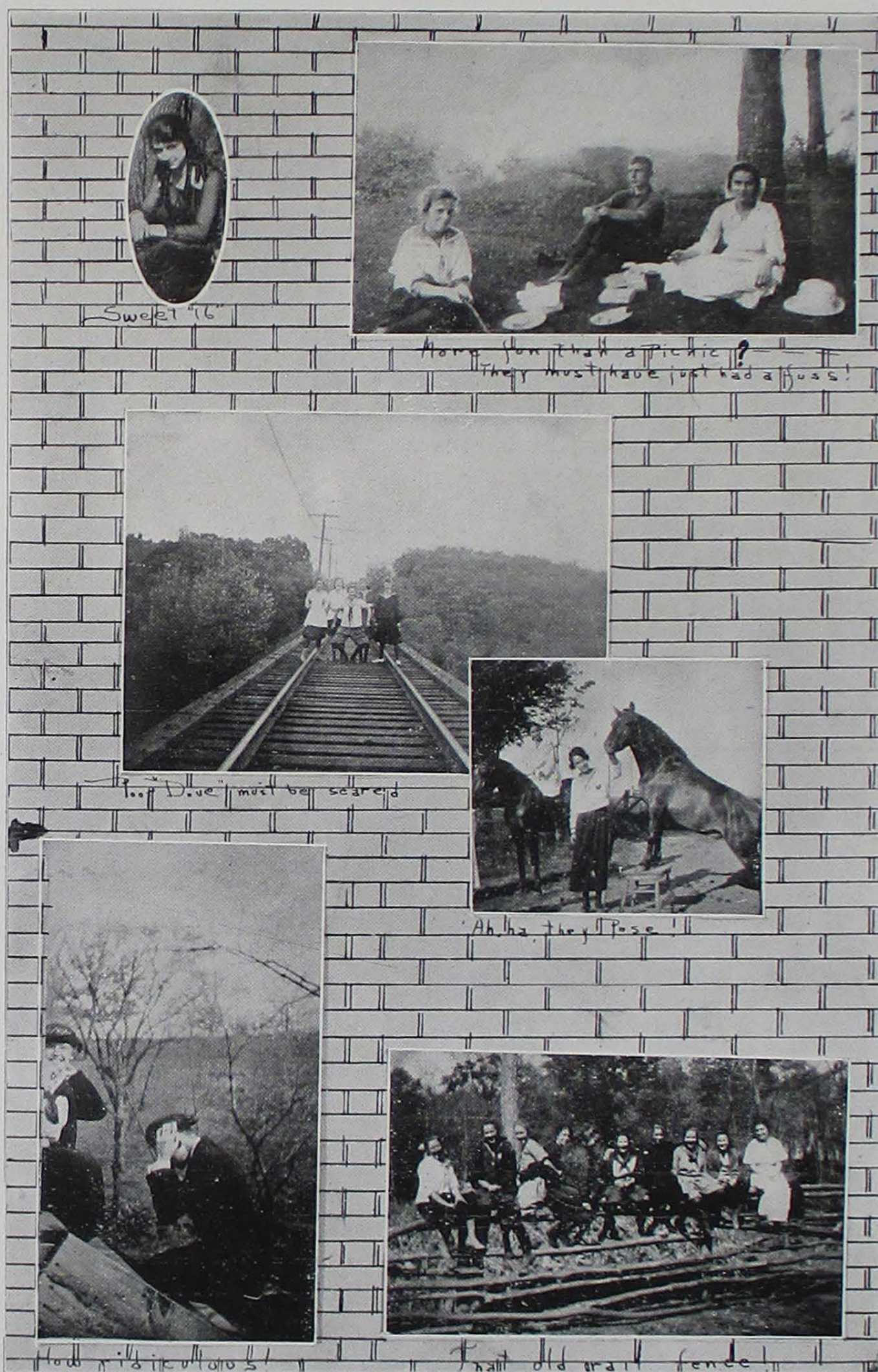
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A REQUEST

Joseph Anderson requests that people in the Study Hall seventh period make less noise as it prevents him getting full benefit of his daily nap.

If one has faith he can move mountains. But shucks, who wants them moved?

Stranger: If your rooms are all taken maybe you can tell me where I could get an unoccupied bed for tonight.

Clerk: You might try the furniture stores.

Hungry visitor: Well, my friend what time do you eat here?

Small boy: Soon as you go.

Now let's go down to the TWIN STAR

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See our summer furniture.
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One Christmas the owner of a furniture store thought he should reward an old colored man in his employment for his faithful work so he asked him, "Sam, which would you rather have, a load of coal or a gallon of good whiskey?"

After a moment spent in consideration of the offer he said, "Boss, I burns wood."

Census Taker: "How old are you, madam?"

Lady: I have seen thirty summers.

C. T.: And how many years have you been blind?

Viola Rahe reminds us of pirates when she sings. Why? Because she commits murder on the high "C"s.

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Gilbert, Phone 13

Miss Miller: Who was Joan of
Arc?

Edward R. (guessing as usual)
Noah's wife.

Air Service Captain (sharply):
Button up that coat.

Married recruit (absently): Yes,
my dear.

R. T.: I used to think that she was
trying to make a fool of me.

S. A.: Don't you now.

R. T.: No, I realize now that I
don't need any help.

Ruth: They say Captain Towne,
the flyer, lost the use of his arms in
the war.

Gladys: That isn't true; he call-
ed on me last night.

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MILLER TIRES AND TUBES

and

ACCESSORIES

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Listen, Mother, I've worn short skirts ever since I was a child, and I am not going to wear them any longer.

Roy's Mother: You must forgive Sam for going with your girl. You might die tonite.

Roy: Well, I forgive him but he better look out tomorrow if I don't die.

Prep: Why is the water in Niagara falls green?

Soph: Too deep for me.

Prep: Just come over.

Now she had a long string of beaux
And the reason to you I'll expeaux,
To good looks it was laid
And the use that she made
Of her shoulders. (They shook, we suppeaux).

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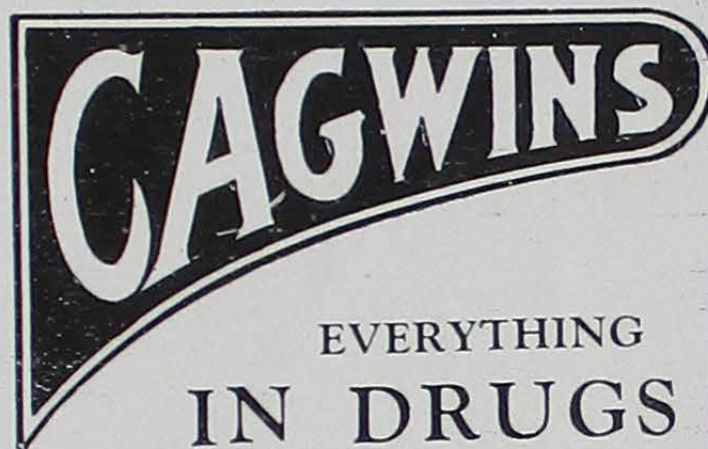
Rose Tonics a Specialty

He took her rowing on the lake,
She vowed she'd go no more,
I ask her why—her answer came,
"He only hugged the shore."

They were talking laws in Civics.
Kathryn Smutz: What keeps us
from falling off the earth?

Miss Jones: The law of gravitation.

K. S.: Well, what kept them on
before they passed that law?



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